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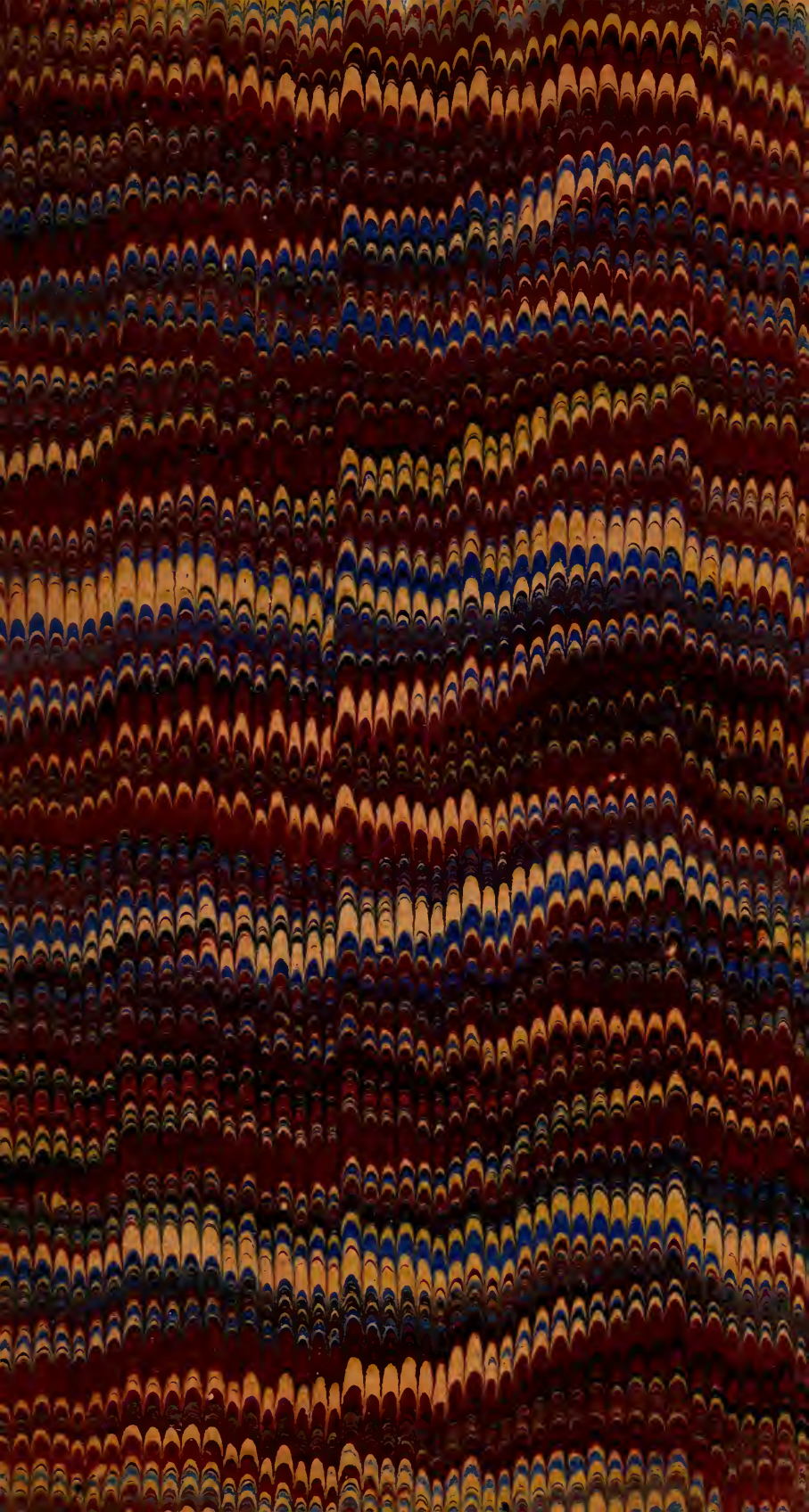

A

MEDLEY

OF

JOY AND GRIEF;

BEING

A Selection of Original Pieces

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

CHIEFLY ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

BY A LADY OF NEW-YORK.

Behold, happy are they whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastenings of the Almighty: for he maketh sore and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.—*Job.*

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known his faithfulness"—And with my heart will I praise him, for he hath made me a wonder unto many; and hath done wondrous things for me.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY W. B. GILLEY, 92 BROADWAY.

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1822.

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SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, TO WIT:
BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ninth day of May, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, *W. B. Gilley*, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A MEDLEY OF JOY AND GRIEF; *being a Selection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, chiefly on Religious Subjects.* By a Lady of New-York. *Behold, happy are they whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastenings of the Almighty: for he maketh sore and bindeth up: he woundeth and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.*—Job. *"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known his faithfulness"—And with my heart will I praise him, for he hath made me a wonder unto many; and hath done wondrous things for me."*

In comformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies, of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the time therein mentioned," and also to an act, entitled "an Act, supplementary to an act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

When the subsequent miscellaneous pieces, were penned, I little thought that they would meet the public eye, but my pecuniary circumstances and the advice and persuasion of some judicious friends, have induced me to submit them to publication; though they were written from the impulse of feeling, under severe affliction: I hope, therefore, that these circumstances will be a sufficient apology for my offering to the public liberality a work so humble and imperfect, composed at intervals of comparative ease during a long, singular and *distressing malady:* a malady which deeply affected my head, and for the most part also, the powers of my mind.

I hope the friends who have so generously subscribed to this little work will view it with a charitable eye. I am truly sensible that, to a critical reader, many, *very many* defects will be discernible. One, I myself am sensible of, which is, *Tautology*, or dwelling too often on one subject. If my readers should think with me on this head, their liberality, I hope, will throw the mantle of charity over this fault; as it is a defect of the memory, which has become exceedingly treacherous, through the violence of my disorder.

I am conscious of many other defects; but into whatever hands they come, I hope the reader will feel more

disposed to *pity* than to *censure*. In perusing the manuscript, I perceived that many corrections might be made; but I found my head too much confused and perplexed to make them, and consequently, am obliged to submit the work in its present state; but with a hope that my reader will make every allowance for the want of the health and vigour which are necessary to prepare such a work for the press. I have read nearly two thirds of it to an aged friend, whose sight would not permit him to peruse it himself: he kindly pointed out some errors. To this friend, and a few others who have assisted in transcribing, my grateful thanks are due.

One other thing I would beg leave to observe, that I am naturally fond of contemplating the beauties of creation, and on that account may have touched this subject oftener than may be gratifying to some; but I hope, the apology I have already offered will satisfy these.

Notwithstanding the motives I have heretofore expressed in this preface, I trust I can say from my heart, that since I have had it in contemplation to publish this work, weak and humble as it is, it has been my constant prayer to God that it may be made instrumental in doing *some good*, sensible that the HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL is able to bring good out of the smallest things. It is my constant prayer that *He* will condescend to bless it, to *all* into whose *hands it may fall.*

THE AUTHOR.

New-York, April, 1822.

A

MEDLEY

OF

JOY AND GRIEF.

ANSWER TO MRS. M. JACKSON'S QUESTION.

MAY, 1821.

AT your request I will, my lovely friend,
A small account of my conversion send,
And hope your goodness will all faults excuse,
Of the sad wand'rings of my humble muse.
You ask, what were the Lord's first means and ways
He took to teach my sinful tongue to praise,
To raise my carnal thoughts from Earth to Heav'n,
And seek to have my num'rous sins forgiven?
List then, my Margaret, while the muse doth sing
The love and power of our immortal King;
Aid me some kind and blissful power above,
To tell his goodness and to sing his love.
  Not by the terrors of the law, as some,
Did God to me in fearful threatenings come;
Not in the thunder did my judge appear;
"But in a still small whisper through the ear:"

'Twas with the silken chords of tranquil love
He gently drew my grovelling thoughts above;
His persevering and unwearied grace
For years in my sad bosom sought a place;
He kindly wooed me to his spreading arms,
I felt his wooings—and beheld his charms;
The glorious sight o'ercame my wond'ring soul,
Which did in waves of constant sorrows roll,
His love was strong, its overpowering rays
Did in my breast a tender passion raise,
A sacred flame, that still exists within,
Heavenward burning though enclosed by sin.
It came with quick'ning power from above,
And made me willing to return his love,
Gladly received the offer of his grace,
And in his heart my weak love gave a place.
Thus was a holy God and me made one;
One, through the merits of his righteous Son,
Who sought me roving in the highway road,
And turned my feet, and brought me back to God.
But I loved long—and tasted love divine,
Ere I well knew this wretched heart of mine;
But God my ignorance did in time remove,
And my sad blindness kindly did reprove.
He by degrees unfolded to my view,
The hidden evils I before ne'er knew:
But ah! how slow to learn, how vain a fool,
The dullest scholar in the Christian school!
What various means my gracious God did take
To show my nature, and my sense to wake;
I saw in part, but did not in the full
See the huge crimes that stained my guilty soul;
At length one day a sudden shining light
Brought the great catalogue of guilt to sight.

Walker* I held! and God's most holy book;
Each in their turn, I search'd with earnest look;
There found God's word and Walker both agree,
Proving the depth of my depravity.
O mighty depth! it made the volumes drop,
And, for the moment, almost lose my hope.
But Oh! Christ's love, on whom my hopes were built,
Was deeper still than my vast depth of guilt;
He saw, and on the wings of mercy flew,
Revived my hopes, and did my strength renew,
Cancell'd my sins, increased my faith and love.
Thus did my Saviour's tender pity move;
Thus did my Jesus, through his servant lead,
My soul to see its sins, and feel its need.
Maclay's entitled to my grateful love,
His preaching did through grace sweet blessings prove.
Ne'er will my soul forget the happy day
When Walker's works did my vast sins portray,
And God's blest word approved the truth they bore,
My pardon spoke, and bid me sin no more.
Margaret, I loved ere I griev'd much for sin,
Or felt the guilt I since have felt within;
Or ere I clearly understood the plan
Of God's Salvation to poor fallen man.
Till in the well remember'd blessed hour,
The Lord display'd his all victorious power,
I was, alas! a stranger to my heart,
Had not for sin oft felt a pungent smart;
But when I saw myself a captive chain'd
By Satan's fetters, then my soul was pain'd,
And cried to God to send me quick relief,
Which I obtain'd of Jesus through belief.

* Walker's Letters to Knox.

'Twas then I saw my condemnation clear,
But the great view did not excite my fear;
My state amaz'd me—but more 'maz'd I stood,
To read the love, and clemency of God!
To read the goodness of offended heaven,
And feel the mighty score of sins forgiven.
The Scriptures now again I did explore,
And found them new, though read them oft before;
God's love and mercy with new eyes I saw,
And lov'd the justice of his holy law:
I felt myself, what I ne'er felt before,
The vilest wretch that rov'd Columbia's shore!
Thus self abas'd, and Christ exalted high,
I felt as though I could with angels vie;
Though angels kept their perfect state above,
They did not, could not, taste redeeming love;
And though my soul was still beset with sin,
Angels ne'er felt what I then felt within.
Auspicious hour, that set the captive free,
And thus espous'd my dearest Lord and me!
Transporting moment! sweet remembered day!
When God such wondrous mercy did display.
Would now it were, as in those happy days,
When first he taught my heart and tongue to praise;
Could I recall those blissful hours again,
My longing heart should never more complain;
Could I as sensibly behold his face,
Feel the exquisite workings of his grace,
My panting soul would spare no toil nor pain,
Could that the much desired bliss obtain.

PAUSE.

How time has fled! 'Tis fifteen years this May,
Since God the joyful tidings did convey

Of free Salvation to this sinful breast,
And gave my mind for heavenly things a zest;
Since first I saw such excellence in Christ,
My Saviour, Prophet, King, and great High Priest.
Should any ask, what I in Christ could see,
To give such deep impressions made on me?
My muse replies; his noble nature stole
The strong affections of my smitten soul,
The perfect beauty of his works and ways
Ravish'd these eyes and moved these lips to praise;
I saw such virtues in his heavenly face,
Beheld such wonders in his wond'rous grace,
Discern'd such mercy in redemption's plan,
Such matchless love displayed to fallen man,
That all my confidence in self was lost,
And God alone became my humble boast;
My constant theme, my sure and steadfast hope,
A prop that bore my soul 'midst sorrows up;
The peace, the joy, the life, the all and all,
Of my free ransom'd never dying soul.
As the fond ivy round the branches twine,
So did my Saviour round this heart of mine:
I from the womb had been his constant care,
But now I in the children's bread did share:
My guilty soul with more than crumbs was fed,
It eat, and fatten'd on the choicest bread.
Though hell deserving—and with pain chastis'd,
And for my love to God by some despis'd;
Yet Oh! how grace and mercy did abound!
What comfort, peace and strength in God I found:
But since how oft has this perfidious heart
Acted a roving and ungrateful part.
Yet still I love him, still new beauties see
In that dear man who shed his blood for me;

The more his character unfolds to view
My love increases, and my hopes rise new,
Each rising day some lovely traits I ken,
Which my *blind* eyes before have never seen.
When to the heav'ns I lift exploring eyes
In silent admiration, and surprise,
To seek new wonders in the sparkling skies,
My thoughts still soar, and long to rend the wall
That veils from view the sun that transcends all;
And fain would enter in the holy vale,
And have full range within the sacred pale.
I long, my Margaret, more than ere before,
To fly from sin and rove the heavenly shore,
Where God resides and sin is felt no more.
And now, my friend, a short account I've given
Of the kind dealings and vast love of heav'n.
Behold in me a child of Satan's race,
Snatch'd from the brink of hell by sovereign grace,
And join with me to propagate his fame,
To tell his love and praise his lofty name.
I bless the Lord that I was born to die!
Oh! what a miracle of grace am I!

A RETROSPECT OF PAST AND PRESENT MERCIES.

JANUARY 1ST, 1819.

HAVE twelve months more so quickly pass'd away,
And usher'd in another new year's day?
Time, O how short!—its wheels roll swiftly round,
Yet I am spar'd, and still on praying ground.
Surprising mercy, that a worthless worm
Is not cut off, and cast into the tomb.

Now, O my soul, recount thy mercies o'er
Of the past year, and all the years before ;
'Twould fill huge volumes to sum up the whole
Of God's vast goodness to my worthless soul ;
But yet, his kindness, and his tender care,
I'll tell the world, if he my life should spare :
My pen shall now describe, my tongue shall tell,
How his kind hand hath kept me out of hell :
I'll speak his mercy and his glorious name,
Declare his goodness, and his love proclaim.
Awake, my tongue, and sound his praise abroad,
And speak aloud the faithfulness of God :
Break forth, my heart, with joyful accents rise
In grateful strains to reach the lofty skies.
O where shall I begin a theme so vast,
His present goodness, or his goodness past ?
Speak glowing muse, O speak, and loudly swell
The theme, on which I could for ever dwell ;
Begin, and let the saints his goodness hear,
That they may learn to trust and never fear.
Ye mourning Christians hear his gracious ways,
And let your mournings all be turn'd to praise,
For once, like you, I wept the night away,
But now I sing the glories of the day.
Celestial muse, direct my feeble pen,
And teach my thoughts where they should first begin.
Amidst those troubles and affliction's night,
Thy love and mercy shone around me bright :
'Midst sharp diseases, and perpetual pain,
My mind doth still its faculties retain :
From year to year, though in the furnace doom'd,
I'm like the burning bush, not yet consum'd :
Though in the furnace still, he holds my frame.
My soul adores amidst the burning flame.

O love divine, accept my highest praise
Amidst the tempest, and the scorching blaze ;
For though thou yet protract my pain and wo,
And cause the storm still fiercer now to blow,
I own thee just, all faithful, wise and good,
For I have much deserv'd thy chastening rod :
But not in wrath severe—in mercy mild
Thou dost correct thy poor unworthy child.
When'er my feet, or hands, or eyes did wrong,
Thou didst forbear, and suffer with me long ;
When sharp my conflicts, and when dangers stood
Threat'ning my ruin, then I saw thee good :
In all my sickness, still thy light did shine
With beams of love and mercy all divine ;
Thine arm sustain'd beneath the sharpest pain,
And grace constrained my lips to praise thy name
Before thy foes, and caused their eyes to gaze,
Confess thy power, and marvel at thy ways.
O bless the Lord my soul—O bless the power
That hath sustained me to the present hour ;
That led me first to seek a throne of grace,
And mercies suited to my needy case.
I've felt God's mercies in ten thousand ways ;
In providence, I've seen his hand could raise
Kind friends in number, who my wants supplied,
And nothing, for my comfort, was denied :
They still are friends, and still my friends will be,
If so directed gracious God by thee.
Indulgent parent, author of all good,
With thy kind blessings richly spread their board ;
Let each thy choicest, heavenly dainties share,
Each be thy love, and each thy faithful care :
O mark their footsteps, and supply their need,
And may their souls on heavenly manna feed ;

Grant each may rise to sing redeeming love
In the bright realms of bliss and joy above.
Smile kindly on my benefactor's* head,
And richly feed his soul with living bread;
May heavenly comforts from thy hand come down
To cheer his hopes while striving for the crown;
May smiles and peace o'erspread his dwelling round,
And plenty ever in his hands abound:
Bless him, O God! in all his works and ways,
Be his support and strength when life decays;
When the grim tyrant, death, appears in view,
May he triumphant bid the world adieu,
And then by angels be conveyed on high,
To join the songs of love beyond the sky.
Lord, bless his partner, and uphold her ways,
And cause her aged lips to speak thy praise:
O may her faith in thee more vigorous grow,
As age advances in this state below;
In her last moments, Lord, display thy power,
Let grace and victory crown her latest hour;
And, by a living faith, in Christ repose
When death shall come the final scene to close;
Then angels waft her soul to realms above,
To sing the praises of redeeming love,
To join the saints, and chant the heavenly lay,
And wear a crown that fadeth not away,
To sing the glories of redeeming grace,
And there behold her Saviour face to face.
All gracious Father, thy paternal hand
Preserves this couple, still my friends to stand:
O let me ever feel a grateful sense
Of thy kind love, and their beneficence;

* Mr. Withington.

Forbid, my heart should e'er ungrateful prove
To thee, and those I have such cause to love:
Eternal source, from whence these blessings flow,
Kindly thou dost on me thy gifts bestow,
And though thy common blessings, yet, they are
Conferred on subjects of thy special care:
Yet still, far greater mercies than these all,
Now, for my highest praises loudly call,
I mean his great compassion to my soul,
When troubles did in all directions roll.
When I look back,—Ah! I remember well,
How the fierce billows o'er my head did swell;
When pains and fears confined me to my bed,
His healing wings expanded o'er my head;
When Satan plunged his darts and made me feel,—
He then my bleeding wounds did bind and heal;
When under darkness, and assailed by foes,
He, like a faithful friend, repelled their blows:
Amidst these storms, my weary soul reclined
By the still waters that refreshed my mind;
On the green pastures feasted through the day,
Shielded by night from evil fiends of prey;
And when my soul hath faint and weary been,
The Lord hath nourished it with food unseen;
In *every station* he has been my prop,
And kindly borne my sinking spirit up.
Almighty God, thy goodness O how great
Through the last year, and from my infant state:
E'en when I did against thy laws rebel,
And turned my feet toward the brink of hell,
Thy mercy still to me was opened wide,
And spread its wings my sinful soul to hide,
Till the black clouds of danger past my head,
And sore temptations with the serpent fled.

Amazing love, and O, surprising grace,
That undertook for me in every case;
For me a child of frailty and of sin;
O, what a glowing fire I feel within,
While I review the goodness of the Lord,
And thus the wonders of his love record.
My God, these latter blessings far surpass
Whate'er the mind can think, or tongue express:
Here then I'll raise my Ebenezer bold
In honour of thy love, though not half told;
My pen shall raise a monument to God
For a memorial of perpetual good;
He hitherto hath helped me, and doth prove
A God all faithful, and a God all love.
Yes, Lord, thou art a friend, a friend indeed,
And one that stickest close in time of need,
Nor wilt thou leave me when my foes assail,
Nor suffer once thy faithfulness to fail;
In thee I trust, commit my soul to thee
In life, in death, through all eternity.
Dear Lord, thy goodness melts my stubborn heart,
And makes it feel its hardness to depart,
Lifts up my voice in more exalted praise,
Constrains my lips a joyful song to raise,
My soul to mount and soar on eagles' wings,
And try "to reach the notes that Gabriel sings;
But my lips fail," in vain they strive to rise
To touch those glorious themes beyond the skies.
What shall I render then to thy dear name
For such vast favours? Lord, can I refrain
To offer praises and a grateful heart?
Repeat the love of my immortal part?
O no! accept, thou condescending Lord,
These poor attempts my passion to record:

But shall I dare, poor, weak, unworthy dust,
To love thee, Lord, Almighty, wise and just,
Dare to repeat my passion at thy throne,
And thus my warmest, tenderest feelings own?
'Tis with a deep and humble sense I hope
In thee alone,—to thee my soul looks up,
And breathes her ardent and her warmest praise,
Which grace, and grace divine can only raise:
'Tis grace alone creates in me this love,
And raises my adoring thoughts above:
To grace I'm debtor, but for precious grace,
My nature, Lord, would curse thee to thy face;
My God, 'tis grace emboldens me, a worm,
To say I love with deep affection warm.
Say, why then *now* these passions all awake?
No common charms such deep impressions make,
And cause such deep-felt love to glow within;
O where, my soul, O! where shall I begin?
I want a David's harp to sound his praise,
Paul's eloquence my ardent thoughts to raise,
But since my mind can neither these attain,
I'll touch the subject in a feebler strain.

I love the Lord, because he first loved me,
And taught my soul its ruined state to see;
He taught my soul, when in a wretched case,
To seek for mercy at a throne of grace;
I sought and found, and blessed be his name,
His love to me has ever been the same.
How great that love in giving Christ his Son,
To die for crimes that sinful man had done:
Herein is love, O could I love him more,
And with a zeal I never felt before:
He knows my heart, and all my ways reviews,
Heals my backslidings, and my strength renews.

For food and raiment I his name adore,
And joys divinely good laid up in store,
For chast'nings and a sanctifying rod
I love, and still adore my Father God,
He gives me grace to hope for scenes to come,
And the sweet promise of a better home.
But far above all this I hope and trust
That I, a poor, weak, frail, unworthy dust,
Do love from motives of superior kind,
And with a nobler principle of mind;
I trust a *purer* passion burns within,
And from thy *grace* these higher feelings spring;
I trust I truly love a righteous God, [cord.
With whose blessed ways my wondering thoughts ac-
To love thee, but for mercies, Lord, I own
Would be to love, from selfish views alone,
But no—thy spirit witnesses with mine
I am thy child by grace and love divine;
I'm now espoused to Christ, thy only Son;
Jesus and I for ever now are one;
The tie is binding—Jesus I am thine,
Thine by redemption, thou by promise mine;
Transporting thought, that I should Jesus love;
Dost thou such deep confessions well approve?
Or hath thy handmaid spoken things too high?
If so, reprove, and pardoning grace apply;
If not, let me repeat my love again;
I love thy law, and I revere thy name;
O cause this passion in my heart to glow,
And self to sink in self abasement low:
I love thy power and wisdom with delight,
Thy works and ways, O Lord, are just and right;
I long to love thee as the angels do;
I love thy nature, and thy justice too;

But O, I do not love thee as I ought,
Nor ever can I here—sad painful thought!
But if my powers were equal to my zeal,
My tongue would speak all that my heart can feel.
Accept my feeble strains, ye saints, and tell
If I too much on such a theme can dwell;
'Twas love that brought the Lord of glory down,
And thus the riches of his grace made known:
"O bless the Lord, let all within me join,
And bless his name whose favours are divine!"
He grants me blessings suited to my case;
I'm still preserved a monument of grace:
But whence, my soul, do these affections rise,
Which seem to soar away beyond the skies;
Spring they from self?—I humbly answer, no!
In nature's garden no such fruits do grow;
The spirit breathes, and through its mighty power,
Amidst the weeds there springs an humble flower,
And from that flower rich odours rise to heaven,
From whence the sacred seed at first was given.
Grace is the seed, the flower is heavenly love,
And praise the fragrance that ascends above;
The heart's the soil that Jesus tills and sows,
And love the passion-flower that buds and blows,
It blooms below—transplanted then on high,
It ripens fully in eternity:
O glorious grace! to thee belongs the praise,
And glory too, through everlasting days.
Fourteen long weary years, this tottering frame
Has languished sore with tedious fits and pain;
But the just hand that doth my strength consume,
Has the same power to renovate my bloom;
Though every med'cine, herb, and mineral fail,
I'll not despair, for prayer may yet prevail;

And you, my friends, who long have wished my good,
Join your requests with mine in prayer to God;
To hear his children's prayers he never fails;
But O, the prayer of faith alone prevails;
And when you do retire for private prayer,
O think, and bear me on your memory there;
"Effectual fervent prayer availeth much,"
Remember this, and O may ours be such;
The time will soon arrive, when we shall meet
Around the throne, at our Immanuel's feet.
Thou great physician of physicians all,
Who hast so often healed—once more I call;
O deign to listen to a suppliant worm
Who oft times hath, and now again doth come
To cast her worthless body at the pool,
Where thou hast often cleansed her lep'rous soul;
At thy command the waters now shall move,
And on my frame their healing virtues prove;
Then will I sound thy glorious name abroad,
Sinners shall hear, and praise a pardoning God.
Thou hast done wonders for me, O my Lord,
But still be gracious, and more strength afford;
Too much I've looked to man, with shame, I own,
And not enough to sovereign grace alone;
And O, I fear, I have more praise bestowed
On mortal skill, than on the power of God;
If so, I pray thee, Lord, my sins forgive,
And cause my soul in thee to trust and live;
Revive me Lord, and let me hear thy voice,
Which kindly speaks, and makes my heart rejoice,
Which whispers pardon in my listening ear,
Bids me confide in thee, and not to fear;
Lord I will trust, and through thy grace believe
Whate'er I ask in faith, I shall receive;

O heal these wounds, and make distempers flee,
Renew my strength—O God I look to thee :
But if so ordered by thy gracious will,
That I endure those pains and feelings still,
Thou great refiner—should'st thou so design,
In scorching flames, to lengthen out my time,
O sanctify the fire, my gracious God,
And make me patient while I feel the rod ;
Deal gently with me as in years now past,
When my disorder raged and bound me fast,
When clouds arose, and tempests loudly howl'd,
And wave on wave of trouble o'er me roll'd ;
Strengthen my soul thy dealings more to trace,
And grant a larger portion of thy grace ;
Give me some clearer, brighter views of thee,
And more of my deficiencies to see ;
Enlarge my thoughts, and more expand my heart,
More of thy love and holy joys impart ;
Inflame my love, my little faith increase,
And fill my mind with calm and heavenly peace ;
Possessing *this*, I shall be truly blest,
My soul, 'midst storms, will find an ample rest.
Support me Lord, as thou hast heretofore,
O grant me *this*, and I desire no more.

Whate'er, O Lord, thou dost for me ordain,
Whether scenes adverse, prosperous, health or pain,
Bless every dispensation, dark or bright,
And make me see that all thou doest is right.
O gracious Spirit come with holy fire,
And in my heart create a pure desire :
Come condescending Saviour from above,
And warm my frozen heart with heavenly love,
O let me feel thy gracious presence now,
To cheer me in this wilderness below.

Thou once a female's faith regarded much,
When she thy *garment only*, could but touch ;
Thy virtue, Lord, at once her sickness cured,
And soon, in language sweet, these words she heard—
Daughter, take comfort—all thy fears dismiss,
Thy faith hath made thee whole—now go in peace.
Like that poor trembling female, Lord, would I
To thee the great physician now apply ;
O let thy healing virtue bring relief,
Remove my sorrows, and assuage my grief;
O speak the word—thy all commanding voice
Can make my poor desponding heart rejoice ;
That cheering word, on which my hope relies,
Can give new life, and make my joys arise,
'Twill cause this painful malady to cease,
O speak the word, and bid me go in peace.

When I look back, with shame, on some past years,
The retrospection drowns my eyes in tears,
My guilt returns, and O, a conscious smart
Is felt in this vile, base, ungrateful heart.
O what kind patience hath the Lord displayed
To me, who often from his fold have strayed ;
Still left a monument of mercy here,
To see the dawning of another year.
O wonderous love ! with such a wretch to bear,
And still preserve me with parental care :
Like a kind shepherd, when I went astray,
He turned my feet from off the slippery way,
He touched my heart, and gave repentance deep,
And I, like Peter, bitterly did weep ;
Like Paul, I called upon his saving name,
When smitten with a sense of guilt and shame ;
Like David, when the faithful prophet told
To him his guilt, and did the crime unfold,

I wept aloud, his mercy did implore,
And prayed for grace that I should fall no more.
How my reflecting thoughts in sadness swell,
When my weak mind doth on its follies dwell;
Ten thousand ways my wandering feet have rov'd.
In numerous ways I have ungrateful proved;
Like Israel, oft my adamantine heart
Would rise, rebel, and from the Lord depart;
Such was my state, sometimes my heart would sigh,
And, like frail Jonah, even wished to die.
Yes, I repined because a gracious God
Would often make me feel his chastening rod;
But still when I review my guilt and shame,
I know his love is still to me the same;
He whom I've griev'd, for such as I hath died.
To him I've long with godly sorrow cried:
So Israel's king forgiveness did obtain,
And God in mercy gave him peace again;
But he who is all holy, just and wise,
In tender mercy did his soul chastise;
And Peter, when his Master did reprove,
Received forgiveness, and a sense of love;
But Peter often met with chastening looks;—
Whom Jesus loves, in mercy he rebukes,
Though he reproved, he sanctified the rod,
And both the wanderers closer walked with God,
And since the Lord doth all my sins forgive,
Like them, to Him, O may I nearer live.

Now, O my soul, since He doth kindly choose
To let thee live and see the old year close,
A new one entered on the list of time,
Mark well thy steps, let vigilance be thine;
As constant as the daily rising sun,
Be thou found prostrate at thy father's throne;

Like Daniel, morning, evening, night and noon.
O let thy heart with Zion's God commune;
Watch and be prayerful, lest the tempter's art
Deceive and make thee act a grievous part;
Look up to God to have thy thoughts controlled,
Lean on his arm, and on his strength take hold;
To Him devote thy time and talents all,
With the warm zeal and spirit of a Paul;
Like him, let true ambition rise to Christ,
And daily glorify thy great High Priest.
Seek not vain knowledge that will fail and die,
But seek that wisdom which is from on high;
Be daily taught a task in wisdom's school,
The Word of God—be that thy guide and rule;
Like Christ possess a temper meek and mild,
In all things imitate that holy child:
If thou be spared to dwell still longer here,
Be this thy line of conduct through the year;
Walk circumspectly, keep the heavenly way,
No self reproach shall then thy conscience slay,
No sting of guilt shall in thy breast be found,
To cause thy heart to feel a bleeding wound;
Keep close to Jesus with thy present zeal,
And then thy heart no pungent thorn shall feel.
Give me, O Lord, a larger store of grace,
That I may wisely thy blessed footsteps trace,
Then, when another annual sun rolls round,
And I should with the living still be found,
I'll then adore thy holy name, and give
The praise to thee, by whom alone I live.
Idolatry has been my greatest sin,
And given my foolish heart the deepest sting:
Israel with troubled hearts confessed their crimes,
And God, in love, forgave them numerous times.

Mercy hath torn the idols from my heart,
Forgiven my sins, and healed the painful smart,
Now will I sing thy mercy, love and grace,
And warn idolaters to seek thy face.
Christians, beware of idols—creature-love
Will oft seduce our thoughts from things above;
Of *worms* not only, we may idols make,
But many things of neither form nor shape,
Intemperance, pleasure, hatred, lust and pride,
Self-will, self-love, and thousand things beside;
All these, and more, may draw away the heart,
And hardly leave to God and Christ a part:
Beware my soul, O my weak soul, take heed,
Lest idols cause thy heart again to bleed.

TO EDWARD H——, AGED THREE YEARS.
1821.

Sweet emblem of a lovely flower,
Which blooms and withers in an hour!
What wonders I am led to trace
In that fair form and beauteous face.

But I'm delighted more to find
Some bless'd traits mark thy infant mind;
Some growing charm each hour I view,
Which makes my hopes of thee rise new.

How would it gratify my mind,
Could I thy early steps attend,
And teach thy tender thoughts to rise
In prayer, and praise, toward the skies.

But ah! dear interesting boy,
I'm not to have that sweet employ;
'Twill not, I fear, to me be given,
To lead thy infant feet to heaven.

But O! for thee my prayers shall rise,
For thou art lovely in mine eyes;
Dear is thy image to my heart,
But *dearer* thine immortal part.

Thy soul is precious in my sight,
And O! with what heart-felt delight
My thoughts anticipate to see
Early, the fruits of grace in thee.

Thou sweet, engaging, prattling child,
O may you grow up meek and mild;
Like Jesus, truth and wisdom learn,
And from the way of sinners turn.

My hopes of thee are high and bright,
Thou art thy fond aunt's great delight;
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy,
And once thy grandsire's fav'rite boy.

But he was snatched from off the stage,
Before my Edward was of age
To mark the features of his face,
Or recollect his last embrace.

My little nephew, oft did he
Caress and dandle on his knee;
While each grandchild his kisses shared,
For all he loved, for all he cared!

No more he'll fold thee in his arms,
And gaze upon thine infant charms;
For he to unknown scenes is gone,
And will no more to earth return.

May you and I, dear darling boy,
In the eternal world of joy,
With him, and all our kindred, meet;
To worship at Emmanuel's feet.

But you must in the world below
Love Jesus, and in knowledge grow,
Or you will not behold his face,
And join to sing redeeming grace.

Oh should your aunt this world first leave,
Edward, this faithful charge receive,
And prize it more than glittering gold,
Observe it young—obey it old!

CHARGE.

Oh learn to pray, and read God's holy word,
For that through life will peace, and joy afford;
Repent, fear God, love man, and O hate sin!
And daily strive the heavenly crown to win.

If I from earth my exit first should make,
Accept these lines and keep them for my sake:
Let them not stand against you in that day,
When God his ire, and favour shall display.

LINES

COMPOSED IN A SLEEPLESS HOUR OF NIGHT WHILST REFLECTING ON THE MADNESS AND INCONSISTENCY OF ATHEISM.

December 4th, 1814.

That there's a God all nature's works declare,
Mortals look round, and see him every where;
Lift up your eyes and view the scene on high—
Behold those splendid orbs that deck the sky—
The wond'rous sun, the moon, and starry train,
A God of infinite power proclaim.
What more the being of a God can prove,
Than those great works that shine so bright above?
Ten thousand beauties on this lower sphere,
Confess the hand divine that fixed them here.
Go—contemplate the regions of the deep—
See numerous fishes play, and monsters leap—
Behold the tow'ring waves run mountains high—
Hear the loud thunders—see the lightnings fly—
Observe huge rocks with all their curious store,
And view the wonders of the sea bound shore!
What, but a wise, Almighty, powerful hand,
Could these create, and cause them all to stand
So firmly on their base, and thus repel
The foaming waves, when raging billows swell?
The lofty mountains and the grove-crowned hills,
The pleasant valleys, and the flowing rills,
The veins of sapphire, and the golden mine,
And the rich beds where precious rubies shine,
Declare the power that formed them is divine.

Base man! that says all things by chance do come,
And nature's God with impious lips disown: [clay—
Your own machines—those strange wrought frames of
The circling blood, each beating pulse doth say,
A God! a God of vast and sovereign power!
He made us first, and kept us to this hour.
That glorious piece of workmanship alone,
Bespeaks a God, a God to man makes known.
Even creation's smallest works do prove,
There doth exist a power supreme above.
Seal up your lips, ye atheists of the day!
Ye infidels! who dare so boldly say—
You'll not believe there doth exist a God,
And thus attempt to scorn his sacred word;
Belie not conscience, Oh ye wretched men!
You find that voice speak loud enough within:
Conscience doth smite when you that power deny,
Your courage fails when you see dangers nigh.
Volney—when all around him death stared wide,
Sprung forward with uplifted hands, and cried,
"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" his boasted courage fell,
He owned a God when on the brink of Hell.
When asked, "have you a God?" with weeping eyes,
The wretched man "Oh yes! Oh yes!" replies;
Confessed a God when death hung o'er his head,
And the coward threatened with a watery bed:
Notorious sceptic though by practice he,
Yet not in principle he lets us see.
So atheists now believe not as they say
Although they act the same from day to day.

MEDITATION.

June, 1815.

Night's shades disperse, and day begins to dawn,
Rise now my soul, enjoy the rosy morn.
Rise from thy couch, and let thine eyes now feast
On the bright golden chambers of the east.
Majestic Sol peeps through the cloudless skies,
And bids the villagers awake and rise,
And view Jehovah's power, his great display;
And hail himself, Imperial King of day.

He spreads his beams, and gilds the spacious earth,
From his high seat relates his wondrous birth;
The smiling hills, the groves, and flow'ry vale,
Listen with rapture to the pleasing tale,
But man lies slumb'ring on his downy bed,
Till morning's first, and fairest, charms have fled.

From thy soft slumbers, lovely Mary,* rise,
Come forth, and view the beauties of the skies.
Friend of my heart, O let our kindred minds,
Contemplate Sol, while he in splendour shines.
Behold he mounts his flaming car on high,
Swiftly before him, see Aurora fly.
While the hours dancing follow in his train,
Nor can, nor do they, silently remain.

Will the fair king in his sweet progress come
Uncelebrated with celestial song?

* Mrs. Wilkinson.

No, 'thinks I hear the shining spheres rejoice,
Mingling soft notes, in one harmonious voice.
Listen, my Mary—hark! my soul, they sing,
Sweet comes the sound on gentle echo's wing.

I

Sweet Phœbus we follow,
And while on our way.
We hail him great Emperor,
Bright King of the day.

II.

We take all our lustre
From the gold face he wears,
And borrow our light
From the glory he bears.

III.

All happy, all gay,
We dance in his train,
And sing all the day
In one joyful strain.

IV.

Universal nature
All join in the lay,
Whilst his bright flowing robe
Pours around flood of day.

V.

Bright Sol we admire,
And shout in his praise,
But to his Creator
Higher honours we raise.

Mary—their music fires my soul, the song is infectious—my heart is tuned—I catch the theme—join, gentle friend, join in the illustrious work; unite, Oh! my soul and all creation join.

Bow with adoration, O Sun,
And kiss the omnipotent God.
Thy light into darkness shall turn,
At his all stupendous nod.

The noble great Alpha above,
Reflects upon Sol and his train,
For He is the light of the Sun,
And Jehovah, Jah, is his name.

I Am! is the God of the skies,
O, sing ye bright orbs in his praise,
His glory excels every one,
He shines in eternal full blaze.

O laud him, sweet Mary, and sing
My heart and my soul in his praise,
To God, the incomp'rable King,
New honours and gratitude raise.

Yes, Sun—great and lucid as thou art—far greater and more glorious is He, whose almighty fiat called thee into being.—Thou art bright, but infinitely more dazzling and magnificently splendid are thy Creator's glories!—His beams are insufferably lucent.—Yes! too radiant to be borne! Man, in his mortal state, could not see his personal glory and live. We can behold the rising and the setting sun without much injury to the sight; but when he has entered his zenith, even *he* becomes too luminous for the naked eye to behold unhurt.

Christians, by faith, can view the Eternal Sun of Righteousness at a distance; but with fleshly eyes they could not behold the lustre of his heavenly face. Yet the period will come, when his people shall see

him eye to eye, face to face, and dwell in his august presence; but their souls will receive new strength, and their powers be all invigorated and fitted for the powerful scene.

If a created body is so transcendantly brilliant, think, dear Mary, how inexpressibly and inconceivably more drastic must his refulgence be, who formed that great luminary! If the work of the potter's hand reflects such overpowering brightness, 'tis no wonder, if a sight of his own glorious person should overwhelm the creature, in his present state of mortality.

Let us learn a lesson, my friend, from that radiant orb. Thus spake an almighty voice: "I have made thee to rule the day." How obedient to his Maker's mandate has he from that moment proved; and how unwearied in his works! Let us do, and be so likewise. When the gentle whispers of an almighty voice bid us be vigilant on our way, and remind us of duty, let us hasten to obey; and let us follow the course he has marked out for us, without being faint or weary. We see how regular the sun performs his appointed revolutions, and how stable he is in the execution of his diurnal journeys;—let us, my Mary, as firmly, and as steadily, endeavour to fulfil the duties of the day, and the work allotted us to do, whilst our habitation is among the living.

How cheerful the sun begins his day's round, and how calm and peaceful he goes to rest.—So the Christian, when rightly exercised, with gladness commences the duty of the day; and when he retires to rest, reposes with a peaceful and quiet conscience.

But list!—what sounds are those I hear? O! it is the cheerful birds from the neighbouring grove, pouring forth their softest notes, in their Creator's praise;

—how very melodious! Dear feathered choristers, warble away—cease not to raise your notes on high. How innocently and how happily they sing! Alas! how unlike them are we: our best thoughts and praises are impure; and our warmest songs, by reason of sin, are accompanied with a sigh! But—blissful thought—the period will come, my Mary, when we shall sing, with even more purity and uninterrupted felicity, than these beauteous songsters. A nobler subject, a higher theme we shall sing, if it should be our ineffable happiness to obtain an inheritance among the blessed. Redeeming grace, and eternal love, shall be our glorious song—and our tongues shall never cease. Auspicious day! would that it had already commenced;—the vital sparks now are kindled in our breasts; but here, alas! we scarcely breathe our notes—our songs are formal—we toil, and heave, and strive to rise, but all in vain; praises languish on our tongues; devotion becomes feeble, and we faint. But O! in eternity our songs and joys shall rise immeasurably high! Hosannas shall dwell for ever on our tongues, and a never dying flame in our souls!

What sweet harmony this little tribe appear to dwell in.—How lamentable that professors of religion do not live in sweeter concord—how divided in opinion, and how disunited are they. But—sweet, solacing thought—we know the time is approaching, when Christians shall all be of one sentiment, and dwell in happy accordance. These joyous things will begin below, and be perfected above. Yes, in heaven, where the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, there shall be no division, nor disagreement—all, both saints and angels, shall be of one heart, one tongue, and one

soul: there will be only one difference—the saints will sing a theme that angels never can join in.

But angels will not contend—for as they have never sinned, they cannot be interested in the song of redeeming grace any further than as it redounds to the glory and honour of God;—but they desire to look into these things, and will, unquestionably, praise and adore the Everlasting Jehovah for his great mercy and condescension in so miraculously saving an innumerable company of fallen beings. While the saints sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath washed and redeemed us by his blood!"—the angels will love and admire with an ardency unutterable, and add a fervent—Amen.

But come, dear friend of my bosom, the late hour calls us home—let us return. O may the sublime scene we have been viewing, and the harmonious strains we have listened to, not be unprofitable to our souls: may they lead us to meditate much on the glories and perfections of that Sun, whose superlative beauties are for the present veiled from our sight; but which we hope and trust to see unveiled in the supernal world. Here, we behold only by the eye of faith, and get but languid glimpses from his lofty throne—out there,—should it be our happiness to dwell,—our eyes shall see him in his meridian splendour! We shall see him as he is—and know him, as he is known of them who now surround his illustrious person, crying, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and art to come." Our ravished souls shall for ever gaze, and live upon the sight! Oh, let us be more zealous, for the cause and glory of this most transcendant Being. May we be jealous for his

honour—devote the remnant of our days to his praise —have an eye single to his glory—and when we make our exit from the great theatre of life, leave behind us a good testimony of our being the true servants of the living God. Amen and Amen.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. MELMOTH AND HIS DAUGHTER.

1811.

Louisa. Hark! methought I heard some one groan—I do, and the sounds proceed from my father's dormitory—alas! unfortunate man, his heart is breaking under the pressure of the times—the sunshine of prosperity smiles no longer over his head. Oh, my parent! thou art indeed brought into tribulation; great is thy trouble, Oh! son of adversity, and child of vicissitude! but why do I not repair to his room, and try to speak a word of condolence? I may perhaps be able through divine assistance to sooth and mollify his sorrows—my father's sorrows are my sorrows, and his joys are my joys: I will go and see if I can be a comfort to him in his distress. Weep, Oh my soul, with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice! It is I that knocks, my dearest father; will you not admit your Louisa?

Melmoth. Yes, come in, my dear; but what brings you hither at this season of the night?

Louisa. Your deep sighs and loud groans constrained me to rise, and beg admittance to your room; I heard from my chamber how restless you were, and am come to endeavour to soften your grief. You look mournfully on me, my father—but I need not

ask, "why is your countenance sad?"—The cause has already deeply penetrated the heart of your child. Oh, sir, my bosom bleeds for your misfortunes, and doubly so for the painful wound you have received in a more tender point: every feeling of my mind is alive to your troubles.

Melmoth. Yes, my dear child, I know you reciprocate my feelings; this nocturnal visit evinces to me your concern for my happiness, and sympathy for my situation, and I feel sensible of your filial affection: but oh! you know not half the sad variety that passes this breast, my daughter! my heart is almost broken, one wound more would snap the brittle cords, another blast from the raging storm would finish the stroke—I have long drunk deep into the bitter cup, and now I am swallowing its dregs. Oh, my Louisa! I am a stranger to God, and a stranger to peace.

Louisa. Be comforted and encouraged, my dear father; though your enemies hope to triumph over you, be assured, they will in the end, be defeated—their devices will not prosper.

Melmoth. Ah! my child! my foes have, I fear, already blasted my reputation; they have circulated a false report concerning me, and as falsehoods generally do, it has spread abroad, rapid as the flames in a high wind: and alas! my honour is injured for ever in the eye of the world. Oh! my child, my dear Louisa! I am not myself—I am all unnerved—there is no strength in my bones; both my frame, and my mind, are completely invalidated. Misfortunes, and my inability to discharge my debts, sufficiently bow down my spirit—but, to be injured in so nice a point as my honour, is a blow greater than I can sustain. Alas! alas! I am hedged in on all sides—troubles

like a mighty flood compass me about. Some who ought to be my greatest comfort, help, and support in the hour of calamity, cruelly add to my affliction, and prove thorns in my side—and others who should be tender of my feelings, and participate in my woes, are guilty of follies that harrow up my soul. These things add to my trials, and increase my sufferings, and make me say and do what I would not. When I lie down, I wish I may never rise to see the dawn of another day; sleep has long fled my pillow—when I arise and see the light, then I wish to flee and hide me in some wild desert, away from every mortal eye, far from the sound of human voice; I am sick of the world, tired of life, and loathe my soul—I seek for death but find it not—I seek it sorrowing—and, Oh my daughter! I confess to you, sometimes seek it sinfully—I am often tempted to rashness, but mercy holds my hand—this room, the past night, bore witness to my agonies, and guilt; Oh my child! your frenzied father seized the opiate, and rashly put it to his mouth, but a propitious power drew back the cup and stayed the poison, while a loud voice whispered within, "thou canst not give life, Oh sinner! and thou hast no right to take it." I dashed the fatal dose away, threw myself on the bed again, and groaned aloud, "Oh that I had never been born! Oh that I had never seen the light!" and with a heart swelling still bigger with wo, and a mind fraught with greater terror, I passed the night.

Louisa. My father! what do I hear? Oh! thou hearer of prayer, and thou great preserver of man, what shall I answer to this gracious interposition? How shall I sufficiently thank thee for this unspeakably great deliverance from death and destruction,

and thy wondrous condescension to regard the poor petitions of the humble suppliant in the silent shades of the past night, for her distracted and misguided parent. Oh my father, what a merciful providence, thus to interfere, and pluck you from that dark abyss, that gulf of endless ruin and misery, on the brink of which you stood, and into which your rashness had nearly plunged you. Now, my dear sir, allow me to tell you of the goodness of that being into whose presence you were so eager to rush with all your guilt upon you. Know then, that your child spent half the night supplicating at the throne of God, that you may be kept from that awful temptation. I watched your every moment the day before, marked particularly every sentence from your lips, observed your countenance, and noticed well the state of your mind—from this, and the conversation I had at intervals with you, I plainly discovered the operations of your mind, and felt convinced, that, if the risings of your grief did not abate before evening, you might be exposed to the most imminent danger—evening appeared, your sorrows were not lessened, and my heart trembled for you, for I ceased to have any influence over you, and retired, but not to sleep—no, but to pray, keep watch, and listen—and truly, my father, I did wrestle hard with the great "strength of Israel" that he would by his mighty power keep you from that crime, which I was afraid you might in a rash moment be tempted to perpetrate. From my chamber I heard you sigh, groan, beat your breast, pace the room, fling yourself on the bed, sometimes call upon God, at other times, vent your feelings in language the most awful, bitter and touching. My anxiety, fears, distress and terror, were past description. One moment I was at your door

to listen, the next on my knees at prayer, then retnrned to my room, trembling with fear and cold, but the Lord supported me through it all; my hope, comfort, and courage, were alone in that divine Being, who is kind, merciful, and just—and who heareth the cries of the distressed, when they put their trust in him: and surely, my father, I may now say, the Lord is a prayer hearing and prayer answering God—Behold! I came off last night a "prevailing Israel," another token of God's favour to me a sinful worm.—Let me for ever erect mine Ebenezers, for the Lord hath heard and helped me in all my troubles—unto his name, be everlasting praise—Oh! that this new instance of his goodness might be marked by both of us, his unworthy servants, and indelible gratitude be riveted on our hearts.

Melmoth. I blush and am confounded, my Louisa, at my baseness and daring attempt—and am overwhelmed with shame, and grief, at the goodness of heaven, in giving me a praying child, and one who can in a measure enter into the feelings of her wretched and impetuous father, and who forsakes him not in the day of adversity—the stings of conscience pierce deep within, for my presumption and vile ingratitude; yet my dear girl, could you feel in the full, as well as know, the anguish of this bleeding heart, could you know the extent of my sorrows, you would pity, yes, I am sure you would pity, and weep for my extremities. The billows roll on every side, my thoughts trouble me, and my heart is in a great strait; Oh what shall I do! where hide my head from the tempestuous winds? where shall this poor bark find a haven?

Louisa. In the bosom of the Redeemer, my father; there only is refuge for the troubled breast—there only, the weary can find repose, in the world it is not to be obtained—the things of sense and time can afford no true relief under afflictions and difficulties. Flee! flee to Christ, the sinner's friend, and seek happiness and rest in him.

Melmoth. Ah! talk not so, Louisa, my mind is too distracted to think of flying there for shelter—I cannot, no, I cannot meditate on serious things now—my brain is too wild, and my thoughts too roving—how wretched! Oh! how wretched am I!

Louisa. Your situation, my beloved sire, is indeed distressing and deeply affecting: but hearken to me, dear sir—there is a remedy for every case however desperate—you say, "I cannot bear serious things now"—but this is the most seasonable time to have the "Balm of Gilead" administered; in tribulation it is most needed—ointment is good for the healing of wounds, and now is the time for applying it, while they are open and sore—The voice of religion is the best soother under pain; nothing will soften the heart, and quell the passions, so soon and so effectually as serious reflection, and sober thoughts of the mercies, goodness, patience, forbearance, and long suffering of God in his dealings with us, and a right view of his just judgments—reflections of this kind are calculated at once to still our murmurings; whereas, the indulgence of sinful, distracting thoughts, and rash expressions, tends only to enhance both our guilt and misery.

Melmoth. I doubt not, my dear, but you are right in your views of these things as far as you have ex-

perienced them—but you have never been placed in a situation so critical and aggravating as mine, and therefore cannot tell how impossible it is to bring the mind into proper subjection ; nothing but experience can teach us " to feel another's woes."

Louisa. You doubly pain me, my honoured father, by supposing me incapable of entering fully into your feelings : you forget how much I love you, and what deep waters I have waded through, and that I am no stranger to the inclemencies of this boisterous life—but my strong affection for you excites a lively interest, and exquisite sensibility of soul, which could not be felt by the stoic—or the lukewarm feelings, even of a child. Believe me, I do most sensibly feel for you ; the inmost recesses of my heart are open to your sufferings—and Oh ! could the sympathy of a fellow mortal heal the wounds in your lacerated breast, then should my dearest father find relief from the compassion of his child's bleeding bosom—but Oh ! listen, my unhappy father—let me entreat you to be composed, and favour me with your attention for a while. You will, yes, I see you will—permit me then to speak, my dear, dear sir ; none but the blessed Saviour, the Son of God, can heal the maladies of a wounded spirit.

Melmoth. Speak on, speak on, my child; you have already smoothed my brow and melted me down; my heart sinks within me, the Lion has become a Lamb; say what you please, do as you please, the commotions of my mind are still, the ragings of thought are becalmed, and the wretched Melmoth will now be all attention to the mild, soothing, and good counsel of his anxious daughter.

Louisa. I thank you for the indulgence, my kind and beloved sire, for I feel constrained to speak in the fulness of my heart. Permit me to remind you, how God was pleased in former years to bless you with great prosperity. It may be said, you "flourished like a green bay tree;" but pardon me, if I bring to recollection your forgetfulness of the hand that spread your board, and caused your bloom to continue amidst devouring pestilence; while you lived a life, careless and thoughtless of God, and of a future state—of late years, God has reversed the scene; he has caused the bitter waters to overflow, he has sent troubles, numerous and complicated, he has tried you both with prosperity and adversity—and though you are much enlightened with regard to the things of Christ, to what you formerly were, still, still you keep back your heart from your God, whose command is, "my son give me thine heart;" you are a stranger to godliness, and keep aloof from him; you neither obey his gospel, nor keep his commandments; and however moral your principles may be, the Lord will for all these things, punish and visit you with righteous judgments. If you but rightly reflect, my dear father, I feel persuaded that you will confess God is just in his dispensations, and you justly corrected. 'Tis not my intention to enlarge the wound already deep—no, my afflicted father! Heaven forbid! I only wish to convince you of this truth, that sin is the great cause whence all suffering and trouble proceed, and to direct your views to the blood of the Lamb of God, which speaketh peace and pardon to the penitent. Forgive me, my honoured father, but this is a mater of the greatest moment, the most important of all

concerns; on no other occasion would I use such freedom, and take upon myself thus to talk to a parent—love for your precious soul constrains me, and duty prompts me to exertion, and wo be unto me if I be not faithful to your immortal part—your blood shall rest on my head, if I forbear to declare unto you what the Lord has imparted unto me. Thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, "My son give me thine heart;" but you have turned a deaf ear, and have not obeyed—still the Lord repeats his request—again and again, by his word and by his Spirit, hath he in times past wooed you to his arms; you made him many promises, but alas! you neglected to perform them, and for this cause he has visited you with a rod, smote you with sore trouble, as he did the Israelites under their repeated rebellions, and hath permitted your enemies to rise up and calumniate you, and hath forsaken you amidst distress. "The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish, but he casteth away the substance of the wicked." "Because," thus saith the Lord, "I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and ye have not regarded, but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh, for that ye have hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord, therefore shall ye eat of the fruit of your own ways, and be filled with your own devices." And thus, my dear father, you now find it, as God declareth: when storms gather, and tempests roar; when the thunder rolls over your head, and distress and anguish seize your mind, God as it were laughs and will not appear for your deliverance. Oh, sir! how lamentable that you should have so

neglected your salvation, and the invitations of Christ, and by refusing the counsel of the Most High, have now no hope beyond the grave, no comfort, no support, and no God to look up to in time of need. But I see, my dear father, you are open to conviction; your countenance is the index of your thoughts; I read there the workings of your mind, and partly know what you would say—let conscience, that faithful monitor, do its office; speak, my father, and tell me all your feelings.

Melmoth. You judge rightly, my child, you have convinced me that I have lived like a madman; I am now truly sensible of my sinful neglect of salvation, and my duty to God. Oh! how have I sinned against a merciful and righteous judge, and grieved his holy Spirit. God has with patience and long suffering borne with my rebellions, and now I am justly dealt with for my perverseness. How many, many warnings have I had, how many calls from the Almighty! but I have hardened my heart, and stiffened my neck, and refused to wear his easy yoke. Oh, my children! take warning from me, and while in youth enlist under his banner at an early age, and be obedient to his heavenly command; and when you are old he will not forsake you—I am constrained to exclaim, nearly as Woolsey did of the king, "had I served my God with half the zeal" that I have attended to worldly concerns, he would not now have left me without hope, without support! Ah Louisa! had I made good my promises to the Lord, and walked in the paths of the just, I might have escaped many evils, or, at least, should have been sustained under their pressure. But now, alas! he mocketh my fear, and turneth from my roarings, leaves me without hope, and with a fearful

looking for of judgment. Oh! that I had been wise, that I had hearkened to his reproof, and received his counsel, then should I have been upheld, and comforted in this my day of sorrow. Whither! O whither shall I go to find peace; to what refuge shall a sinner resort!—I shall now go down to the grave sorrowing, for there is none to pity, none to comfort, none to save me, since he whom I have often offended, frowns with indignation upon me. Oh, my dear child! you have hitherto been a blessing and a solace to me, but now no more—my spirit is too deeply wounded to be cured; my heart is now breaking because of mine iniquity—the Almighty has forsaken, and left me with a malady which none but himself can heal, but I dare not hope; I have sinned against great light and knowledge, and, in the day of judgment, it will be better for those who have never heard of the existence of a God than for wretched me: Oh, what shall I do! whither shall I flee, to hide from the wrath of God?

Louisa. Oh! my beloved sire, the Almighty has indeed shot at you with his arrows, and they stick fast in your heart; I grieve to see the anguish of your soul; but a secret pleasure steals through my breast to see you so deeply affected with a sense of your own guilt. Suffer me to speak once more, for the Lord may yet make me a blessing to you; nothing is impossible with him. Permit me then to ask, do you sensibly feel that you are a sinner? And do your iniquities cause the increased agonies of your mind? Are you acquainted with the plague of your own heart? And do you really begin to find your need of a Saviour? Is it the temporal misery of your present situation, and the dark prospect before you in this life, that cause you to groan; or do these bitter lamentations proceed from

a true sense of your awful state as a sinner, by nature and by practice? Do you indeed feel godly sorrow, and bewail your disobedience to God? If so, then hearken to me, my father, the Lord of Hosts, the Holy One of Israel, speaks to you from his sacred word, and take heed that you do not at this time turn a deaf ear, lest you provoke him to lift his hand, and swear in his wrath, that you shall not enter into his rest; listen now, sir, and believe, for it may be the last warning you may have. Thus saith an indulgent and merciful Creator, "Turn ye even unto me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning, and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness"—"Seek ye me, and ye shall live"—again he saith "come now let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool: if ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land." Take encouragement, my dear sir, from these gracious promises; for though God is provoked with your sins, yet he is merciful and compassionate, and if you repent, and turn to him with all your heart and soul, he will put away his anger, and blot out your iniquities, and will remember your transgressions no more; this is the language of an offended God. Oh! be careful you do not again slight his heavenly overtures, see that you refuse not to obey the voice of the Almighty.

Melmoth. These blessed promises, my daughter, are new to my ear, though I have heard them before; can such a wretch as I find favour? dare I hope that those promises are spoken to me, who have hereto-

fore neglected so great salvation, and been careless of the counsel of God, and the admonitions of his faithful ambassadors?

Louisa. Yes sir, there is hope for you if you desire an interest in Christ; even the vilest of sinners may return; a broken heart and a contrite spirit is all that God requireth: "a bruised reed will he not break, and the smoking flax he will not quench." It is written that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, so none need despair. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" these are the gracious words of Christ; go unto him, my father, and cast yourself at his feet; rest assured he will in no wise cast you out, if you are sincere. I remember a few years ago the Lord was striving with you, and your passions were wrought upon, and for a season you ran well, but the cares of this world choked the word, and you became unfruitful; when afflictions and persecutions pressed on you, you went back and became more careless of a future state than before; but now, my dear sir, take no repose until you become savingly acquainted with the Lord. Wrestle hard with the God of Jacob until you prevail; let him not go except he bless you; be not daunted at the view of your guilt; how enormous soever the load may appear to your enlightened eyes, the heavenly blood is sufficiently efficacious to purify the foulest stains. Resort unto that glorious Saviour who is willing and able to save to the uttermost—Behold he stands with open arms knocking for admittance at the door of your heart, will you not open it, and let the blessed Saviour in—he is the only friend of sinners, the only remedy for the sin sick soul—flee, flee with all your sins to Christ; "now is the accepted time;" love him and you will find in him.

"a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." If, my dear father, you give yourself to God, he will protect you in the day of trouble, strengthen you to face a frowning world and smile on the rage of his enemies; he will hide you in his bosom till the tempest be overpast. He will suffer no weapon that is formed against you to prosper, no temptation to overcome you, nor any trial to sink you. Oh sir! you little know the value of true religion, what solid joy and comfort it yields; comforts which the world can neither give nor take away—make the experiment and you will then find its blessedness. You weep, my dearest father, would to God those tears may indeed prove drops of godly sorrow. I cannot but hope they are so, and my own heart weeps with joy at the anticipation of seeing you ere long both a happy man and a Christian. Here, my father, is a blessed volume; it is the word of God; will you accept it, and gratify your anxious child by reading it? I have turned down a few pages for your perusal, which I think are best calculated to encourage you and to lead you to the fountain, whose efficacious waters, alone, can heal the disease of your mind. And now, my beloved father, I will retire, and leave you to your meditations. Dearest sir, good night, may the Lord be with you—and add a blessing to the poor attempts of his unworthy child, to sooth and comfort you.

MEDITATION ON THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN.

Greenwich, 1817.

"Let not your heart be troubled." These were the kind words of the gracious Redeemer, address-

ed to his disciples not long before his crucifixion. It is, as if he had said, 'Be not over-anxious about my departure, and your own consequent loss—neither be concerned about your present or your eternal welfare. Be assured your eternal happiness is safe; my death will secure your title to heaven, and my blood shall seal the covenant which was made from the beginning of the world—and though I must soon be severed from you, yet be not grieved, for the Father will send you another comforter to cheer you through this unfriendly world. "If ye believe in God, believe also in me." Blessed Jesus! I think I comprehend the meaning. If ye believe in God, trust in me, and I will impart consolation that ye may go on your journey without dismay. Yea, confide in me, for I proceed from the Father, and am the Son of God. "Believe in me," for I am from heaven and will speak the truth; if ye believe it, ye shall find rest to your souls. "In my Father's house are many mansions." Delightful thought! for there is an innumerable company of ransomed souls to fill them; the seed of Abraham is, as the stars of Heaven for multitude. How comforting to the household of faith to know that such ample provision is made! "If it were not so, I would have told you."

Mighty Jesus! thou would'st not allow thy brethren to be deceived—no, were it not so, thou would'st have informed us, that our hopes might not be disappointed.

Oh! my soul, behold the unparalleled goodness of the Lord; Jesus would not have buoyed thee up with hope, and then have allowed thee to sink in despair. If it were not so, he would have told thee. The God

in whom you trust is the only true and living God. He cannot use deception. He is a being, kind, faithful, immutable, holy, and just; he cannot change his mind. If you trust in this God, confide also in me, for I am the Son of God, and the Father and the Son are one. Yes, gracious God, we, who are thy servants, do indeed believe, and trust in thee; for we are persuaded that thou art able to keep that which we have committed to thy care. We know in whom we have believed, and are not afraid that thou wilt not accomplish thy promises; for we are sensible that in thee "there is no guile;" and we believe that thou art God manifested in the flesh; that the kingdom, power, honour, and glory are thine. "I go to prepare a place for you." Amazing condescension! Jesus has purchased an eternal inheritance with his own precious blood; and now he is gone to prepare a glorious mansion in the new Jerusalem, for each of the heirs of Salvation; to lay up for them, what eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor heart of man conceived. "And if I go, and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am, there you may be also," said the same heavenly voice. What comforting words to the believer's heart! Oh! my soul, how animating are they under pain and affliction! how consoling to think that thou shalt not always reside in this vale of tears! Thy Saviour has promised to take thee from this mortal state, to dwell with him in regions of immortality where sin is not known. Compassionate Redeemer! methinks I hear thee saying, "Brethren, be not sorrowful because I leave you; it is necessary that I should go to appear as your friend and advocate on high, that through my intercession, you may receive the blessing from

the Father, even the Comforter, who will teach you all things, and supply my place. Be of good cheer; though I leave you for a while, I will return and take you up to Heaven, that you may see the glory which I had with the Father before the world was." Blessed promise! we are confident that we shall see it verified; for Jesus is not a man that he should lie, neither will the God who sent him with such glad tidings, utter falsehoods. Yes, highly exalted friend! we do live in the full hope of seeing thee face to face, as one man beholdeth another. The Father hath given us into thy hands, and none shall be able to pluck us out of them—whom thou callest thou dost uphold, and preserve in safety, even to the end. "And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Yes, thou great leader, we do know the way, for thou hast guided us therein, thou hast made us acquainted with the way and the life, and with the rewards of obedience and disobedience. By the blessed example which thou didst give when on earth, thou didst point out the road, and wo be unto us, if we follow not thy footsteps. What debtors we are to thy sovereign grace! we derive all our knowledge from it. By nature we are blind, senseless, and dumb; no light springs up in our dark minds, but what originates with grace, nor do we possess a good thought, of which grace is not the author. Blessed Redeemer! we know the way—but alas! we are often benighted, and lose sight of our heavenly guide; we need thy instruction continually, and thy holy Spirit to direct our steps; for like wandering sheep, we often ramble far from the fold, and without the shepherd's watchful care, should perish in the wilderness—lead our roving feet, Oh! Shepherd of Israel, to the green pastures where thy flock re-

pose; safely conduct us across the flood of Jordan, to Canaan's happy land, where there are no false pleasures to lead us astray, and no temptations to disturb our peace. "If ye shall ask any thing in my name I will do it." Powerful stimulus to make us resort to a throne of grace, and ask for mercy. Comforting promise! if we ask in the name of Jesus, we shall receive—who would refrain from asking? who will doubt the truth of this promise of the Lord? never my soul, through unbelief, delay to ask in Christ's prevailing name; if thou desirest a thing, and believest it consistent with the divine will to grant it, go to a mercy seat without doubting, and there make known the desire of thy heart, with full assurance that whatever is asked in faith shall be granted. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If we love thee sincerely, thou great lawgiver, we shall be obedient to thy heavenly mandates.

Thou art our elder Brother, and thou doest all things well for us; if an earthly brother provide for us, protect us, and affectionately guard us from danger, we love him and have a sense of our duty to him; shall we not obey him, shall we not feel pleasure in serving him, and rendering him every grateful attention in our power? will not our hearts rejoice to please him, and shall we not do every thing to promote his interest and honour in the world? How much more then, ought we to be obedient to thy will, Oh! our Saviour, who art not only our Brother, but our best Friend, our Father, and our Redeemer; thou art he who hath done for us more than father, or mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, friend, or kindred. Lord, enable me to obey thy great commands, and by this I shall know, that I love my heavenly Bro-

ther. "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." Sweet consolation, to know that we have a friend above, who takes so deep an interest in our welfare! How richly do we experience the benefit of his prayers, for the Holy Spirit is given in abundant measure, and the heart-cheering promise is, that he shall abide with us for ever. Our Lord has withdrawn his bodily presence, but blessed be his name, he hath, according to his words, sent another to comfort us, and to help our infirmities, even the Spirit of truth, which "witnesseth with our spirit, that we are the children of God." How bountifully does our great Mediator provide for his redeemed! None but those who have tasted his love, know any thing of the consolations of the Holy Ghost, and his blessed influence on the heart—he will not dwell in the soul where Jesus does not reign; the carnal heart knows nothing of his powers, his animating rays, and his consoling qualities: but the children of God are supported, comforted, and guided by him. Happy are ye who love the Lord, who walk in his precepts, and have his Holy Spirit for your guide. "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." Oh! my soul, thou canst indeed acknowledge the truth of this precious promise; innumerable have been his visits to thee in thy pilgrimage here, especially in the hour of trial, and in the depth of affliction; in the most painful situations his presence has been felt, and his comforts have poured into thy soul a stream of consolation, which has calmed thy troubled breast. Yes, blessed Jesus, thou hast indeed made this promise good to all thy followers, and to me especially; nor will I shun to magnify thy mercy

in this great indulgence. Ye redeemed of the Lord, in all your sorrows, forget not that your eternal friend has promised to come to you. "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye live also." As though he had said, 'I shall shortly give up the ghost, rise again, and return to my Father's mansion; I will hide myself from the world, for they reject me, and despise my counsel; I will never more appear unto them. But ye shall see me, and enjoy my presence; yea I will come unto you because ye love me, and believe that I am from heaven, and have faith in my testimony.' "Because I live ye shall live also." 'When I am removed from your sight, ye shall live in me by faith, I will put my Spirit in you, and give you a heart of true belief, such as the world cannot receive, because they hate me; but ye love me, and are obedient to my will: and I live and am holy, and have all power given unto me, therefore ye shall live also.' Thy people do indeed behold with the eye of faith, their once-crucified Saviour, and view him as the chief, and the loveliest of all beings. They see him who was once despised, forsaken, and wounded, now seated at the right hand of God his Father, robed in his glory, invested with power, crowned with honour, praised by saints, adored by angels, and smiled on by the everlasting Jehovah. Yes, Lord, by faith we see thee now, and believe, that hereafter we shall behold thee face to face, and reign with thee in glory! Did Jesus say, that because he lived, his disciples should live also? yes, and his words are verified to his people now on earth. They live in him; his vital rays are shed abroad in their hearts, and keep alive the divine principle which he therein implanted.

But, without the continuation of thy cheering beams, Oh! Sun of righteousness, the flame would cease to burn, the glorious light would vanish. Oh! breathe on our hearts, and kindle the fire anew, that we may prove to the world around that we are in thee, and are living to thy glory. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Lord we believe that thou art in the Father, because he hath drawn us unto thee by his Spirit, and taught us that thou art his beloved Son, and our brother; and we know that if we delight in thy law, thou dwellest in our hearts; and if we believe in thee, we are then one with thee. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Blessed Jesus! thy peace indeed passeth understanding. The blood of Jesus speaks peace to the believer's troubled soul, and spreads a calm over the heart, that nothing but heaven can bestow. When in a proper frame of mind, even amidst the storms of life, the Christian feels a serenity to which the votaries of the world are strangers. The name of Jesus, will tranquillize the spiritual mind under the deepest calamities. Oh! Christian, rejoice that so solid a peace, and heavenly calm are given; and not as the world giveth, which is but for a moment and can afford no comfort, but is abiding, and neither earth nor hell can take it from us. Great Lord! the solid peace I feel within must be thy gift, and blessed be the mercy that bestowed it. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Learn, oh! my soul, a lesson from this kind admonition, and be troubled for nothing but sin. Jesus has done all things well; he has made reconciliation for you, vanquished the power of hell, suffered in your stead, become victorious over the

grave, entered into the heaven of heavens for you, and has secured for you an eternal crown. He has accomplished every thing needful for your happiness, and now be afraid of nothing, but of offending him who hath done such great things for you. Be not afraid, for lo! he will be with you, even to the end, if thou art faithful. Lord, take away this sinful fear from my heart, and make me faithful unto death. "Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye love me, ye would rejoice, because I said I go unto the Father; for the Father is greater than I." Gracious Immanuel! how mild, and gentle thy reproof! Truth obliges us to own that we are poor, short-sighted, selfish mortals; and though we love ourselves, yet we are slow to discern what is for our good, and thy glory; our discriminating powers are dull, our judgment weak. It will be well for us, if we are grieved for thy absence, because we love thee, and not from selfish, or interested motives; if it be from love that we mourn thy absence, no earthly joy can cheer our hearts; but if from the loss of the benefits we formerly enjoyed, we shall seek in the world a solace for our pain, and will assuredly receive the reproof our sins deserve. Sorrow filled the hearts of the disciples when they were told their Master would soon leave them. But Jesus said, that if they loved him, they would rejoice, because he was going to his Father, who is in one sense, greater than he. It was natural they should feel sensibly the loss they would sustain, when he was separated from them; but they did not consider, that his departure was for their benefit, and his own glory; they only thought of the present grief; they knew not the things which they afterwards saw,

and were ignorant of that which the Holy Spirit taught them after his departure; they rejoiced, and their hearts burned within them, when they saw their Lord was risen again. So we in these days are apt to despond at many of the occurrences of life which at first appear mysterious; but when explained to us, by the providences of God, then, we see, that the things which we once thought were against us, were to promote our real happiness, and we are constrained to acknowledge the mercy, and wisdom of our God.

Think not, my soul, that the disciples bore no love to Christ; no, but as yet, they were weak in the faith; they had not arrived at that state of exalted knowledge to which they afterwards attained. Perhaps our Lord gave this gentle hint to divert their thoughts from their approaching loss, and lead them towards the field of action, into which they were about to enter. Had the disciples been as well versed in the school of Christ, at that time, as they afterwards were, they must have rejoiced at the idea of his leaving them. He was going to be delivered from the sufferings of mortality, and to return to his father's house above. If we truly love a friend, will we not rather suffer a privation, than be a hindrance to his happiness, and welfare? certainly. Therefore, had the disciples of our Lord been fully acquainted with the nature of his office and character, they would indeed have rejoiced to part with him, knowing he would soon return to them and abide with them for ever. "For my father is greater than I." Greater, brethren, now, because I have laid aside my royal robes, and am surrounded with a mortal body; I am in the form of a servant, and appear in the character of a mediator; as long as I am in

this world, I cannot be as great as God. Though I have heretofore assured you that I was equal with the father, I do not deceive you; for with respect to the divine nature, I am, even now, his equal. Alas! how many have misunderstood these words of the Saviour; and have drunk in the poisonous doctrine of Socinianism, and have shamefully degraded the divine nature, and sunk it to a level with their own. Oh Jesus! thou glorious Son of the most high God! what a degradation—to place thee on a par with sinful, and finite beings! Oh! how derogatory from thy purity of soul, thy spotless nature, to suppose that thou art merely man. Oh my soul! beware of the arguments of men, that would tempt thee to believe this dreadful falsehood. Blessed be thy name, O Son of God! thou hast a people on earth who believe thy divinity, and worship thee as a God once manifested in the flesh, but now clothed with that honour, majesty, and power, which thou hadst from the beginning. But, Oh shame to tell! shall it be said, that there are depraved mortals who attempt to rob thee of thy glory, by endeavouring to prove thee possessed of the same nature with sinful worms? Methinks, even the devils would reproach man for his folly and vile ingratitude, for they, with all their hellish malice, and revengeful spirit, testified of thee before men, and proclaimed thy divinity in the strongest terms. This, Oh! my soul, is a convincing proof that the devils knew our Lord before their rebellion, and were compelled to acknowledge his Almighty power; they tremble at his awful presence, conscious of their baseness as traitors in heaven, and their unceasing enmity. Oh! my soul, thou hast great reason to rejoice, that Jesus has again entered into heaven, and now sits at the Father's right

hand to make intercession for thee, and for the lost sheep of the house of Israel. 'Tis through his prayers thou art kept, and receivest light, life, grace, and all the blessings bestowed by a covenant God. Unto thee, Oh! thou highly exalted Immanuel, shall perpetual praise arise from every heart that knows a Saviour's love. "And now I have told you before it comes to pass, that when it shall come, ye may believe." Compassionate Redeemer! how kind to prepare thy servants' minds for the events that were to take place; thou knewest what frail, weak creatures we are, how slow to believe what thou dost say, therefore thou didst tell them, and us, what should hereafter be, to confirm our faith; that when we see things come to pass which thou hadst foretold, we may believe that thou wert really God. Blessed be thy name, Oh thou great Prince of eternal life, that my soul lives in a day when thy words are fulfilling, and thy people behold the developement of those glorious plans which thou hadst formed for their salvation. They view the display of thy sovereign love, they hail thee as Israel's king, the mighty God, the great Jehovah!!!

MEDITATION.

A WALK TO MOUNT OLIVET ON A SUMMER'S EVE.

July, 1815.

The sun, that bright and never varying orb,
Has almost finished his diurnal round,
And gently glides toward the western hills,
Which wave their lofty plumes at his approach,
And hail the travelling monarch on his way;

Who from his car reflects his dazzling beams, [waves;
And gilds the wood-crowned heaths, the western
Sheds his bright radiance o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Smiles on the scenery—and hastens on.—
Methinks 'tis now a pleasant time to walk,
Then let me haste, and with my much-loved friend,
Stroll from my cot, and view the blissful spot
My eyes and heart so long have wished to see.—

The lovely eve invites; then come my soul, be tuned for contemplation, and come Ruthie, friend of my heart, leave, for a while, all care and concern, and bear me company; I have a walk in view which my imagination paints to be more lovely and sublime than ever pencil yet portrayed—Give me your arm, and let us go forth, before bright Sol retires from the scene; his cheerful presence will animate our bosoms, and when he makes his exit it will vary the prospect, and solemnize our thoughts.

This is about the time of day, I think, my friend, when Christ our Lord, in the days of his flesh, used to resort to the place where we now direct our feet. What exquisite delight the disciples must have felt, to have had God manifested in the flesh, for their companion in their evening rambles. Though he is not in person with us, his spiritual presence I hope will accompany us this evening to delight our souls—O'er land and sea imagination flies, borne on the wings of fancy; here we drop near Bethpage, and the town of Bethany—behold mount Olivet in view! O let us run and hail the hallowed ground! But hark! what doleful sound salutes my ear? It is,—ah! it is Jerusalem's cries,—she bids us cast our eyes on her as we pass, and view her awful desolation. Look, O my soul,

and thou, my Ruth, turn round and see the vast ruins of that once famous town—that great and noble city, whose magnificence none excelled. Alas! behold her humbled in the dust—her beauty and grandeur fled—her outskirts forsaken—her high walls laid low; and her fruitful gardens become a desert. Ah how are the words of Jesus verified! Prophetic words uttered by a divine voice, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! the days shall come when thine enemies shall compass thee about, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children with thee, and shall not leave in thee one stone upon another,"—yes, thus spoke the mighty prophet Jesus, the son of God, while copious drops rolled down his heavenly cheek, and sighs and groans burst from his bleeding heart. His word he passed, the awful curse pronounced, and not one jot has failed. Ah see, dearest Ruth, and O my soul, with weeping eyes, behold that once flourishing place now laid waste—the temple, and all its beautiful decorations fallen and reduced to dust, as the Saviour foretold. But of how little consequence is the temple and its grandeur, the gold and the silver, compared to the destruction of the many thousand souls that shared in the sad catastrophe!! O let a grateful ejaculation ascend to that all potent Being (whose eyes are too pure, and his nature too holy to wink at sin, and pass by iniquity) that we through mercy have escaped their pollutions, and been spared from sharing the same fate. God has not dealt with us according to our sins, or we like them might have been cut off without hope. Not unto us, O our God! be the praise for our escape; but unto thy mercy may the glory redound.

Oft would the blessed Redeemer, O Jerusalem! in the days of his flesh "have gathered together thy

children, even as the careful hen beneath her wings gathereth her tender brood, but you would not." Alas no, thou wouldst not hearken to the mild voice of peace, nor the things that pertained to thy safety O how art thou fallen, thou mighty city, and thy inhabitants crushed with thee—O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, for thee, even we, thy fellow-sinners, mourn—we drop a serrowful tear over thy desolate house—Thus saith the Lord, thou shalt no more see the incarnate God till thou shalt say, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord Jehovah." But let us hasten to brighter scenes, for here my heart feels sad. We will direct our steps this way; it leads to yonder vale, the descent of Olivet's mount. The flowery valleys, the gay-dressed meads, the verdant hills, smile at our approach, and seem to say, gaze on the rich display of infinite wisdom, admire and adore the hand that so sumptuously clothes the fields, to please the eye, the taste and smell. How bountiful, dear Ruth, God is to his creatures! At this moment, not only our sight is gratified, but the flowers and shrubs emit their fragrant odours from the smiling dales, and regale us by the way. Thou beneficent Benefactor! help us to breathe upwards a grateful hymn—ten thousand mercies attend us in this lower sphere, of which we are insensible, because they are so frequently repeated. But O, that very thing ought to excite continual gratitude—but alas, our carnal minds are so taken up with vanity that we often forget the things that ought most to occupy our thoughts. Man, poor frail man, is ever ready to grasp the bounties and enjoy the luxuries of Providence, but seldom thinks of the source whence they flow. Even Christians are too unmindful of the hand that bestows their blessings. Is it not so, my

friend? As for me, my heart and conscience reproach me daily for my vile ingratitude.

But Ruthie, the thought has just struck me,—this is the road the great Redeemer's feet have so often traced; then let us for a moment pause, look round once more and take a view—my mind feels unusually awed, whilst surveying the surrounding scene—methinks too I see mingled sensations painted on your brow—dear friend, I know your countenance betrays the subject of your thoughts—yes, I know what passes in your breast and catch the flame; speak, gentle sister, and thou my soul, break; forth keep not silent, O my stammering tongue! Is not this the way, the solemn place, through which the incarnate Jehovah rode in triumph? It is, and O, methinks I see the multitude follow the Saviour with extatic joy, their hearts with love and rapture glow. See how the joyous active throng cut down the branches, strip off their vestments and strew them in the mighty Prince's way, whilst their wondering souls, on high exalted strains, burst forth in loud songs and laud the Lamb. List, O my soul! O hark, my kindred friend, hear how they sound his glories high—"Hosanna to the son of David, David's King, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." Hosanna again and again they shout, and their joyful acclamations rend the air. O my soul, behold and adore thy King; Jesus the great the glorious God man! behold thy King, O Zion's daughters! and Zion's sons view your royal Prince, sitting on a colt the foal of an ass. He comes to thee meek and lowly, the mighty conqueror, and the humble man—Zion, behold and receive thy King—hasten to meet thy great deliverer, welcome his coming, and salute his ear with shouts

of grateful joy—hail him Messiah, victorious King of saints, Lord of the wide creation—hail him Jehovah, God Omnipotent, God in the flesh, great Mediator, Saviour of man, and Israel's Redeemer—as such behold him, and as such receive him. The illustrious monarch of Heaven, the creator of worlds, leaves his mansions of glory, his transcendent throne, his golden palace, his royal diadem, and comes to man's relief—he comes, the Son of God,—God himself to die to save apostate man—O wondrous condescension! infinite mercy! inimitable love!—to be thus favoured, thus stooped to by an offended God, and invited to come to his blessed arms—O ineffable grace! to be thus wooed by eternal love. Shall Israel refuse? Shall we my sister? O, rather let our dearest joy be taken from us, our eyes plucked out, and our limbs cut off, rather than to reject the Saviour. Amazing submission! for Jesus our Maker to condescend to ask fallen guilty man, poor vile ingrate, to give him place in his perfidious heart—Angels that never sinned might stand confounded to be thus dealt with; but man, depraved, disobedient man, to meet with such favour, and have honours conferred on him so vastly great by Him who is supreme Lord of heaven, earth and seraphic beings, is wonderful indeed, beyond all mortal thought. O let us take the King of Glory in, let us unbar the doors; throw open wide the gates, and humbly welcome the pitying Jesus to our astonished hearts. Eternal Friend, stupendous God! lo, at thy adorable feet, we prostrate our worthless selves, and gladly receive thee, whilst confusion seizes our guilty breasts, to have from thee such unmerited favours; yes, blessed Jesus, adored Prince of Peace, thou lofty King of kings, and Lord of

lords! we, poor, insignificant, creeping worms, bow at thy footstool, and kiss thy sacred feet—acknowledge thy mercy, confess our sins, and bless thy mighty power to save—we own thee sovereign Lord of all, the only true and living God, whilst less than nothing we ourselves confess. O when will the blessed period arrive, when all the nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, shall be brought to bow to the gentle sceptre of this great and glorious Prince of life. Would that I could sound, a mighty trumpet around the spacious globe, and alarm the living dead; would that I could, with a vociferous voice, rouse the deaf from every quarter of the earth. Unclose my lips, awake! thou my most active powers! my tongue unloose thy bands, and speak boldly to those within thy reach—warn the ungodly, warn the unthinking crowd to turn, repent, and follow Christ. Why, why will ye die, O thoughtless mortals? why will ye so madly seek the death that never dies? Dream no longer of sublunary bliss—shake off insidious Morpheus, and O awake, deluded sinners, from your sinful sleep; rouse from the awful state, into which your poor immortal souls are plunged—turn, turn from the road to ruin; forsake Pleasure and her dangerous train—O shun her vain allurements and her artful snares—be no longer enticed by her flattering voice—the hateful sorceress leads thee far astray, far from the peaceful path of happiness and life—her traps are ever laid to catch thy slippery feet, and ere thou art aware will plunge thee down the awful precipice of endless ruin. Alas! be not obstinate! awake, O awake, dear fellow-sinners, and hearken to the friendly voice of Wisdom—she is thy friend, listen to her mild counsels, and by them be guided, for all her

paths are paths of peace and joy—she wisely bids thee let the fleeting phantom go, and pursue those pleasures that will not forsake thee, even on a dying bed. Seek Jesus, the invaluable pearl of great price—grasp at the inestimable gem, the Saviour, that bright diamond, that fair nonpareil of heaven, whilst he is offered a free gift to man—receive Salvation while it is proffered, lest the day should be spent, and the night approach wherein no man can work—be wise, ye children of Adam, and accept the great Redeemer. Behold the Saviour! he comes, O careless mortals, he comes with mild overtures of peace—and shall he woo in vain? Shall he in vain stretch out his hand all the day long to a wicked and gainsaying people? Tremble and dread his indignation, if ye turn not to meet the monarch of the skies. Turn, O turn, and court the king of glory, the God of happiness, and unfading bliss—open your hearts, and let Immanuel in. I charge you, O ye gay and giddy throng, to leave your false pleasures, and your sinful lusts, and follow Jesus with grateful bosoms—follow him with meek and lowly hearts—refuse him not, lest he should be weary, and in wrathful ire raise his hand and swear to exclude you for ever from his rest. Ah think not, ye thoughtless race, if ye persist in your ways, to escape his vengeance—God's justice is equal to his mercy; though he is compassionate, his justice will punish the ungodly. Shall he who spared not his own son—the only begotten of his bosom, the beloved of his soul, but delivered him up for a sacrifice for the guilty children of men, spare his enemies? Shall obstinate rebellious worms of the dust go unpunished, and the righteous soul of his darling Son suffer worse than a thousand deaths. No, be not de-

ceived, unthinking mortals, the wrath of God will abide for ever on those who continue to walk in darkness, in preference to following Christ! who is the light, and the way. O remember too, dear fellow-sinners, that God created us a little lower than the angels; and the sinning angels he spared not, but cast them, when they rebelled, out of Heaven into utter darkness, where there is weeping and wailing for ever—O then, how can ye think to escape, if they who were superior could not possibly fly from the hand of strict justice? O assemble, all ye ends of the earth, and hear what God has done for you—he hath provided a Saviour for all who will believe on him—a Saviour able and willing to save all who come unto him; unfathomable condescension! to stoop to depraved man, and pass by fallen angels—apostate angels have no provision made for them, the Lord in his just anger excluded them all from happiness—O then, appreciate the mercy, ye fallen race of men, of having salvation planned for you, and seek to win the prize! O my Ruthie, let us adore the power, goodness, and grace, which have so kindly revealed the news to us, and so sweetly forced us to accept it. But let us proceed, or Hyperion will withdraw his lightsome rays, and Vesper usher in the starry host, before we well can view the hallowed ground—a few more minutes will bring us to the spot; the nearer I draw towards the place, the more solemn I feel—

Hail lovely shades, the Saviour's peaceful seat,
When on this globe, of contemplation sweet.

Hail, beauteous mount with olives richly drest! Hail, laughing valleys surrounding Olivet! All hail, and welcome two of Jesus' friends! We come to visit

thee, O venerable shades, and see thy imperial master's loved retreat—to view the sacred ground the great Jehovah trod, when clad with fleshly weeds, an humble tenant in these lower regions—O could we meet our Lord in person here, how would our longing hearts with fire glow—but no, that cannot be; the Son, the incarnate God, no longer climbs this mount; no more he haunts the smiling groves—he has retired and gone to better scenes—he now, with holy spirits traces the Elysian fields on high, and we, even we, I trust ere long shall soar, and rove o'er the everlasting hills with him. Let us resort to yonder place—methinks it must have been the Lord's chosen seat—it appears the most delightful here—how beautifully nature has formed, and laid out this mountain! Surely it was designed by nature's God for the devotional and peaceful retreat of the spiritual Jesus—O my friend! is this indeed the flowery embroidered Olivet, where Christ and his much loved disciples strayed? Is this the dear delectable spot, where the Redeemer, and his little band so loved to sit and converse on eternal truth, while their great captain with a voice divine poured sweet counsel in their listening ears; taught them to watch and pray and fight against principalities, the tempter's wiles, the powers of darkness, and a deceitful heart? O, my friend, are we awake or do we dream? Are we indeed upon the mount where Jesus, sometimes with the happy twelve, but oft alone, retired toward the close of day? If it be a dream or imaginary vision, I charge you, O ye little restless fancies of the brain, not to disturb or awake us from it, till we have feasted our souls with a taste and sight of the glorious and animating scene of Olivet—a place sacred to the Heavenly Jesus. Here is a rock; it looks as though it might have been the seat of the meek and lowly Lamb,

who, though sinless, was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief—perhaps on this rock, the briny flood from his dear cheek has often flowed for sinful man. Let us rest ourselves upon it, we have a fine view here of the ruins of Jerusalem—how sublime, and beautiful must have been the prospect, before its fall! The gardens, fountains, walks and groves, must, I think, have formed a most superb and grand scenery ere its total demolition. Alas how changed the scene, since Jesus used to sit, and from this lofty eminence survey the city. Many an unknown tear in secret, methinks the Saviour shed, when contemplating the destruction of the magnificent temple—but ah, it was not the city, nor the temple, nor its grandeur, which caused the heavenly tear to drop—but for its inhabitants the Lord of glory wept—his gentle bosom heaved and bled for the iniquities and dreadful state of its rebellious residents. What think you, my friend, made the Lord of life and glory, the creator and upholder of worlds, retire here, and make the turf his bed through the dark shades of silent night? was it because no grateful heart, no friendly voice, invited the celestial Jesus on soft and downy pillows to repose? Pillows, and all things else his own. The earth with all her store at his disposal, and at his command; yet was the cold earth his bed—a stone his cushion, and his dear limbs exposed to damps, and chilling dews, the heavens his only canopy! Could angels weep surely they would have let fall a tear at such an astonishing sight! Was it to sleep, or converse with his father God, or with his watchful seraphic band to talk? or did he come here to spend the night in prayer, to intercede and supplicate for the lost sheep of Israel! to beg if possible to have the impending judgments of heaven averted, and to

invoke blessings on his guilty foes? methinks it was so; O speak, my Ruth; did ever love and condescension so conspicuously shine in mortal man? was such depth of affection ever realized in the best of friends? Ah no, the nearest, dearest, and most tender earthly kindred might do much; but not perform the Redeemer's part; his kindness infinitely transcends; not for his friends, but for his enemies, the magnanimous Son of Jehovah, such wondrous love displayed! Dear sacred ground, for ever to be remembered spot! O solemn place! O honoured mount! I bend, and kiss your sods which Jesus trod, whilst my spirit soars and worships at his feet on high. Look how gorgeously the fertile valleys are robed, which Jesus on his way here past through to reach his favourite retreat; not through the toil and cultivation of man, but by the hand of nature, they live and bloom to the honour of the sacred memory of him who when incarnate honoured them with his visits; thrive and bloom on, ye calm and pleasant vales and lawns, let your odours, while time endures, rise in rich profusion to the praise of the divine hand, whose matchless skill has so finely wrought your varied hues, your fragrant shrubbery and your embroidered paths. O see, my sister, from yonder grove-crowned hills, how the feathered race are flocking here. What brings you hither, ye warblers of the woods? Is it to serenade the Saviour's friends? or do you assemble here every evening, to celebrate nature's God, and hold these shades sacred to his memory? If so, then strike your notes, ye winged choristers; be not afraid, we come not to intrude; let harmonious praise to the Creator ascend, and we will join you in the glorious lay; dear little innocent songsters, swell, swell your tuneful throats,

Whilst we our hearts, and every fibre strain,
To join the chorus "worthy is the Lamb."

How gay and happy these little cherubs hop from spray to spray, and sound their Maker's praise abroad; whilst man, most obligated of all God's creation, and the most wondrous and glorious piece of his workmanship, is the most backward to spread his honours and to sound his praise. Ungrateful man! from thee unceasing praise, and ceaseless songs, are due to *Him* who formed thee, and who keeps thee in being by the breath of his nostrils: to him who maketh the earth to yield her fruits in their seasons for thy sake, and causeth the clouds to drop rain, the harvest to grow, the cattle to thrive, the seasons, summer, and winter, autumn and spring, to roll round in their turn, for the comfort and benefit of man—and yet how thoughtless and unmindful is he of his Maker's goodness! what a stranger to God, and how insensible of the deep and numerous obligations he is under to him! O could we his followers imitate the grateful example of these little birds—how would it add to our felicity here, and redound to the glory of God! for us the sun, and moon, and stars were made—the earth, and sea, and all that is therein—for us, "brands plucked from the fire;" for our sakes the purchase of Immanuel's blood, creation, and all things stand. Amazing mercy! unparalleled love! love divine! O let us, who have professed the Saviour's name, be first to raise his glories high; be first to spread his honours, and first in grateful strains, to sing his praise, and magnify his name! Now turn, my soul, and look towards the south side of the mount—there, behold, a scene rises to view still more sublime—glorious Gethsemane! O garden of delightful solemn shades, where the illustrious Re-

deemer, in an agony, thrice poured out his sacred breathings to heaven, to have if possible, the cup of wrath removed—gaze, gaze my eyes, on that memorable place, and learn, O my soul! submission, and resignation from Jesus the passive Lamb—Lo he prostrated his fair body on the common earth, and solicited favour from above—amazing! was Jesus, the God man, thus necessitated? alas! yes, and with sighs and anguish inexpressible, he groaned out "O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Then, a second time falling on his blessed face, with pangs indescribable, but with holy submission, he exclaims, O my father, if this (bitter cup) may not pass away except I drink it, thy will be done—with the most poignant sorrow and wo too big for language to express, too vastly great for even angels to conceive, the blessed Saviour a third time repeats the prayer, struggling with the huge weight of human guilt, while sweat in drops of blood rolled downward to the ground. O Gethsemane, Gethsemane! thou wert a silent witness of this humbling scene—angels gazed with astonishment to see the mighty conflict: the heavenly host at a sight so wondrous, surely must have been struck with profound awe, and touched with astonishment inexpressible—methinks they could not see the great Supreme, thus humbled and agonized, without emotion; great monarch of the skies, and didst thou thus yield to sufferings? was the cup filled with ingredients so pungent, so bitter, as to force thy piercing cries thus to ascend? was the prospect of approaching ignominy and death so vastly agonizing, as to cause such humiliating posture and such ardent prayer? or, was it the vindictive wrath of the Father, both here, and

on the cross, which was falling on thy guiltless head; when thou wast left to the power and cruelty of thy merciless and blood thirsty enemies—and when, in the bitterness of thy soul, thou wast driven to the extreme anguish to groan out "my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." O what a moment was this! well might a revolution take place in nature—well might the graves open—well might the apostate Judas, the barbarous traitor, sink his soul into endless shame; well might the vail of the temple be rent, the earth quake, and great fear fall upon many—O what a scene was then presented—such a one as even seraphic beings might fail in attempting to portray. And, to save a brutish race, the son of God did suffer thus; in which we, my Ruth, are implicated—Oh! Oh! Oh! what indescribable emotions seize my guilty breast! my bosom is too big with variety to give it vent—my tongue fails on this subject—here is matter for a *long*, *long* theme—but I am lost, lost, lost! I feel condemned too, too much condemned to utter what I feel; I feel, I know not what—do you, my friend, reciprocate my feelings? your silence tells me that you do; It was sin, cursed sin that caused the doleful scene on Calvary, and the huge drops of bloody sweat to flow in Gethsemane's garden—let us ever keep in remembrance those holy shades; and under every trying circumstance, emulate the meek and lowly Jesus—like him be passive—wait like him submissive at our Father's throne, and learn the language of his obedient Son; Father, not our wills, but thine, thy sovereign will be done! Now, let us again ascend the summit of the mount, and see the bright emperor of day depart—he is rapidly making his exit—let us quicken our pace, or we shall lose a grand scene—the western glo-

ries are already in sight—sweet Phœbus, how splendid thy beams! how far thy golden beauties expand! how beautifully too the horizon is tinged with soft colouring—colouring arranged by the fine judgment, and skilful hand of the supreme artist above—this is a sight, my Ruth, that infinitely surpasses the invention of man, however finely his art may be displayed; how peaceful, and smiling he declines—he's gone,—how mild and gently he withdrew his lucid rays; all around is perfect serenity—O may we as calmly go to rest when we have finished our course, when we have ended our race below. O my friend, what variety pervades my mind, while reflecting how many wretched souls have fled their earthly cage, since last the sun went down! yet we through mercy are still spared—and with immortal Watts may say,

"And yet he lengthens out our thread,
And yet our moments run
Dear God let all our hours be thine
Whilst we enjoy the light;
Then shall our sun in smiles decline
And bring a pleasant night."—

How fair this night is ushered in! Beauties arise, whichever way we turn—here is another scene, still animating, calm and pleasing!—look up, my friend, and with admiring eye gaze on the pale Lunette—Slowly she comes across the valleys—dost thou come here, fair Cynthia, to survey thy Maker's favourite shades, and shed thy radiance o'er the holy ground? And thou, fair Hesperus, dost thou here wander too? What wouldst thou? thy Creator strolls no longer here—that blessed head on which thy silver beams so oft reflected through the silent night, no longer makes these turfs its pillow---no gentle orbs, no more

the Saviour wanders o'er this mount; he walks the golden hills on high above, where you and other planets roll; and we beyond your spheres ere long will mount, and rove the heavenly fields with Jesus and the celestial multitude.

Yes, in a little while, my Ruthie, we shall exchange terrestial for celestial scenes. Blessed Eden! O garden of endless delight! thou fair Paradise of the eternal God! soon we shall perambulate thy balmy groves, walk thy green lawns, repose in thy fragrant bowers, gather unfading flowers and strew them round the throne—wrought crowns of amaranth and gold shall deck the Saviour's head—delightful task, O sweet employ—when will this mortal put on immortality, and the blest anticipated work commence—be patient, O my soul, a few more fleeting hours of time, a few more revolving suns and moons, shall bring the wished for day—but come, dear friend of my heart, let us return; nocturnal shades approach, and bid us leave the place; farewell dear sacred mount—ye pleasing silver streams, adieu! ye hills and dales, and flow'ry walks, ye verdant plains, surrounding Olivet, Gethsemane's memorable shades, and gardens of pleasure, all, all farewell! for evening calls us home; and whilst with a slow pace our feet bend homeward, O let our heart and voices be lifted high, in grateful praise to him, who reigns above, who made the heavens, and formed creation wide.

Begin, my soul, a theme, a song divine!
And in the sacred lay my Ruthie join!
Cynthia, unite with all your shining band
To praise the Lord, and bless his liberal hand,
Sylvan and Flora's numerous, rosy train,
Help us to celebrate the Saviour's name;

Soft, gentle zephyrs breathe his praise abroad,
And charm the evening with the tale of God,
In vocal strains, ye insect tribes awake,
Tune your best notes, and of the song partake.
Ye evening songsters, warblers of the grove,
In softest notes breathe out his praise and love;
Ye purling rills, and ye more boisterous waves,
Let your soft flowings, and huge roarings praise;
And thou Leviathan, whose marvellous birth
Transcends all wonders of this wond'rous earth,
Join in the anthem, and with mighty roar
Proclaim aloud his praise from shore to shore.
Come, proud Olympus, let thy tops arise
In nobler strains, and pierce the loftier skies;
Olivet's mount, and numerous stones and rocks,
Sing him, who frequented your fragrant walks:
Ye humble valleys, in the concert join,
Awake, ye flow'ring lawns, and praise the Lamb.
Gethsemane, in strains sublime break out,
Still witnesses of Christ his praises shout
Yes, hallowed shades, your long, long silence break,
And his great name your constant subject make.
Awake, creation all, man, bird and beast,
To praise him, from the mightiest to the least;
Bring forth an instrument of many strings,
Hail him, great Lord of lords and King of kings.
Ye dear redeemed, the children of his grace,
Who have the highest cause to sound his praise,
Come, tune your lyres, and let the work begin,
And earth and heaven with loud hosannas ring,
Ye sinless saints, who dwell beyond the skies,
Strike all your harps and let sweet anthems rise;
Angels assist us in the mighty lay,
And while you, on your golden viols play,

We in more humble strains will laud the Lamb,
And raise hosannas to the great *I Am*,
Strike high your notes, loud in the chorus join,
Whilst we attempt to raise a song divine.

The sun, and the moon and the stars,
Are all the bright works of thy hand;
They rise, and they set, and they shine,
Great God, at thy potent command.

To God, the Creator of heaven,
The planets, the sea, and the land,
Let eulogies, grateful and sweet,
Arise from the works of his hand.

We all are the works of thy hand,
And will thy great wonders proclain
And publish o'er sea, and o'er land,
Thy sovereign, eternal, great name.

To Jesus, the Father's dear Son,
Who expir'd on Calvary's tree,
Every kindred and nation and tongue,
O bow at his footstool the knee.

To thee our great Maker and God,
Who sits in the blue vaulted skies,
Invested with power and grace,
Let honour and glory arise.

With mercy and majesty rob'd,
The Godhead in glory there reigns;
With reverence and awe let us bow,
And praise his illustrious names.

At the throne of th' Omnipotent God,
O worship, ye ends of the earth,
Adore him ten thousand times o'er,
Ye people of heavenly birth.

Thou'rt worthy, O Jesus the Christ,
Of honour and power divine;
All blessings, dominion and praise,
For ever and ever be thine.

Due reverence and homage be paid
To thee, O immaculate Dove;
Who comforts and teaches the saints
Such gentleness, meekness and love.

Perfection, and wisdom, and mercy,
Adorn all thy works and thy ways;
Thy goodness, from day unto day,
Calls loud for our most ardent praise.

Let morning, and evening, and night,
All join in the praise of *I Am*,
And noontide, and darkness and light,
O magnify with us the Lamb.

Praise him, my dear Ruth, and give thanks
My heart and my wondering soul;
O worship, adore him and praise,
As long as thy minutes here roll.

For redemption's great wond'rous work,
O doubly adore him my heart;
Ten thousand times still let his praise
Arise from my immortal part.

Jehovah, great Jesus, God-man,
Thou meek and adorable Lamb;
We bless and revere thy great name,
For assuming the nature of man;

And leaving a glittering throne,
In regions of sorrow to dwell,
To save an apostatized race,
From the jaws of an endless hell.

All sinless, all perfect and just,
Yet, for our transgressions made sin;
The spear in thy side it was thrust,
For our sakes was racked every limb.

His death has procured us a crown,
Which never, O never will fade;
And ere long, the Redeemer himself
Will th' diadem place on our head.

His blood an inheritance bought,
For us who believe in his word;
His sufferings purchas'd our peace,
And 'conciliation with God.

For this wond'rous love, let our souls
In high notes each moment break out;
All in the invisible world,
Glory everlastingly shout.

To Jehovah, the glorious God,
Be honour and power divine,
More blessings than creatures can give,
For ever and ever be thine.

All glory to thy sacred name,
  Dear Saviour, of justice and love;
We exalt thee, O wondrous Lamb!
  And praise thee, O heavenly dove.

To the Father, the Spirit, and Son,
  Let honours perpetually rise,
From all in the earth, and the sea,
  And above the ethereal skies.

TO AGNES H—— S——, AGED TWO YEARS.

July, 1821.

Dear Agnes, sweet engaging child,
  And must that tender form
In infancy, or riper years,
  Become a lifeless worm?

Ah yes! in time that beauteous frame
  Must wither and decay,
And soon or late the threads will break,
  Death seize the fragile clay.

But should those active little limbs
  To riper years grow up,
Still they must one day cease to move,
  Though now thy mother's hope.

How should thy parents then, dear babe,
  Teach thee thy Maker's praise;
Instruct thy early thoughts to love
  The Saviour's works and ways.

If thou art spar'd, O may the Lord
Display in thee his pow'r,
And make thy soul grow up in grace,
And flourish as a flow'r.

I long to hear thine infant tongue
Now lisp his sacred name
With awe, and make old sinners feel
A pungent sense of shame.

Dear Agnes, when you've learnt to read,
The Bible make your choice,
Its precepts kindly speak to you,
And you obey their voice.

My lovely child, in early youth
The great Redeemer seek,
And shun the things of sense and time,
The Sabbath holy keep.

So shall thy youthful days be bless'd,
Thy aged years have peace;
Thy soul receive a righteous crown
When brittle life shall cease.

I've often borne you on my heart
Before a Throne of Grace,
And ask'd the Lord your feet to teach
The Saviour's steps to trace.

Your parents too, my prayers have shar'd,
And shall while I have breath;
God grant that they, and you, and me,
May all meet after death.

Should I not live to see thy form
To older years spring up,
I'll see it bloom, and fairer grow
On heavenly soil, I hope!

Dear niece, I seldom see thee here,
Disorder keeps me home;
But soon my Agnes, I shall be
Where sufferings never come.

Dear darling child, should you while here,
The Lord of glory love;
Then you and I shall ever have
Sweet intercourse above.

Adieu, sweet babe, receive these lines,
A token of my care,
For your immortal precious part,
And love for you I bear.

LONGING FOR THE MILLENIUM.

The glorious day begins to dawn,
When the Messiah shall be known
Throughout the world—by all ador'd,
And every tongue confess him Lord.

Months swiftly fly, and years move on,
Winters and summers haste along;
Ye rolling spheres fast speed your way,
And usher in that glorious day.

I long to see Christ's kingdom come,
And hear his mighty work is done
In this dark region, as on high,
Where all is peace, and harmony.

I long to hear the gospel's sound
Spread through the earth's remotest bound;
See Satan and his empire fall,
And thou, great God, be all in all.

I pant to see the truth unfurl'd,
Wide o'er and round the spacious world;
And the blest hour is drawing near,
When all the joyful news shall hear.

Zion! with zeal the work pursue,
Which God designs through you to do;
Fear nothing from malicious hands,
Jesus will disappoint their plans.

Daughters of grace, and sons of light!
Pursue your labours with your might;
And when your toils shall cease, your Lord
Shall crown you with a rich reward.

Rise, rise ye heralds! and go forth,
Messiah preach from South to North;
From East to West, his love proclaim,
And spread salvation through his name.

Ye servants of the Lord! embark
For India's shore—that land so dark;
Go—go with bold intrepid feet,
Fear nothing on the way you meet.

Be faithful in your Master's cause,
Seek not to gain vain man's applause;
Be strong and valiant for your Lord,
And He'll fulfil his promised word.

Jesus, your Captain, will stand near,
When dangers press, and storms appear;
Boldly the front of battle face,
And he will give you conquering grace.

A FRAGMENT.

1819.

Come, dear father, (said the youthful Margaret to her aged parent) it is a fine evening, let us go forth and view the setting sun—a walk will perhaps revive your spirits—give me your arm, dear sir, and lean on me. Now, whither shall we direct our course? suppose we stroll on the banks, and thence go down on the sea-beaten shore—how gentle and refreshing the breeze! does it not animate you? Alas! no—I see you are still sad—let me wipe away your tears—put sorrow from your heart—pray do not grieve any more, but if you do, dear father, let it be for sin only—Oh! do not sink beneath the vicissitudes of life. See, sir, you make me weep too—I sincerely sympathize with you—yes, my heart bleeds for your misfortunes; your sorrows are my sorrows, but the Lord supports me, my dear father, and I know that all his ways are just and right—he cannot do wrong, however hard his dispensations may seem—perhaps his frowns may, in time, prove blessings in disguise; if so, you will have abundant cause to bless the hand

that now bereaves. Your situation at your age, I know, must be peculiarly distressing—you have not youth on your side to bear up under your numerous trials—but come, my beloved father, cease to weep, and turn your thoughts to other objects—my motive in drawing you from home, was to divert your mind, and here is a scene before us, methinks, sufficiently sublime to dissipate your gloomy thoughts—see what a lovely and magnificent prospect surrounds us—listen to the low murmuring of the gentle waves—how beautifully calculated is every thing here this evening to calm our fears, and inspire us with gratitude to the great author of our being. Hark, dear sir, how the retiring nightingale and sweet robin pour forth their softest notes to entertain us, from the adjacent groves—there is no music so melodious beneath the heavens—all gay, all happy here—universal nature smiles around. Hail, peaceful shades! the seat of contemplation and sweet retirement—this is the place for meditation. Behold creation in her fairest robe, tastily dressed in her richest colours—let us, my dear sir, with admiring hearts, adore the God whose matchless glories shine above, beneath, and all around, whose boundless beauties spread far and near. Here the broken hearted Mandeville fixed his eyes on his poor child, and with a look expressive of his feelings, heaved a sigh, and exclaimed, "Would to God, I possessed a mind like yours!" Margaret affectionately kissed the hand of her beloved parent, saying, if my dear father you see any thing desirable in me, or worthy of imitation, it is God that has given it to me; and if you will love and believe in his glorious Son, he will be bountiful and gracious unto you too. Mandeville groaned.

But see, said the lively Christian, (who knew it would be most judicious to say but little at the time, on serious things, to her unhappy father,) see, dear sir, there is a vessel in sight, let us rest ourselves beneath this elm tree and wait her arrival, a few minutes will bring her in—meanwhile, let us contemplate the beauties of the evening—look towards the west, and behold that glorious luminary, leaving us to hail the inhabitants of another hemisphere—which is the most grand, the rising or the setting sun? I think the setting sun the most sublime—with me it is the most favourable for meditation. Oh, what a noble sight! how elegantly the sky is painted, and what awe the scenery spreads over the mind! it raises my thoughts to a higher and more glorious sun. Where shall I find language to express my feelings? my thoughts are too big for utterance. Oh! could I look into the world above, and view the glories there, I am sure my weak powers could not bear the sight. What a sweet emblem is yon refulgent lamp of day, of even a brighter sun—the Sun of Righteousness, the great luminary above, who is the light of heaven and the brightness of Jehovah's glory, and who is worthy to tread beneath his feet yon radiant orb. How beautifully is the horizon tinged with varied colours from the reflection of the sun. Art can do much, but nature does much more. How gloriously the works of nature shine, formed by the God of nature, and preserved by his Almighty hand. How gradually the sun sinks—he's gone! Oh! may we, my dearest father, die as calmly, and may our sun go down as clearly—see what a lively hue he leaves behind, sure evidence of his real brightness. I hope, sir, that when we come to depart from this life, we

may be enabled to leave behind as good a testimony of our being brands plucked from the burning, and true children of God. But the ship is coming in—let us descend to the shore, that we may be nearer to her —what a noble sight is a ship under full sail—the sea is almost calm—how gently she comes! she reminds me of some, who smoothly glide down the tide of life, without care or concern, either of this life, or that which is to come; while others encounter storms and tempests, and are always troubled. Perhaps at this moment, on some part of the Atlantic, there may be vessels tossed hither and thither, by blast and billow, and can find no haven to steer to. Alas! like many of our poor fellow-creatures, tossed to and fro amidst the changing scenes of life, and know not where to find peace and safety. See, my father, they are pulling down the sails—apparently, how rejoiced the crew are—they have perhaps weathered many a gale on their way, and are glad they have reached the destined port—(this zealous child of God knew such comparisons would not be altogether like "casting pearls before swine," though her father was not of the "household of faith," she knew he had a contemplative mind, and hoped a blessing might accompany her poor attempts to win her wretched parent's attention to serious things; she therefore went on in a thoughtful strain.) Ah! so methinks the weary soul, my dear sir, of a true believer, after a life spent in toil and hardship, will rejoice with joy unspeakable, when safely moored in the haven of rest.

Look, sir, through this glass, and see the sailors joyfully tripping on shore, and hastening to their respective homes. "Oh!" cried the animated Margaret,

(pressing her Father's hand and looking upwards,) "should it be my happy lot to go to Heaven, just so, methinks, I shall hasten over the golden strand to reach my Saviour's mansion, and you too, I hope, sir." "May your hopes be realized!" exclaimed Mandeville, sighing—his affectionate daughter breathed a hearty *Amen!* But is it not time, said she, turning from the shore, to think of returning home? The cool air, and the silver moon call us from this delightful spot—and here is a new scene, still pleasing, still serene, and a very favourite one with me. Behold, from the flowery mead pale Cynthia comes! but not solitary; she brings with her a shining train. Neither will he who made her come alone when he descends to judge the race of Adam. No—an innumerable company of angels, and just men made perfect through Christ, will attend him down the skies—yes, a glorious shining band will escort the Saviour. How much the moon resembles her Maker! how fair, how mild, how lucid are her beams. She is the fairest and the most interesting of all the heavenly bodies—but *Jesus*, the Son of God, is the fairest and brightest of all above the firmament, and all beneath those dazzling lights—He is the brightness of his Father's glory, and outshines all below, above, and all grandeur betwixt heaven and earth. But we had better return home, a heavy dew is falling—I hope you will not take cold, my dear father. As she said this, she caught a glimpse of his cheek, which her quick eye perceived from the radiant rays of the moon, to be moistened with the big drops that flowed copiously from his venerable lids—affected by his appearance, she raised her handkerchief, and with a trembling hand wiped his tears, and brushing her own off, and

breathing a prayer heavenward, said with a benign look—you still weep, my unhappy father—what shall I do to alleviate your anguish? what shall I say to comfort you? look from over the gloomy hills of despondency—brood no longer over misfortunes—remember it is a holy and wise Being that afflicts you—then do not repine at the just dispensations of a gracious Providence. "The sorrow of this world worketh death." Grieve not, my dear, dear father, for the loss of worldly good, nor despair of being provided for—let the birds who are without storehouse or barn, teach us to trust for our bread—we deserve nothing—nay, if we had what our sins merit, we should be naked and hungry—yes, and cut off from the living, and numbered with those who are without hope. Hell, sir, would be our portion—but God does not deal with us as we most justly deserve—he forbears for his dear Son's sake, and provides for all his creatures—and though he often takes away riches, he does not leave them to starve—it is on account of sin that he visits us with judgments—but mercies are mixed in the bitter cup, which ought to excite our warmest gratitude. Believe in Christ—love him—put your trust in him, and you shall never want—he is a merciful and bountiful Creator. Oh! dearest father, let nothing give you so much concern as the state of your precious soul, that never, *never* dying part of man—if you do but obtain an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be satisfied—you will have enough of all things—gold enough, bread enough, and pleasures you have never yet tasted. *Christ*, with a crust of bread, is more valuable than the golden wedge of Ophir—more to be desired than rubies. Oh! seek for that "Pearl of great price;" search for it,

and rest not until you have found it—if you find that one Pearl, it will infinitely more than compensate for the loss of all other things—none that ever sought for it *truly*, sought in vain. Go to Jesus, my father, and cast your soul on him, with all your cares and concerns—leave your burdens and sorrows with him; he is able and *willing* to take them from you, if you are truly willing he should—he stands at the door of your heart knocking, "till his locks are wet with the dew," crying, *open, open*. Close it not, dear sir, but *open*, and give the Son of God entrance, lest he should be weary of knocking. My heart is sorrowful for your sake, but Oh! go to Christ—flee to Jesus—he alone can heal your sorrows—he alone can pardon your sins, and give you peace.

Just as she had uttered this, they reached the little cottage, to which the unfortunate Mandeville had retired to lessen his expenses, and flee the frowns of a once smiling world. Drawing his arm from that of his darling daughter, he rushed into his room, and throwing himself on his knees, sobbed aloud; "Oh God! I thank thee for such a treasure as thou hast given me in my inestimable child—the richest jewel, the brightest gem thou couldst have bestowed," and for the first time in his life—Mandeville prayed.

COMPLAINT, &c. UNDER PAIN AND TROUBLE.

February, 1815.

LORD, I am pain'd and sore distress'd,
Sad scenes afflict my soul;
My mind's with heavy cares perplex'd,
How fast my sorrows roll.

While the poor frame of nature shakes,
And trembles with disease,
Trouble, tumultuous thought, and strife
Harass, perplex, and teaze.

But oh! to thy superior will,
I cheerfully resign;
And ask to have my feeble thoughts
All swallow'd up in thine.

Jesus, put forth thy gentle hand,
And wipe away my tears,
Control my passions, calm my mind,
And mollify my cares.

When my poor heart, thro' troubles faint,
And when my spirit swoons,
O Lord apply salubrious balms,
And heal the bleeding wounds.

When troubles like the billows swell,
And toss me to and fro,
Thou only canst my terrors quell,
And bring my spirit through.

Thou only canst support my frame,
Beneath this long disease;
My tongue shall speak, and spread thy fame,
And dwell upon thy praise.

COMPLAINT UNDER GREAT BODILY PAIN, AND DARKNESS OF MIND.

Greenwich, April, 1815.

My pains, my anguish, and distress,
Daily more pungent grow ;
My sorrows swell too high for friends,
They cannot bear my wo.

They cannot feel my pangs—although
My suff'ring state they see ;
To them I make but few complaints,
Nor burdensome would be.

Jesus to thee, my heav'nly friend,
I make my plaintive cry ;
My sighs, and groans, and mournful case
I will direct on high.

Oh ! God, thou gracious, good, and wise,
I'll look to thee alone ;
My pains and suff'rings in the full
To thee are only known.

I'm doubly pain'd, my God, amidst
The agonies of the flesh,
Darkness o'erspreads my lab'ring mind
And heightens my distress.

What shall I do in this sad hour,
While God withholds his grace ?
Must my poor spirit faint and die
Beneath his frowning face ?

My morning sighs, and midnight groans,
Shall pierce the lofty skies,
Shall reach Jehovah's gracious ear,
And this way turn his eyes.

Bow a propitious ear, Oh Lord!
And hearken to my voice,
Midst my distress O turn and smile,
Then shall my heart rejoice.

Kindle anew the dying sparks
In this cold breast of mine,
Then will I spread thy mercy round,
And raise a song divine.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M. WILKINSON.

1815.

Is Mary dead? Oh! doleful tidings these,
No more on earth, thy lovely face I'll see;
Where shall I go my aching heart to ease?
Where shall I find a kinder friend than thee?

Ah! little did I think so soon to lose
That friend, who sympathiz'd in all my woes;
Death struck the blow, the soul forsook its clay,
And flew to regions of eternal day.

Could I, *dear friend*, have held thee in my arms,
And joined my tears with thy expiring breath,
I'd gaze'd serenely on thy dying charms,
And then resign'd thee to the arms of death.

But now thy spirit's flown to realms of light,
Casting thy crown at thy Redeemer's feet,
With saints above in praises now unite,
Worthy the Lamb ten thousand times repeat.

The loss of one *so dear*, I now must mourn,
My kind, my gen'rous, sympathizing friend,
To me, alas! she never will return;
But, oh! (sweet thought) to her I may ascend.

Then I shall see thee in that glorious dress,
The perfect robe of Jesus, righteousness,
Mingling thy songs with all the saints on high,
Where grief must cease, and *death itself* shall die.

I long to quit this earth, and soar away,
To the bright realms of everlasting day,
For yet, I darkly see as through a glass,
But then I'll see my Saviour face to face.

Years, months, and days, in quick succession fly;
Fly round ye wheels of time without delay;
Ye shining orbs that gild the vaulted sky,
Roll on your course, and hail the welcome day.

Till then, dear Mary, *dear departed worth*,
Though often here on earth we've mingled sighs;
Sleep in thy dust till all the dead come forth,
Then in thy Saviour's glorious image rise.

Farewell! dear friend, now slumb'ring under ground,
Till thou shalt hear that last loud trumpet sound,
"Arise ye Saints, to scenes of glory rise,
And reign with Christ your King, beyond the skies."

ALL IS VANITY BUT THE CREATOR.

1814.

What beauties in my Lord I see,
What wonders I behold
In that dear man who bled for me;
The half can ne'er be told.

But how lukewarm alas am I;
How senseless is my heart;
How oft I from his presence flee,
And from his ways depart.

Yet when I seek sublunar joys,
The things of sense pursue,
I always meet with sad alloys,
No earthly bliss is true.

Objects that round my heart intwine,
Lord—leave but half for thee;
But our best pleasures here I find
Are grief and vanity.

When I attempt to sip the sweet,
And taste delicious food,
A bitter dose, alas, I meet,
And evil mix'd with good.

Be Jesus, ever my delight,
And my perpetual food;
All else here vanish from my sight,
All's vanity but God.

My soul is taken in surprise,
What glories I behold
In thee, my dear Redeemer, rise,
Each moment they unfold.

Loveliest of all I view thee now,
Above or on this sphere ;
Chief of ten thousand thousands thou,
The fairest of the fair.

COMPLAINING OF HARDNESS OF HEART

Mount Pleasant, August, 1814.

I FEAR my heart has never loved,
Nor felt the Saviour's grace,
Or I could never set unmoved
And hear his doleful case.

Could I his tale of sorrows hear
And Oh ! so little feel !
Methinks my heart, my mind, my ear,
Have all become as steel.

But yet a hope pervades my breast,
Although so senseless I,
That Jesus will reserve a rest
For me beyond the sky.

That hope is centered in my God,
All other hopes are vain ;
For nothing short of Jesus' blood
Can wash the guilty clean.

Thy grace, O Saviour, that alone
Can penetrate my heart;
Bestow that grace—apply that blood,
And peace once more impart.

I mourn because I cannot mourn,
Nor closer walk with God;
My spirit sinks, mine eyes become
An overflowing flood.

Return, oh God! once more return
And give my poor heart ease,
O kindly smile upon thy worm,
And make her tears to cease.

For I am pain'd and sorely grieved
For roving as I've done,
And fain would I pluck out this heart,
Could that for sin atone.

Dear Jesus, whisper to my soul
And tell me I am thine,
For I would sacrifice my all
To feel thee once more mine.

BEWAILING IDOLATRY;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF TOO DEEP LOVE TO THE CREATURE.

Break, break my heart, run streams of blood,
Weep, weep mine eyes, a purple flood,
For sins against a righteous God;

Against that God whose hand might stretch
And crush the hell deserving wretch.
Great God, O what a rebel I
Must now appear in thy pure eye;
Whither, O whither shall I flee,
To hide my wretched soul from thee?
I cannot from thy presence fly,
For thine Almighty piercing eye
Can penetrate the darkest night,
And veil the brighest beams of light;
Nor heaven nor hell, nor earth nor sea,
Could screen my guilty head from thee.
Now does confusion seize my heart,
For acting such a fiend-like part;
Black as my sins, might blackness spread
Her sable mantle o'er my head,
To hide me from created light,
From saints above and angels' sight.
Oh how it grieves and racks my mind,
To wound so dear and kind a friend;
Had Gabriel told me months ago,
That I should so facin'rous grow,
So wand'ring and ungrateful prove
To a kind parent whom I love,
I should have staggered, speechless gazed,
Doubtful listened, and stood amazed;
For though the information given
Were by a messenger from heaven,
My heart would hardly thought it true,
But ah! my weakness now I view:
Alas! we know not what we are
Till left and tried and tempted sore;
We're only kept while grace upholds,
If that's withdrawn the creature falls.

Take heed, ye trophies of God's power,
You err not in a trying hour,
When Satan and the heart combine
To lure and strongly tempt your mind;
Flee to the cross and seek the Lord,
Who can sufficient strength afford;
He'll keep you in the evil day,
Should hell e'er tempt your heart to stray.
O without ceasing watch and pray
For preservation in the way;
When prayer's neglected then we err,
And ramble in the broad road far,
Oh sad remembrance! this my case,
I slighted much a throne of grace,
When my own heart and Satan's rage
Together strangely did engage,
Against my silly stupid soul,
Which staggered, err'd and played the fool.
With Ephraim I have idols made,
Which makes me tremble and afraid;
The Lord has dealt with me like him,
And justly chastened me for sin;
Withdrawn his Spirit, ceased to smile,
And now lets me alone awhile.
The mortal objects of my love
Long drew my thoughts down from above;
My heart awhile divided stood
Between the creature and my God.
Oh sad reflection, painful thought!
To have my heaven born soul thus caught
By the malicious powers of him,
The author of accursed sin:
The recollection makes me groan,
And spread my sighs before the throne,

When past offences on me steal,
What bitter moments then I feel;
I loathe this crazy clog of flesh,
That caused my soul to sin afresh,
And set up idols in God's stead,
Idols, alas! of flesh and blood.
Bleed, bleed my heart, oh burst mine eyes,
Let godly sorrows rend the skies,
And deep remorse to God ascend,
My dearest but insulted friend;
Ah yes, bleed on my sorrows, bleed,
Nor cease till I my pardon read.
If Jesus has or will forgive,
Never, oh never while I live,
Can I forgive my worthless heart,
For acting such an insane part.
Could I consider God my foe,
I might forgive myself, but oh!
When I reflect he is my friend,
And kindly doth my wants attend,
Recall to mind the tender name
Of father, how it heightens pain,
And tenfold adds to my deep shame.
Could I his faithfulness distrust,
And call his ways severe, unjust,
And charge him with inclement laws,
I might have some excuse and cause;
But I am still, convinced of treason
By sober and enlightened reason,
And to enhance my guilt the more,
I've grieved the God whom I adore;
Broken the precepts I approve,
And roused the justice which I love.

Still higher aggravations rise
From my great guilt, and pain mine eyes;
And what gives most confusion is,
(I groan when e'er I think of this)
I've sinned against unchanging love,
Love earth nor hell can never move,
Against unbounded goodness sinned;
This thought oft overwhelmns my mind:
Horrid ingratitude of mine!
Oh God, thou holy and divine,
What vile returns for love like thine.
Weep, oh my soul, like Mary weep,
And feel like her repentance deep;
Deep, deep contrition seize my heart,
And feel a Peter's pungent smart;
Like David's roarings so be thine,
Till thou art healed by grace divine.
Bitter remembrance of the past,
Will ever make my tears flow fast;
When I recount God's mercies o'er,
And special favour heretofore,
I stand confounded, blush, and bow
In self abasement sad and low.
I sink now at his glorious feet,
And ask to have the lowest seat,
And there his goodness I'll repeat.
Hearken, ye children of his love,
And ye bright seraphs list above,
And hear me tell the love of God,
My black ingratitude record.
When fortune and my health did frown,
And strange disorder chained me down,
Huge heavy trials sorely pressed
And lacerated this frail breast;

And Satan flung his fiery dart
To enhance my wo, to tempt my heart,
And aggravate the deep felt smart.
The Lord Jehovah near me stood,
Vast was his love, his dealings good,
He proved my fortress, shield and tower,
And kept me by his mighty power;
Great grace his bounteous hand bestowed:
And though my sorrows he prorogued,
His mercies like a fount o'erflowed.

When bowed down and grieved for sin,
And foes without, and foes within,
Harassed, perplexed and raised my fear,
Always the Lord my friend drew near:
The remembrance now extorts the tear,
And makes my baseness fresh appear.

'Midst indigence and racking pains,
He raised me kind and humane friends,
Whose worth I value more than gems.

His clemency in seasons past,
When on the troubled billows cast,
And tossed by life's tempestuous blast,
Was such as made e'en worldlings stare
At his great power and special care;
While saints his goodness spread abroad,
And pointed sinners to his blood.

My brutal senses stand confus'd,
To think such mercy I've abus'd;
The names of parent and of friend,
So high my guilt and terrors blend,
Are almost more than wrath would be,
Which I so well deserve from thee,
'Gainst whom, alas! I have rebell'd,
And have so long my heart withheld;

Because it fills my conscience full
Of black reproaches on my soul,
And furnishes my melting mind
With grief, of deep exquisite kind.
Oh, what a monster I appear,
Too dread for mortals to come near;
Too base for angels to behold,
Or for the spacious earth to hold:
Where shall I turn, where shall I stray,
From all to hide myself away?
If I look up, I am afraid
The gems of heaven will me upbraid,
If down the field, their ire will dart,
Nature will take its Maker's part:
So all conspire to aggravate
The sins I've done, the sins I hate.
My utmost shame I will record;
I had inclement thoughts of God,
And murmur'd at his gracious rod;
E'en when his mercy brightest shin'd,
I at his providence repin'd.
Sometimes I almost did accuse
Heav'n with unkindness, to refuse
To grant my foolish heart its wish
To share with one his woes and bliss,
On whom my too fond heart was bent,
Until a certain strange event
Banish'd the idol from my eyes,
To meet no more until we rise
In that great day, when God shall come
To judge the world, and seal its doom.
I long'd to tread forbidden ground,
Where briers, thorns, and snares abound;

I wished for joys that God denied ;
Thus basely did my heart backslide :
But faithful conscience burnt within,
And open'd to my view my sin,
I sought false pleasures, but my God
Rush'd forward and before me stood,
And with me as with Balaam fought,
And rescued from the ills I sought ;
Infinite love, oh boundless grace,
That did my roving footsteps trace,
And stopp'd me on the dang'rous way,
To save me from the miry clay.
The joys I wish'd, had they been given,
They might have been a bar to heaven ;
Prov'd in the flesh a pricking thorn,
And sorely caus'd my heart to mourn.
Amazing goodness, that withheld
The baneful bait when I rebell'd,
And would have drank the poison in,
'Gainst light that warned me not within ;
Sweet mercy ! thus to interpose,
And save my soul from further woes.
Oh child of folly, vile miscreant,
To be on thine own ruin bent ;
Blindly the path to wo pursue,
Madly and vainly wish'd it to ;
A double debtor now I stand
To God's free grace—whose sov'reign hand
Pluck'd from the fire the scorching brand.
Offended God, yet bounteous heav'n,
Oh ! can I hope to be forgiv'n ?
Hope to enjoy thy smiles again,
And call thee by th' endearing name

Of benefactor and of friend?
For this my ardent sighs ascend.
Suffer a worm with thee to plead,
Whose heart is almost broke indeed;
Oh! draw me near to thy dear throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son;
Whose great obedience did atone
For my transgressions, which I own,
Are greater than this spacious globe,
And higher than the highest orb,
Yea, deeper than the boundless sea,
More numerous than the fish that play,
And they would sink me down to hell,
Did not sweet mercy with thee dwell:
But oh! thy grace is greater still,
Thy clemency exceeds my ill;
Higher than heav'n, stronger than death,
Its height, its depth, its length and breadth.
May not a worm then hope, oh God!
In thy vast mercy and thy blood,
For pardon and returning peace,
And the rich blessings of thy grace?
To plead thy past love months ago,
Does, Lord, but aggravate my wo;
I'll sue then in my Saviour's name,
My tongue no longer can refrain.
Lo, at thy mercy seat I fall,
Confess myself most vile of all;
More base than brutes that rove the fields,
The veriest wretch creation yields;
Such creature-love I own was wrong,
But hide not thou thy face so long;
For tho' I've grieved thee still I love,
My bleeding heart is fix'd above.

My thoughts still soar beyond the sun,
And hover round a nobler one;
My weeping soul still cleaves to heav'n,
And hopes to have its sins forgiv'n;
These longing eyes explore thy face,
Implore the favour of thy grace,
And seek celestial smiles again,
But toil and languish all in vain.
Why hidest thou so long, oh Lord?
Wilt thou no ray of hope afford?
No glimm'ring beam of cheering light
To bear me through the irksome night?
I cannot live so far from thee,
Why wilt thou stand aloof from me?
My God thou hast not chang'd thy love,
'Tis I that do unfaithful prove,
But let my groans thy pity move;
For thee I pine, for thee I sigh,
When wilt thou gracious God draw nigh?
When wilt thou give my spirit rest,
And make thy creature once more blest?
Or must I heave the fruitless sigh,
Breathe out my useless life and die,
Expire beneath thy awful frown,
And have my sun in clouds go down?
Forbid, just heav'n, and smile once more,
Pardon and peace and life restore.
Oh let thy pow'r and mighty grace
Now my enormous sins efface;
For Jesus' sake who dwells in thee,
Who groaned and bled on Calvary,
And died for sinners such as me,
Behold me with a pitying eye,
And thy rich blood, oh Lord, apply,

And bless me e'er I faint and die.
To thee my fainting soul would come,
Thro' sin I sigh, and am undone,
Nor none can help nor none restore
My soul those joys they felt before;
No other pow'r nor smiles but thine
Can gladden this sad heart of mine:
For thee I pant, for sin I mourn,
Return, eternal God, return!
Do not, dear Lord, no more delay,
But haste and come ere break of day,
Or e'er my baleful eyelids close,
Thy kind forgiving love disclose:
Supernal joys again restore,
And love me freely as before,
'Tis all I ask, I want no more;
Then shall my throbbing head recline
Peaceful beneath thy smiles divine;
At morning light thy praise I'll sing,
The groves shall with the echo ring,
Angels shall hear and saints rejoice!
While I lift up a thankful voice.
I'll rather die than e'er again
Give cause to put my Lord to pain;
Ah may I never, never live
My dearest friend again to grieve;
And oh! great God, let me no more
Make creature idols as before,
Nor live e'er to repeat again
My vile ingratitude and shame;
Be thou my all in all, be mine,
Nor let me know a love but thine.
Lord that thou wilt again return,
Or hast forgiven a rebel worm,

Sevenfold aggravates my sin,
And gives this breast a deeper sting.
But canst thou, Lord, indeed forgive,
And let the wretched sinner live?
O God of Jacob, Israel's God,
My hope alone is in thy blood!

PAUSE 1.

Blessed Lamb, who did so long forbear,
And watched me with a shepherd's care,
When dangers did around me threat,
And the black fowler spread his net
To catch my silly wand'ring feet.
To thee be praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven;
Praise him my soul; my heart and tongue
All join to raise a grateful song:
Praise him through life with every breath,
Until my voice be sunk in death;
Then in celestial strains on high,
Where songs immortal never die,
Praise him through vast eternity.

PAUSE 2.

Surprising grace! to interfere
When the huge monster did appear,
And aim'd his dart and fiery spears,
Which filled me with distressing fears;
He tried to crush and sink my soul,
But the dear Saviour heard me call,
And saved me from the rage of hell.
Oh may I recollect his love,
And never more ungrateful prove;
Lord, in this bosom ever raise
Unchanging love and fervent praise.

MOURNING THE ABSENCE OF GOD.

How would my heart with rapture glow,
If heaven would smile again, but Oh!
His frowns produce exquisite wo.
His frowns and just displeasure still
My thoughts with grief and horror fill;
God's smiles can cure, his frowns can kill.
In sadness must my muse still sing?
Yes! it must strike a plaintive string,
And pensive touch a mournful theme.
Come, humble muse, in doleful strains
Send up thy thoughts where Jesus reigns,
And bears a part in all thy pains.
Awake, my sorrowing breast, this ev'n,
And send thy sad complaints to heaven,
Whose ear to grief is ever open.
How long, Oh Lord my God, how long
Wilt thou the dismal hours prolong,
That so divides my soul apart,
And almost breaks my aching heart,
Ere thou descend and show thy face,
And bless me with new peace and grace?
I mourn thy absence, and the light
Which has so long fled from my sight;
As the sad turtle mourns her mate,
So I go mourning ear' and late,
Nor find him whom my soul adores,
In vain my eye his face explores;
Whither, oh whither shall I rove,
To find the object of my love?

I rise by night and search the street,
In hopes my heavenly Lord to meet,
But oh in vain his form I seek.
My soul awakes by break of dawn,
And rambles o'er the flow'ry lawn,
Hoping to find him in the morn.
At noon I 'spatiate the vales,
The field's, the gardens, and the groves,
But see not him my bosom loves.
At eve I seek my Lord by pray'r,
But still I find his face not there,
Then I alas! almost despair.
At midnight on my bed I sigh,
And heav'nward send a piercing cry,
But still it does not bring him nigh.
But I will not give up the chase;
I still will seek his hidden grace,
Nor rest till I behold his face.
For tho' he slay me—tho' he hide,
My soul shall in his word confide;
His anger will in time subside.
Tho' now he keeps aloof and frowns,
And tho' his anger justly burns,
Behind the clouds he hears my mourns.
My soul he will not always chide,
Nor always at a distance hide;
But when my faith's sufficient tried,
He'll then return and peace bestow;
And cause my longing breast to glow,
My heart with joy to overflow.
Meanwhile in bitterness I'll groan,
The groves shall hear the sinner moan,
Until the storm be overblown.

Nature shall list while I complain,
And tell the stars my deep-felt pain,
To them repeat my griefs again.
Ye starry hosts and numerous gems,
Far more numerous are my sins,
Than your vast mighty shining band,
Which do in countless myriads stand;
Were all your bodies joined in one,
In one huge mass, and the vast sun
Was thrown into the pond'rous sum,
The enormous sins of my black soul,
If weigh'd, would overbalance all.

Pause 1.

My soul no soothing pow'r can find
To still the horrors of the mind,
And none the bleeding wound to bind;
I'm faint, I'm sick, a fever reigns
Throughout my heart, my soul and brains,
And ev'ry nerve and sinew pains.
Oh where shall I for aid apply,
While my distemper rages high?
Where's a physician in the land,
Who does my fever understand?
Could I the earth's most spacious bound
Explore, not one could there be found.
The wisest sage, the greatest skill,
Could not my sad disorder heal;
Nor all the herbs on earth can cure
The racking pains that I endure:
My sickness lies within my soul,
And o'er my body has control;
Disease is seated in my breast,
And makes the whole frame feel opprest;

The ag'nies of the flesh is nought
Compared with sin and painful thought:
My sin sick soul will never find
A balm on earth to soothe the mind.
The Balm of Gilead does not grow
In this unfertile soil below,
But blossoms in the heavenly fields,
And ever healing virtue yields.
  And there the great Physician lives,
Who without fee all pain relieves:
Physician of physicians he,
And was from all eternity.
His skill is known from age to age,
And his true honour does engage
Effectual ointment to prepare,
The worst of leproused souls to cure.
Himself's a sovereign balm for all
Who on his healing name will call;
His salve from none he e'er withholds
Who bring to him their wounded souls.
  The soul diseased alone can find
A sovereign med'cine for the mind
In Christ, the contrite sinner's friend.
  He only is a remedy
For helpless sinners such as me:
Jesus, the balm, can soothe and ease
And mollify my soul's disease.
To whom then should my sick soul go
But him—who all its ailings know?
Fain would I to his temple fly,
Cast myself at his feet and die,
But his word tells me to be still,
And patient wait his sovereign will.

Pause 2.

Christ, the Physician, has the skill
To kindly cure, or justly kill;
Nought but his precious blood can heal
The raging plagues and sores I feel.
Christ is the power, and he the sword,
That can destroy or life afford;
Pardon and life depend on him
Who only can absolve from sin;
On his good will and pleasure 'pends
Our comforts, joys, and griefs, and pains:
He is the oil, and he the balm,
Which heals and gives the mind a calm;
And his compassion far extends
To those who are his faithful friends;
And they who turn aside from bliss,
To them his language is as this:
Return, backslider! oh return,
My melting bowels o'er thee yearn;
My soul is grieved to see thee stray
A wand'rer from the heavenly way;
Turn from thy follies and repent,
And be not on thy ruin bent:
And I, e'en I, your sins will blot,
And all your crimes shall be forgot.
Return, poor rambler, this way fly,
Thou hast a faithful friend on high;
Whose mercy ever wooing stands,
With gentle words and ready hands,
To pardon and thy peace restore,
And love thee freely as before.

PAUSE 3.

Is this the language of a God?
Then throw, my soul, thy fears abroad:
His blessed word this language speaks
To thee, and thy repentance seeks.
Then, oh my God! thy grace bestow,
That I may deep contrition know;
By special prayer I'll seek thy face,
Thou God of mercy, God of grace!
Thy clemency at seasons shed,
Encourages my guilty head
Upwards to lift and supplicate,
And humbly at thy throne to wait;
And there I'll wait, and there confess
My sins and great unworthiness;
Again before thy mercy seat,
I will thy goodness all repeat;
My base ingratitude relate,
And my long woes ingeminate.
Yes, here my soul shall set her down,
Nor rise till thou shalt cease to frown.

COMPLAINT UNDER THE HIDINGS OF GOD'S FACE.

HERE will I sigh the hours away,
Far from the happy, and the gay;
These grassy turfs shall be the bed
On which I'll lay my restless head;
Here will I mourn for all my sins,
And listen to the flowing springs,
Whose murmuring sounds with mine accord,
And fill my soul with sad discord.

Your sympathizing whispers are
More welcome than the evening star,
Which has so oft its brightness shed,
And kindly cheer'd my wakeful head.
  The village bell tolls—one, two, three,
Nocturnal shadows soon will flee,
And the bright beams of morning light
Break from the east, and pierce the night;
But day and night are one to me,
While Jesus' face I cannot see.
  The rosy dawn of morn appears,
And finds the mourner still in tears;
Backsliding wretch! the drops that roll
And overwhelm thy barren soul,
Are the sad fruits of foolish sin,
Of fears without, and fears within.
  But hark! the robin's note I hear,
Ah! now 'tis sadness to my ear;
Their vocal strains once gave a zest
To all the pleasures of my breast:
One time, sweet birds, like you I sung,
And Jesus was my cheerful song;
The Saviour was my light, and way,
My life, and joy from day to day:
But O those happy days are o'er,
To realize I fear no more,
My Lord has long withdrawn his face,
Withholds the riches of his grace:
The fault is mine, for he's the same;
'Tis me, and only me to blame.
But his good pleasure I must wait,
Till he sees fit to change my state;
I cannot force his goodness down,
But patient wait beneath his frown,

Till he shall please to smile again,
And wipe my tears and ease my pain.
My harp is on the willow hung,
My soul's with grief and anguish wrung.
And ever sings the mourner's song.
Ah! hapless change! oh sad reverse!
Why have I acted so perverse?
Come, pretty birds, from yonder vale,
And hear me sing my woful tale:
And ye, fair groves, and wood-crown'd heaths,
Hark how my breast with sorrow heaves,
Hear how I pant and sigh for God,
And cast my sad complaints abroad:
Ye waving boughs, and breezes hush,
Drop your high plumes and for me blush.
Oh where shall I my blushes hide,
Say—in my Maker's crimson side?
But dreadful thought! that wound I've prob'd,
His glorious side my baseness stab'd;
It bleeds, I gave the shameful blow,
Roll down my tears, in sadness flow,
Nor cease to weep till this base heart
Makes every idol to depart.

PAUSE.

In yon clouds a storm is brewing,
And ere long will come this way;
Rain is falling, wind is blowing,
And spread a gloom o'er all things gay.

Hear the peals of thunder rolling
O'er the mountain's lofty tops,
Hear the lion Boreas howling,
And would crush the mourner's hopes.

Just now nature was all smiling,
But her smiles to gloom are turn'd;
And the changing scene is chilling,
Though so late with joy it burn'd.

Once my mind was calm and peaceful,
Joy was beaming in mine eye,
But a tempest black and woful,
Rose and darkened my bright sky.

Th' mind's sad storms, and storms of nature,
Press upon my guilty soul;
Whither, whither, shall I harbour
While the roaring thunders roll.

I will hide in this fair bower,
From the gale's inclement blast,
Till the furious rains be over,
And the dismal clouds be past.

Sad dismay, and gloom, and terror
Seize my weeping, wretched breast;
And increasing fears and sorrow
Leave my weary soul no rest.

But the dark and dismal even
With my gloomy thoughts accord;
Not the brightest gems of heaven
Could one ray of hope afford.

Yet, beams from the golden Eden,
Or the daystar from on high,
Would revive this heart, now bleeding,
And submerge the rising sigh.

But the Saviour he refuses
On my cloudy soul to shine,
And to heal my wounds and bruises
He at present doth decline.

Hush, my pensive soul be silent,
Lest thou shouldst offend the Lord,
Cease thy murmurings, and be pliant,
To the sovereign will of God.

Thou hast griev'd him with thine idols,
And must patient bear the rod,
Thou didst love too well frail mortals
And too little lov'd thy God.

Now be still, and with submission
Wait before his awful throne,
And confess with deep contrition,
All the ill that thou hast done.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Methinks I see a glimm'ring light,
It softly steals upon my sight,
As it advances grows more bright.
Methinks too Satan's tongue is still,
Has the Lord given a bitter pill,
And chain'd him lower down in hell?
Perhaps so, and has heard my prayer;
My hopes run high and so does fear.
When will the daystar from on high
Appear, with mercy in his eye?

When will my sun and shield draw near,
To light my path, and drown my fear?
I see a something like a ray,
Sweet index of approaching day;
Now joy and hope pervade my breast,
I feel already less oppress'd;
The clouds move gradual from my sight,
And I behold a beam of light;
My heart misgives, what can it be
Which I with hope and trembling see?
Should it be God, like Adam I
Must from his awful presence fly.
But stop! O whither should I go,
To hide from him who all things know?
And will, if he approaches here,
With pardon and mild words appear;
Then stay, my soul, his voice to hear.
How shall I answer when he meets
The blushing wretch, and kindly speaks?
His gracious looks I ne'er can stand,
These leaves I'll o'er my face expand,
My vile frame prostrate on the ground,
Nor while he speaks mine head turn round;
I long, but dread to meet my friend,
Kind words would overwhelm my mind.
Again celestial light breaks forth;
Cover my head, oh spacious earth!
He comes, his gentle steps I hear,
I feel his presence drawing near;
I long to fly to his embrace,
And with my tears bedew his face;
Kiss his dear hands, and in his side
My guilty scarlet blushes hide;

But feel a pungent sense of sin
Working with hind'ring pow'r within.

PAUSE 1.

It is, it is the Lord I see,
He comes on wings of love to me;
I hear his kind and soothing voice,
It makes my throbbing heart rejoice;
I'll run and gaze upon his charms,
And hail him welcome to my arms.
He comes in mercy and in peace,
I see it pictured in his face;
My fears are vanquish'd, faith is bold,
And I his face can now behold,
And meet him with a grateful eye,
An humble heart, and contrite sigh.
Come, thou insulted friend, draw near
And kiss away the burning tear;
Come and relieve my aching heart,
And heal the plagues that make it smart.
Already, Jesus, I begin
To feel thy pardoning love within;
I hear thy glorious grace reply,
"My pard'ning blood I will apply:"
Its gentle whispers reach my soul,
And says, "I do forgive thee all."
Amazing mercy! gracious pow'r!
That does appear in this sad hour;
Oh wond'rous goodness, love divine!
That heals this bleeding heart of mine.
Transporting moment, happy morn!
Is this that brings my pardon down;
Whene'er I praise, whene'er I pray,
Oh may I ne'er forget this day:

Accept now Lord my humble praise,
And guide me safe through all my ways.
Lord let my lubric feet no more
Backslide, as they have done before;
And when thou dost my soul chastise,
May I thy chast'nings learn to prize;
And songs of praise arise to thee
For thy kind care, and love for me.
Rebuke me, O thou righteous God,
With gracious stripes and gentle rod,
And turn me in the heavenly road.

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

Great God, O what a change is this!
From wretchedness to rapturous bliss;
A few dark fleeting hours ago,
My breast was laden with sharp wo;
But thou hast made the weight disperse,
O sweet revulsion, bless'd reverse!
Night shades now flee, the clouds have fled,
The storm no more beats o'er my head;
Aurora wakes—auspicious dawn,
Welcome, ye cheering beams of morn,
After a night so sad and long.
The tempest also of my soul,
Has ceas'd its thund'ring peals to roll,
He who hath still'd the stormy night,
And usher'd in the morning light,
Hath also clear'd my dismal sky,
And rais'd my drooping head on high:
The Saviour's vital rays now dart
New life and vigour in my heart.

The storm is hush'd, my soul is calm'd,
With rural scenes again I 'm charm'd;
The Lord my mind can reconcile
To all things, if himself doth smile.
I view them now with new delight,
God, and the morning, drown the night;
He's kiss'd my melting tears away,
And turn'd the long night into day.
His presence radiates my sight,
And makes the darkness shine as light:
Now weal or wo is all the same,
Since Jesus smiles on me again.
Yon rising sun attracts mine eyes,
And O, once more the azure skies,
The birds, the beasts, the groves, the fields,
And flowery meads true pleasure yields;
For in them all I see my God:
How beauteous are his works abroad!
As glorious are his works of grace
Wrought upon Adam's fallen race;
His works all bright and perfect stand,
Finish'd by an almighty hand;
And none can add, nor from them take,
Nor make such works as God can make.
Hail! lovely shades and pleasing scenes,
Where God in silent splendour reigns;
Gayly again I rove your walks,
And on my Saviour 'muse my thoughts.
Ye laughing valleys, smiling hills,
Ye verdant lawns and whispering rills,
Ye singing orbs, and warbling train,
With you I'll join in praise again.
Come, tuneful birds, and swell your throats,
And chant aloud your highest notes;

My heart with yours is tun'd, to join
To raise to God a song sublime.

PAUSE.

Did I alone this planet rove,
Bless'd with my Jesus' smiles and love,
My happy breast no void would feel,
For Christ my spacious thoughts would fill.

But could I climb where angels meet,
And tread the sun beneath my feet,
And 'spatiate the heavenly plain,
And with the shining armies reign;

If Jesus did not grace the hand,
If HE amidst us did not stand,
Oh what would heav'n and angels be
To such insatiate souls as me?

Not heaven with all its sumptuous fare,
If the Redeemer was not there,
Could one small ray of joy afford
Within the breast that loves the Lord.

But oh, delightful thought is this!
God is the Author of all bliss,
From everlasting, and will be
Throughout a VAST ETERNITY.

Adieu, ye sweet transporting scenes,
Ye tranquil shades, and silver streams,
I leave your haunts awhile, and go
To mix again with man below.

But I your paths will often stray,
To join the songsters' sacred lay;
Oft rove your still Elysian groves,
And sing of him my bosom loves.

PRAISE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF GOD'S GOODNESS.

Pr[illegible] the Lord, 'tis good to praise
[illegible] love abroad;
A[illegible]ices raise,
An[illegible]

Praise him my sou[illegible]
O bless and praise his n[illegible]
For past support in trying hours
Of bitterness and pain.

To God I cried, he heard my prayer,
And run to my relief,
When pressed by sin, and bowed with care,
And cruel unbelief.

He made the tempter to depart,
And raised my drooping soul:
He brake my adamantine he[illegible]
And made my sins as w[illegible]

Confess your sins. [illegible], saints,
And call upo:
He hears the mou[illegible]en he prays,
He never cries in v[illegible]n.

What shall I render to thy name
For favours so divine?
Lord, take my wretched wicked heart,
And make it wholly thine.

PAUSE.

My sins were great, to God I cried,
And waited at his throne;
He heard my prayers, and healed my wounds,
Sent peace and pardon down.

I'll now make known his heavenly skill,
The worth of his rich blood;
And point poor sinners to his cross,
To find a pardoning God.

Ye sin-sick souls to Jesus flee
For refuge, grace, and peace;
He only can your sins efface,
And give the conscience ease.

TO ROSAMOND,

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

June, 1811.

DEAR, dear aunt, and must we sever?
Yes awhile we're doomed to part:
Then farewell! but ever, ever
You shall live in this fond heart.

Tho' the rolling seas divide us,
And we never more should meet,
Still you my warmest thoughts shall share.
While my throbbing pulse shall beat.

Oh! I will kindly think of you,
When the stars their lustre shed;
Or when the rising sun I view,
And the silver moon-beams spread.

Ev'ry kindness I'll remember,
Meditate past pleasing scenes;
The joy of meeting be the subject
Of my summer ev'ning dreams.

Then to heaven send my wishes,
And to God put up a prayer
To conduct you safe to Britain,
And watch o'er your life while there.

Heaven protect you on the ocean,
May the gales auspicious blow;
And in danger may the angel
Save you from the threat'ning wo.

When you retire sometimes at ev'n,
From the gay and busy scene,
Think of her who loves you dearly,
And feels the separation keen.

Oft shall I, while you are absent,
Waft my sighs across the sea;
On the wings of love and fancy
Mount and speed my way to thee.

Say—will not you my lovely friend,
When you've seen your native shore,
Haste o'er the tow'ring waves again,
And leave your anxious friends no more?

Yes, O yes, when that's accomplished,
Which hath torn you from my heart,
Then return and never leave me,
Till by death we're forced to part.

Now then go where duty calls you,
And our kind and gracious Lord
Bless your worthy undertaking,
And the noble deed reward.

May the husband who escorts you,
Be protected on his way;
He shall share my ardent wishes
For his safety night and day.

I'll remember oft his kindness,
When I languished sick abed;
And invoke for heav'nly blessings
To descend upon his head.

TRANSCRIPT OF A LETTER TO MRS. H. G——.

1815.

How true, my dear Harriet, is that proverb of Solomon, which says, "jealousy is as cruel as the grave." Alas! it is indeed. What shall we compare pride to? May it not be said of pride, as it is of glit-

tering dust being the root of all evil; for certainly pride is. And pride and jealousy are akin, and it is no wonder the one is cruel and the other destructive, when these baneful passions first originated in Satan: he first felt the flame; he beheld the Creator to be superior, preferred and honoured before himself and all seraphic beings, and so looked upon him with an evil and envious eye, and stretched himself to be greater than God; and had he had strength equal to his malice, he would no doubt have dethroned him, and have taken possession of his throne and glory. Thus were those horrid passions, pride and jealousy, kindled first in the fallen angels, and alas! have been handed by them down to Adam's posterity.

Yes, jealousy is indeed cruel, my dear H——; its arrows are aimed at me, and have wounded me not a little, because they come from a quarter that I do not deserve. Would you believe that some (whose names I forbear to mention) aggravatingly sport with my feelings, and deride because necessity obliged me to make known a certain thing to a bosom friend, which you have knowledge of. What could I do? there was no alternative; that must be done, or, something much more painful and delicate must have transpired. I chose the lesser one, and on their account. The same persons also ridicule me for my religion: ought they not rather to rejoice that I have such a constant and firm support beneath my complicated afflictions? Pride and jealousy are the occasion of this unfeeling conduct. I am highly blessed with friends, therefore envied by some unhappy dispositions. I truly pity such characters, and bless God that I can most heartily pray for them. At first, from a continuation of this unpleasant derision and indecorous treatment, I

felt pained and galled, but it does not now in the least discompose me; perhaps were I to make the inquiry, I might find more like minded, and those who would exult at my misfortunes; but it gives me no uneasiness now. The wise, the feeling, and the most worthy part of mankind would condemn such principles. I consider poverty no disgrace, where it has not been brought on by indolence and imprudence. Had I my health as formerly, nothing would be more grateful to my feelings, than to engage in some active employment for my support; and it would be the joy of my heart to be able to assist my unfortunate parents; but the Lord does not see fit to restore the blessing of health, but he raises me many friends out of all denominations of Christians, and out of the world too. I feel now as though I was done with all things here, and could patiently wait until

> God bids me drop this tenement of clay,
> And mount and soar to everlasting day;
> Where envy, malice, sorrow, sin nor pain
> Shall never grieve nor cross this breast again.

I know that you will rejoice to hear me say, that I am happy, very happy amidst all my sufferings. The only pangs I feel are for my dear kindred, but even in this I am able to look to God, and bear the trial with much resignation. It is God, I cry, that reigns, and am still; and though at times I weep for them, I trust I do not murmur.

Yes, Harriet, never was I more happy than now; I never experienced such sensible comforts and outpouring of the Lord's Spirit before; my cup of joy is full; nature could not bear any more without a mi-

racle; grace superabounds, and daily heightens my ecstasies. You see, my dear friend, that God can make tribulation sweet to the soul: sanctified afflictions are preferable to unsanctified prosperity. I am the child of affliction, driven to and fro by adverse winds: I have some foes; but that ought to be a matter of no regret, for were that not the case, I should have reason to fear all was not right. All the children of God have their enemies more or less; but we ought to be careful that we do not give occasion to make foes, for if we do, it is not suffering for Christ's sake, but for our own folly and imprudence; and therefore are deserving of it. But though I have enemies, the Lord be praised, grace, that noblest power, bears me up through all that the enemies of the cross can say or do; and the inimitable Jesus, the meek and exalted Saviour, enables me to soar above all mortal contempt; his blessed word and example teaches me to rise superior to the trifling occurrences of life. His own noble Spirit, when surrounded with a terrestrial body, soared above all mortal contempt, though at the same time bore it with patience and humility; not returning railing for railing, but seeking continually to do good for evil. It is my desire, my dear H——, to imitate his glorious example, and may strength be given me so to do!

Jesus, my great high Priest above, has experienced these things in the full, and knows how to sympathize with his people in every situation, and does; he sweetly whispers, submit patiently and bear the sneers and frowns of the ungodly while in the flesh, the conflict will soon cease, and then you shall rise triumphant over all enemies. The word of God is my comfort

and support; through grace I am enabled to exclaim with the sweet poet,

> "I now can smile at Satan's rage,
> And face a frowning world."

If the glorious Son of God was not exempt from human indignities, ought I to expect to be, or to complain under them? "Is the servant greater than his Lord?" Be thou exalted, oh my God! and me abased: the insults offered to thee; thy unparalleled sufferings, and the reproaches that were cast at thy teeth, were all unmerited, for thou wert holy, blameless, and without sin; but I am a guilty, fallen being, and deserve to encounter the ills of this chequered life. O let me glory in tribulation, let me rejoice that I am thus favoured to bear a part in the Saviour's woes.

Ah! sneer and laugh on, O ye pitiable objects, ye despisers of Jesus; but know, that I can laugh superior to you; I can look up and call God my *Father*, and heaven my *eternal inheritance*, and smile through a tear at the blessed prospect of one day (not far distant) being translated to those beatific regions, where my heavenly Father dwells. Though through anguish now I sometimes weep, yet I have joys and solid pleasures ye know nothing of; would to God ye did! In a little while I shall be removed from your sight, to rejoice evermore at the right hand of God, and enjoy that inheritance which is laid up in reserve; an inheritance far more desirable and valuable than all the kingdoms of the earth. I would not give up even the hope I have of future joys, for ten thousand of your worlds; no, I would not indeed part with the

delightful hope which the Lord has radicated in this breast for gold nor silver, houses nor lands, thrones nor crowns, nor even for precious health, which is dearer to me than all. I envy not the most exalted monarchs on earth, nor they who possess titles and wealth; if my eye is envious toward any, it is they who lay lowest in the valley of humiliation, they who walk nearest to God.

But pardon this digression, I have been indulging the warmth of my feelings without consideration—you, I am afraid, will be tired of reading this tedious scroll, and I shall suffer for being so prolix; therefore I will draw towards concluding; though, dear Harriet, I cannot close, without first observing, that I am an entire debtor to sovereign grace for my present state of mind, and for the salvation of my soul; and allow me to acknowledge that many thanks are due to yourself for introducing me to our worthy Pastor.

To you, my dear friend, Mr. Maclay, and Walker's Letters, &c. I stand deeply in debt, under God, for my unspeakably happy state in Christ. When I was endeavouring to accomplish my salvation by works, you used that candour which is the duty of every Christian to evince, and, under peculiar circumstances, kindly spoke a seasonable word: you told me that I was not acquainted with my heart; that I was deceiving myself; that though I was moral, my nature was totally depraved; and, that no moral worth could possibly recommend me to the favour of God. These observations, which I heard with attention and gratitude, (knowing you to be my real friend, and thought highly of me) sunk deep in my heart, and brought on a train of reflections which happily terminated in a concern for my soul; a concern, I

trust, that was real. This piece of faithfulness and freedom has endeared you more than ever to my heart: we seldom see each other here, but the friendship which has been long growing below, will, I trust, increase, and be perfected above; where there shall be no bar to intercourse, nor alloy to our pleasures. Come soon, if you can, and see me—pray for me.—Yours inviolably,

ELIZA.

TRANSCRIPT OF A LETTER TO MRS. M. W——.

WERE it not, my dear friend, that I am well assured you are incapable of descending to flattery, I should now be inclined to think it was the case, from some expressions dropped in your last letter; but I will not for one moment suppose you could possibly assume the character of a sycophant: no, my dearest Mary, I know you too well even to entertain the most distant idea of your being given, in the least degree, to that abominable practice. But you must allow me to say, that I think your partiality for me sometimes induces you unintentionally to greatly overrate my abilities. I do not doubt but you think as you say, respecting my writing with ease, &c. &c. neither do I question your judgment, (where friendship is not concerned) for I know it to be superior in most things; but in this case I cannot allow you to be a judge. Love, you know, can cover a multitude of faults; and friendship frequently overvalues merit. One thing I know, I am never satisfied with my own compoistion. You and sister C—— both have too exalted an opi-

nion of my abilities; she is very extravagant in her encomiums. In fact, dear M—, she thinks that I have no defects, either mental or practical; the dear girl means, I know, what she says. You well know that she is too candid and ingenuous to speak what she does not think. Sincerity is a very striking and noble trait in her character—indeed, she carries her candour so far sometimes as to be injudicious.

You see how blind a passion love is; yet she is uncommonly penetrating: but could she behold me with impartial eyes, she would soon discover my many imperfections; or had she much experience of the frailties of depraved nature, she could not help but discern my failings; she is quick to discern them in herself, and many others whom she loves, but she is singulary attached to me, and on that account does not easily perceive my faults. Alas! there is not a day that passes, but what I have much cause to lament my deviations from the path to bliss, and to repent of sins both of omission and commission; there is not an hour that vanishes, but what I might truly exclaim with the poet,

"How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll."

But enough on this subject. I will now endeavour, as far as my feeble powers will admit, to give you my thoughts on the subject which you have requested, viz. which, I think, is the highest crime in the sight of God?—and then conclude by giving you the little history of myself which you desire.

That crime which is too great to be pardoned must be the blackest, the most dreadful, and aggravating in the pure sight of a holy God; all other sins may be forgiven but that of the "sin against the Holy

Ghost," for which our Lord tells us there is no mercy, no pardon. This awful, unpardonable crime we must conclude then stands highest.

Next to that, in my opinion, idolatry is the crime which is most offensive and henious before God. We find that the divine Being denounced greater judgments upon the Israelites for this crime, than for any other; though when they repented and put away their idols, and sought the true God again, he was merciful to forgive them their treason, and heal their backslidings. All sins are an abomination in the sight of God, but some are of a much more offensive nature than others, and this is one that excites his just indignation sooner, perhaps, than any. When Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, was lifted up and went after other gods, the kingdom was rent out of his hand, and his heart was made as the heart of a beast; he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen; his body was wet with the dew, his hair grew like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. Thus was the fierce wrath of the Lord upon him, for a certain period, for his dreadful rebellion.

In the night on which Belshazzar had been worshipping and praising images of gold and silver, the ire of God was kindled against him, and he fell a sacrifice to the great Jehovah's hot displeasure. Ten thousand instances, indeed, we have of the vengeance of God falling on the heads of idolatrous worshippers. But it is not only on the heathen nations that the curses of heaven are threatened for this sin. It is not only the barbarian, and the savage that are guilty of this woful crime; but all the nations of the earth, more or less, commit this sin, and provoke a righteous God to anger. Even we, my dear M—, who have

reason to hope that we have been enlightened in the things of God, and have had fortastes of the joys of heaven, are very guilty in this respect. As for myself, alas! I stand truly condemned before my Maker, for I have been guilty of this crime in a high degree. It is not only the worshipping of images, beasts, and insects that makes us idolaters, for we can make an idol of any thing by setting our affections too deeply upon it. It has been my sin and misfortune to rivet my feelings too deeply on mortal objects. I remember a wise friend of mine once said to me, "your greatest failing is to love the creature too well, and you will be chastened for it." I have sensibly experienced the justness of this observation, for I have truly been chastised since by the prickings of a guilty conscience, which for years sorely wounded me.

The Lord has justly dealt with me, as he did with Ephraim when he was "joined to idols," by letting me alone for a season, till he at length brought back my treacherous heart, and again fixed it on his own glorious self. It is said that he offended the Lord most bitterly; alas! alas! and thus did I in more than one instance. I well remember, and with painful recollection, once to have set my heart upon a dear relative so greatly, as to have hoped rather to perish with him if he was not saved, than go to heaven without him; I thought I could not be happy in heaven, if he was in misery. Was not this preferring the creature before the Creator? But this sin was committed in ignorance; it was before I had right views of the character of God and myself, and may not be counted so black as a crime of the same nature which I have since been guilty of: for I have, (and shame to tell) since I have professed to love God, made an idol of

an object that robbed the Lord of his right and place in my breast—not that I forgot God, nor was his fear wholly taken from my heart; for though I fervently loved the object, it was not without being conscious of the wrong I did God, in having my affections so weaned from himself, and so deeply rooted on the creature. I loved the creature but it was with ten thousand pangs, and never did I display such weakness in any instance in my life before nor since; nor never did I find my heart so given to murmuring and rebellion against God, nor in any circumstance commit so much sin; for the object was severed from me under painful circumstances, which caused me sinfully to repine: and yet heaven was working all things for my good. Had my desire been granted, it is probable it might have proved a thorn in my flesh. So vile and mad was I at one period, that I felt as though I would almost as soon lose heaven as the transient pleasure I had in view. At the time, on reflection, I thought that I was singular in this idea; that no one ever had been so base, as to think that they could give up so holy and lovely a being as God, for the sake of possessing any thing as frail as myself for a few poor fleeting years; but I have since found that I was not peculiar in this—it is a more common case than I thought, even among Christians—but ah! it meets with its punishment, and the worst of punishment—which is, a guilty conscience and a wounded spirit: for as it is the foulest crime, it requires the severest rod, and gives the deepest stings. Oh! my dear Mary, how ought we to guard our hearts against making idols; since it not only implants such pungent thorns in the breast, but, what is still worse, it does

such injustice and dishonour to God, who exacts and has a right to the undivided affections of his creatures.

This latter piece of idolatry is thrice as base as the former, because it was done against conscience, light and reason. There is nothing now that I dread so much as making creature idols; for I know my weakness where I am attached, let it be to a friend, a relative, or even an infant. My heart too closely entwines round theirs. It is my ardent prayer that I may be kept from idolizing the creature any more, and I hope that the Lord will preserve me. I have now given you my humble opinion on the subject you made request. I will now answer your other question of, "why it was that I did not receive a liberal education?" and with brevity, or I am sure I shall tire you with my loquacity. I was young when we came to America, and my father was disappointed on his first arrival; every thing being so different in this country from what he had been led to expect, and accustomed to in England, that he could not settle himself at all for the first few years, and, therefore was constantly on the eve of returning; and my education, at least the most material branches, was to be deferred till we returned. The first plain rudiments I partly received in England, and partly here; for I went to school irregulary during this unsettled state for that purpose. After a length of time, my father was over persuaded by some merchants in New-York, to settle in this country, and speculate with his property; which he did, and to his sorrow; for in a few years he lost an ample fortune. In the mean time, his family increased; good domestics were scarce; and I being the oldest

daughter, made it somewhat necessary for me to take an active part in family concerns, and the care of the infant branches of the family greatly devolved on me; besides various other domestic concerns were left to my charge, which gave me none or very little time for my studies; therefore those parts of education which are most necessary to qualify a woman for refined life; to make her shine in society, in conversation, or with the pen, were neglected altogether; and so constantly was my time occupied in domestic concerns, that I had little or no advantages from reading, or from mixing with the society of the learned. I have never read histories, or any other works of much consequence; as for writing, I was seven years once without using a pen; which was the period from the time I left school till my health fled. When that became so impaired as to disable me from attending to domestic affairs, I then had sufficient time to attend to the improvement of my mind; but such was the nature of my disorder, as not to admit of it; any thing that required attention and memory I found exceedingly prejudicial to my health. In fact, were I to apply myself to any thing of a studious nature, I should in time become insane; that I feel assured of. I write more than any thing else, though this is injurious; yet not like those things that require study. I write fast, and my ideas generally flow quick, too quick sometimes, and force me to lay down the pen, because I have not strength to commit them to paper when they come with such a numerous train. Whatever fatigues me heightens my indisposition, and you know my brain is in a dreadful weak state.

It has been a great disadvantage to me, my dear M——, not to be able to bear the hearing of books

read, any more than to read, during my affliction. I sometimes have taken up a few choice authors, and read a sentence here and there, but it left nothing more than the savour behind. My memory is so affected, or rather my head, that I can scarcely retain any thing I read.

You see that I have had but few advantages in my life; it is eight years since I have been inside a church, and not six times during that period have I heard the sound of prayer. My privileges have been but few, but I have reason to lament that what few I have had I have not improved as I ought. I have to thank the precious Bible for my sentiments, and if there is any thing you see in me worthy of praise, it proceeds purely from the natural gifts bestowed by my Creator; and not unto me, but unto Him, the praise and credit are due. I am truly sensible what little knowledge I have has been given by the Spirit of God, and unto him may the glory redound. Paper fails, and I am almost overcome, so adieu, my dear friend, and throw the mantle of love over all the imperfections of your truly affectionate and grateful

ELIZA.

LETTER TO MISS M. R——Y.

[Greenwich, 1815.

DEAR MARIA,

I STILL weather the storm; and to the astonishment of many, as well as to myself, the poor fabric of nature receives such repeated shocks from the unruly blasts of this boisterous life, that I am amazed

the building stands so long: but he who erected it is infinitely able to preserve the foundation, until the appointed time for it to take its fall and moulder into dust, from whence it first was raised. What this frail body suffers is known only to him who fashioned it. Persons coming in occasionally, and spending an hour with me, unless they find me in fits, or very ill after coming out of them, can form no idea of the nature of my disorder, or what I endure; nor even then, indeed. People must be some time under the roof with me, to form any true conception of my disease. Even those who now are, and have been accustomed to be with me, are at a loss to conceive and describe the many various forms and shapes in which it makes its appearance.

I imagine you have heard by this time, that the physicians who have last consulted in my behalf, have given up all hope of my recovery, and consider my malady remediless: I shall therefore think no more of being set free from this strange distemper in these regions of sorrow; indeed I have long given up all idea of being restored, but as my friends wished me to try medical aid again, and for *them* to choose the physicians, I thought it my duty to yield, and did so; being sensible we ought to use the means, if Providence puts it into our power. But as this last means has failed, and as my pecuniary circumstances will not admit of my calling in any other advice, even were I to hear of any that might perhaps be beneficial, I desire, my dear Maria, to submit cheerfully to the kind dispensations of a wise Providence, who does all things well; and will not lay on me more than he will give grace and strength to enable me to bear. In his gracious promises I trust; his word is

sure, yea, firm as a rock his glorious promise stands. He has said, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." In this precious declaration of our Lord my heart confides, for I know him to be true in whom I have believed. He has hitherto proved to me a most faithful and merciful Creator, and will continue so, I am persuaded, unto the end.

What a mercy, my dear friend, that God so kindly sanctifies my long afflictions. What should I now do were it not for his grace that supports me? Reflect, M——, for a moment, what my situation is, and I am sure you will be led to adore the power and goodness that doth so kindly bear me up under the many changing and afflictive scenes which it is my lot to pass through here; but amidst all, I think, my friend, I am most highly favoured; and have ten thousand blessings I neither deserve, nor have a right to expect. I deserve nothing but the wrath of God, therefore I have no right to expect and claim any thing from his hand: yet, astonishing to tell, blessings innumerable flow around me through my dear Redeemer.

My dear father's misfortunes have separated me from him; he can no longer do for me as formerly; it grieves him to the heart to have to part with me under such distressing circumstances. My heart also bleeds, but not for myself; for him I am pained, and his family. A reverse of circumstances at his period of life is truly trying, and my bosom weeps for him; but through mercy I am enabled to look to God, and commend him to his protection; I am enabled to pray for him, if I can do no more, and that is a great solace to my aching heart. I weep for him, my friend; and I am not forbid to weep, but I am to murmur;

and hope I shall continue to be kept from the sin of repining. Here am I now, my dear Maria, I will not say an helpless burden on the world, but on friends, kind, sympathetic friends, whose goodness overwhelms me. Ah! my Maria, this dependent and adverse state is not consonant with the natural feelings, but truly painful and humbling to flesh and blood—grievous to human nature. Nevertheless, though I most sensibly feel my delicate state, grace makes me satisfied with God's dealings; it is my ardent desire to submissively acquiesce in all things written in the covenant. It is a merciful Father that corrects me, and it is all for my good. I know there is need for the rod, or it would not be used; and trying as it is to pass through the deep waters of affliction, yet

I kiss the hand that deals the cup,
And without murmuring drink it up;
It is my heavenly Father's will
I know—and bid my heart be still,
Whene'er my thoughts attempt to rise
In discontent toward the skies.

I am now removed to a snug little cottage at Greenwich; placed under the care to board with a very worthy family, whose kindness I shall never cease to remember, and with grateful recollection; particularly the attention and kind nursing of Mrs. Brown. I consider it a propitious providence my being placed in such good hands, in my peculiar situation—another token of God's favour to unworthy me, my dear M——. Oh! who has such great cause for praise and thankfulness as I?

When shall I see you? when will you visit the city

again? If you do not mean very soon to come as far as this, write, that I may at least hear from you, if I do not see your face. I long to know how you come on in your laudable undertaking at N. T.—My best wishes attend you; the Lord bless your labours of love, and crown them with abundant success.

Adieu for the present, I must leave you: the sun has long fled our hemisphere, and the shades of night are fast approaching. Excuse all the imperfections of this scroll, and accept the love of your affectionate and sincere friend,

ELIZA.

TO GEORGE W. B. AGED FOUR MONTHS.

May, 1821.

GEORGE Washington, as yet dear babe,
I've seen but once thy face,
And then methought I plainly could
Thy mother's features trace.

Thy mother's image from a child
Was graven on my heart;
It there still lives, and there shall cling,
Till death our souls shall part.

Though seldom now I see her face,
She on my mem'ry lives;
I bear her to a throne of grace,
And hope for her revives.

She's been the subject of my prayers
For many rolling years;
And heav'n, I hope, my fervent cries
For her conversion hears.

Though moral, yet her heart must be
Renew'd by sovereign grace,
Or her immortal soul can ne'er
Behold the Saviour's face.

Oh may her soul be taught of God,
That she may teach thy thoughts
To soar above the things of sense,
And love his sacred courts.

Once I have press'd you to my breast,
And kiss'd your infant cheek;
But may not live, perhaps, to hear
My little nephew speak.

If you are spar'd, and I should die
Ere you to manhood grow,
These lines for your salvation dear,
My anxious care will show.

Ere you was from the womb brought forth,
To share in this world's wo,
I lov'd your soul, and pray'd it might,
When born, in wisdom grow.

Spring up in favour with the Lord,
(As Samuel did of old,)
And prize his precepts and his word,
More than the finest gold.

That God who form'd your beauteous clay,
And causes you to live,
Has strictly said, "My son obey,"
And me your whole heart give.

Give me your heart in early life,
And shun the path to hell;
And while you pass this vale of tears
All shall with you go well.

Sweet boy obey the heav'nly voice,
Then shall your soul be bless'd
While in this life, and after death
Be taken up to rest.

Adieu, dear George! may sovereign grace
Your endless portion be;
And rise to sing redeeming love,
Through vast eternity.

A FRAGMENT.

Nov. 12th, 1821.

Oh! said my friend C—— one day, while sitting by me with her work, I know not what to think: I sometimes believe there is truth in religion, and sometimes I have no faith in it at all; I am at times quite bewildered, and almost lose my senses with thinking, the Bible is such a mystery. Alas! cried she, with a deep sigh, how often do I wish I had died in my infancy, then I should have been happy, if there be any happiness after death, and then I should not have been tormented by conscience, through my knowledge of

those different opinions relative to a future state, and the right way to heaven, if there be one : had I died then, I should have gone in ignorance and been safe, if Scripture be true, and if not, I should, like the beasts, have perished and been a stranger to the miseries of life. O exclaimed she with a faltering voice, would that I had then expired, or had never been born. Ah! said I, suppress these thoughts, my friend, and let not such rash expressions come from your lips : you are not aware how much you offend your Maker by those sinful feelings and hasty exclamations; we highly grieve and dishonour that beneficent Being who hath, in his wisdom, created us, and from the beginning made man upright : it is sinfully reproaching and reflecting on him for our existence, when we ought, indeed, to feel sensibly grateful to him for life and its blessings ; and the blessed overtures of peace and salvation made to guilty worms, all hell-deserving ; and for creating us with capacities sufficiently large and suitable to love him (if we will) above every thing else ; but such is our depraved nature, and fondness for earthly things, that we have no disposition to love the Creator, who is infinitely lovely and good, and who has the first right to our affections and our best services.

O never again, my friend, suffer such sinful repinings to defile your tongue, nor harbour in your breast such unjust thoughts of the Almighty which I have sometimes heard you express : be assured the Lord is angry with you for it, and will rebuke you if you give way to such awful murmurings. The Lord has justly chastised me for sins of that nature ; therefore, I not only know from his word, but from unhappy experience, that whoever is querulous, and finds fault

with the dispensations of Providence, will assuredly feel, in some way or other, his just displeasure. Under very trying and peculiar circumstances, and great distractions of mind in times past, I have (with shame and confusion I confess it) most bitterly lamented that I was ever brought into being; or, that I had not fled from the stage of life immediately on entering it; and the recollection of my folly pains me, my dear C——, to this day; but it was in moments of the most exquisite anguish of heart, that I let drop from my polluted lips, such wicked repinings at the wise and gracious dispensations of God. I then handed her the following lines and said, read, my friend, that which now causes the blush of shame, and my soul to mourn at the remembrance of its past follies.

Would that I ne'er had seen the light;
Let that day perish, and the night,
When first I drew the vital air,
And felt the pangs of grief and care:
Curs'd be the day that gave me birth,
And left me on this baleful earth,
Where sin and sorrow, pain and wo,
From every quarter spring and grow;
Where Satan rages, tempests howl,
And threaten to destroy the soul,
And oft temptations overcome
The weakness of a mortal worm.
Why will not God my grief remove?
Or take me to himself above?
Away from sin and Satan's snares,
And far beyond the reach of cares?
Why was it destined thus for me,
Such *months*, and *days*, and ills to see?

Before the morn of life had dawned,
The sun withdrew his rays and frowned;
And ere a mother's love was known,
Her care, by death, was soon withdrawn.
The storm commenced while on the breast
I leaned my infant head to rest;
And, as I grew to riper age,
The furious winds went on to rage,
Till this weak frame with pain did weep
While tossing on the boisterous deep;
Then driven on a luckless shore
To toil, and pain, and suffer more;
And now, amongst the rocks and sands,
Alas! an useless wreck it stands:
When will this wreck of nature fall,
And end the sorrows of the soul?
O, must I still oppose the blast?
Why are my lines so hapless cast?
Is there no rest for wretched me?
Ah! no—no ray of hope I see.
Ye silent graves, to you I cry,
And ask my mother's ashes why,
When in the agonies of death,
She breathed her last lamented breath,
She did not press me to her breast,
And take me with her to be blessed?
To 'scape the sins I since have wrought
In word, and deed, and dreadful thought?
My dear departed mother, why?
Speak, speak my parent-dust—reply;
O, why was not our fate one grave,
Thy child from grief and sin to save?
When I was brought forth from the womb,
And thou wast cast into the tomb,

Why didst thou not thy infant take,
That it with thee might one bed make?
O, hadst thou snatched me from the storm
Of this rude life at early dawn,
Then I had been at rest with God,
And ne'er transgressed his holy word.

When my friend had concluded, she handed back the paper, and turned aside to weep. I can sympathize with you, my dear C——, continued I, for I well know the variety of feelings with which your mind is exercised: not a sensation of any kind can be produced to which I am a stranger. I doubt whether you have, or ever will experience that sad diversity of feeling which has stung this once wretched, but now unspeakably happy bosom. Those drops that roll down your cheek, are the tears of sympathy, produced by the lines you have just read; but you have not yet been made sensible of the great guilt with which I may be justly charged; a little reflection will surely convince you, not only of the ingratitude, but of the henious crime of calling into question the wise dealings of providence; for alas it was presumptuously dictating to my Maker, saying, why dost thou thus? Yea, it was censuring his gracious dispensations; and like Job, when he was brought into tribulation, my tongue spoke rashly. God was angry with Job for his sin, and he has justly chastised me. Though like Job, when in distress and agony of soul, I cursed the day of my birth, yet that anguish of mind did not lessen my guilt—the crime will admit of no palliation. The just fruit of my murmurings was a tortured conscience; the severest rod with which I could have been chastised; but I deserved it.

and though I have reason to hope, that I have since felt deep godly sorrow for my folly, yet I shall never cease to lament my vile ingratitude to God. I have given you this statement of my rebellious spirit, that it may be a warning to you, my friend, to save yourself from the stings of a disquieted conscience; if you wish to be free in future from many pangs and self reproach, O, take warning from me and never again find fault with the ways of God, lest he visit you with the rod of correction.

Perceiving my friend very thoughtful, and to appear forcibly impressed with what I had said, I continued the subject. Instead now of cursing the day of my birth, I bless God that I was born; born to suffer, if it be suffering for Christ's sake. Heaven is worth living for, and Christ is worth suffering and dying for; yes, those heavenly mansions, and God's glory, are all in which I feel any interest in this world. "I count all things but loss and dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." I trust this is the language of my heart as well as of my lips. Now of what importance it is, my dear C——, to have an interest in the Son of God, and to feel solicitous for the enlargement of his kingdom, and the promotion of his glory on the earth. Would that the Lord's people were of one heart and soul in the work. Methinks if that were the case, great progress would be made in Zion; and much greater success would attend spiritual labours;—but I forget, my friend, that I am expressing my concern for the glory of God and his church, to one who is dubious as to the truth of these things, and, consequently, can feel no interest in this subject; but permit me to make a few humble remarks on this head. I have noticed, in

some parts of this conversation, that you observed, "The Bible is such a mystery—if there be any happiness hereafter—if there be a heaven—if Scripture be true," &c. from which I infer, that you doubt the truth of the whole. In one sense you are consistent, for if one be false, the whole must be so; and if one be a fact, it follows that the whole must be true; for the one accords with the other, and the whole perfectly corresponds. I know there are some so incongruous, as to admit *one part* to be truth, the other, a fabrication of man, a human invention; but characters of such a composition are a mass of inconsistencies; in fact, they are the slaves of infidelity;—they believe nothing at all, excepting that there is a supreme Being; and in this they cannot help themselves; for turn their infidel eyes which way they will, they cannot but see the wisdom and power of the Almighty so wonderfully and perfectly displayed in his works, that they are at once compelled to acknowledge it. As to the word of God being mysterious, my friend, I do confess there are many parts of it beyond the reach of my weak comprehension, but there is sufficient revealed for the meanest capacity to understand—abundantly enough to teach us our duty to God, and the way to happiness. Those parts which appear difficult, we must leave; their truth and meaning will be unfolded to us another day. "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." Indeed, if we were critically to observe what is daily occurring in the world; trace the history, and examine the affairs of nations, and behold the wonderful work of God in the religious community; we could not but see in the clearest manner, the complete and perfect accomplishment of the prophecies of the Scriptures; for

one instance, behold the sacred oracles translated into different languages, and sent to every quarter of the globe, and the confirmation of these prophecies is one of the brightest evidences we can have of the authenticity of the Bible. Again, the birth, life, miracles, sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ; the diabolical deed of Judas; the scattering of the Jewish nation; the martyrdom of the disciples of Christ, all took place as predicted; and many other events of a singular nature, tend to prove the truth of that blessed volume more than all the arguments that men can bring forward. I would advise you, my friend, to read the Scriptures carefully, and compare the Old and New Testament together; notice the events in past generations, and in the present times, and pray to be enlightened by the Spirit of God, that you may judge with an unprejudiced mind, and not depend on the opinions of men. The word of inspiration will inform you of the truth of there being a heaven and a hell:—a place of happiness and of torment, and of each having no end. Ah! said C——, how do I know that the Bible was written by inspired men? I replied, that any one can doubt that astonishes me; for who but men divinely inspired could have foretold so many things that have since come to pass? and what other book has been written in that grand and lofty style of language, which seems to be another proof of its being far superior to the composition of men of common, yea, even the most refined understanding? Just as I finished this sentence company was ushered in, and my friend rose to leave me. I whispered in her ear as she was departing, we will resume this conversation at some con-

venient opportunity; she assented, and bid me good morning.

EXERCISES OF HEART, &c.

June, 1815.

The cheerful sun rolls round from day to day, and the slow circling seasons in their turn revolve and re-revolve, and still find the suffering wretch, the poor crushed worm, a constant prey to disease; bound, alas! to sit and waste the golden hours, and bear the agonies of a distemper which hitherto has baffled human aid; finds the tortured victim a prisoner still within these walls, sighing away the tedious minutes; languishing on this bed a useless lump of breathing clay, a burden to herself and friends. Yet how unspeakably good is God! Oh, strange to tell, what mercies are mixed with my woes! Yes, 'tis strange, dear Ann,* wonderful indeed, that I am not deprived of sense, my reason not impaired, and that I am not left a prey to melancholy. For ever adored be my Almighty friend, who kindly preserves my faculties. Oh how good of God not to deprive me of a prize so great, so highly valued by me, and so much desired; nor have I any fears in that respect. His gracious ear is open to my feeble prayers. He kindly listens to a suppliant worm; and gentle whispers from his lofty throne tell me I am his. "Fear not," the condescending Jesus breathes, "I have heard your supplications, long hearkened to your plaintive cries.

* Miss Ann R.

Fear not, I am thy God, and hear and answer prayer; but if I in my wisdom should see fit to deprive thee of all thy mental powers, and leave thee a maniac to live and die, fear no evil, for thou would still be mine. Once in me, ever and eternally in me—no harm shall e'er befall thee. Earth and hell, with all their powers combined, could not possibly separate thee from my love. The soul that reposes confidence in me need never fear, let what affliction will befall it; my honour is engaged to keep that soul in safety under every danger, and conduct it safe to heaven. Know then, whatever troubles may fall to thy lot, I will be with thee unto the end; I have pledged my word to keep thy soul through all the dangerous blasts of life: be of good cheer, and trust in me."

Thus kindly doth my Redeemer speak through his blessed word; I hear his gracious voice, the promise read, and in his glorious word confide; and through his grace I feel resigned to meet whatever he may for me ordain. My heart and soul, and all my powers of sense I have long committed to his almighty care, and rest satisfied that they are secure in his dear hands. Thus well assured by him, my happy soul sits calmly down beneath his all-protecting wing, fearing no evil, content with all his ways, rejoicing in his government, praising and adoring the power and grace that so mercifully brings my mind into sweet subjection to his sovereign will.

Oh infinite goodness! love divine! that should constrain a fallen, worthless wretch, amidst all the racking pains of this sad life, (contrary to nature,) thus in thy glorious name to trust, and submit, even acquiesce in thy just will. If my vile nature was not beneath thy blessed control—oh, dreadful thought—

it would curse thee to thy face; but grace, thy matchless grace, stills my passions, and over nature has the victory.

Yes, dear Ann, although my shattered bark is driven hither and thither by storms and tempests without the power of control, heaven be thanked, my spirits and reason are kept whole. Come, then, dear friend of Jesus, help me to magnify his holy name, and sing his boundless mercies in exalted strains. Praise him, my soul, my heart adore and bless the stupendous grace that comforts and sustains thy wandering mind.

O kiss the hand that gives the needful stripes, and bless the power that bears thy spirit up, and doth so wonderfully preserve thy frame beneath the oft repeated strokes. The blows are painful, but O how kindly meant! Mercy and love compose the chastening rod. 'Tis not in fierce wrath and hot displeasure the Lord rebukes the children of his love, but in compassion, with feelings such as a wise and tender father corrects a beloved child. Sweet, sweet affliction; under thy huge weight I now can smile, look upwards, and gladly say, it is my father—his gracious hand deals out the cup—O let him do what in his sight seems good. He is a sovereign, I a guilty wretch; he is a God, and I a mortal worm. Without correction I should, alas! be always straying, and so lose sight of heaven, of Jesus, and of bliss; neglect my duty and forget my heavenly King; thus bring upon his glorious cause a wound, and trample under foot his precious blood; and thus crucify the Lord afresh, and put him to open shame. Yes, thus base and treacherous should I prove, did not my heavenly Father guide the reins and use preventive means. Whenever I stray, oh may my Saviour mark my

wanderings with a compassionate eye, and chide me with a gracious voice; send forth his grace, and bring my silly soul safe back to paths of righteousness and peace.

Thou dear Immanuel, infinitely great God! let me never be a stumbling block to thy lambs, nor stray so as to stagger others by my conduct, and give the wicked cause to deride and bring reproach upon thy sacred name. O mark with careful vigilance my slippery steps, and when my feet shall err, incline to turn aside and tread forbidden ground, O turn them back ere I rove so far as to expose my weakness, and bring disgrace on my profession. Never, O never may I dishonour thy holy name by any misdemeanor. Suffer me, gracious God, never to bring a slur upon thy glorious cause. To this, my Ann I know will add amen, and join with me to extol the Saviour's name. You have, my lovely friend, as well as me, the highest cause to exalt his praise; then let us, with one heart and soul, unite to sing his love, and with one accord his highest honours raise; at home or abroad, let us his goodness, mercy, and his worth unfurl.

Awake, my soul! and thou, my bosom friend,
Rouse all thy pow'rs! and join to celebrate
The God of glory and the God of grace.
Our father and our God to thee we'll sing
Eternal anthems of unbounded praise.
Oh for ten thousand hearts to love thy name,
Ten thousand tongues to sound thy glories high,
And spread thy everlasting love abroad.
Let heaven and earth adore! let nature sing
And one united song of praise arise

To thee (O Lamb of God! for sinners slain)
While time endures—then chant sublimer strains
In vast eternity, through endless years.
Oh how shall I, dear kindred soul, describe
The scene that strikes my fancy, and the joy
Which now pervades my bosom while I write:
Impossible my pen can e'er portray
The glory, rapture, and the heavenly bliss
My longing soul anticipates to see,
When death shall break the threads that bind it here.
Oh glorious prospect of the world to come!
That blessed world where I shall meet my friend,
And with transporting rapture join her there,
To recount the tender mercies of our God.

REFLECTIONS, &c.

Is my poor soul still prison'd here?
Doom'd in this house of clay to dwell?
Hard lot of mine—thus bound to bear
The horrors of this earthly cell.

This humble bed, and lowly chair,
Bear witness to increasing woes;
My pain's most more than I can bear,
My cup of sorrow overflows.

Kind death! when wilt thou end my race?
When shall I have my sweet reprieve?
Great God! cut short thy work of grace,
And take me up with thee to live.

But who am I, that I should thus
Dictate to him who made my frame?
Be still my heart, my passions hush,
Nor let my tongue again complain.

Surely what God appoints is best,
Though long the months and years appear,
Daily by pains, and woes oppress'd,
He for my good still keeps me here.

Lord I submit, and own thee good,
And right, and just, in all thy ways,
I kiss the rod and bless the hand,
That holds me up by sovereign grace.

May, 1816.

EXERCISES OF MIND ON RECEIVING ENCOURAGEMENT TO HOPE FOR RECOVERY FROM A LONG AND PAINFUL ILLNESS.

Hurl Gate, August, 1816.

Thou great Supreme, author of life and death! May a trembling worm presume to hope, that, after a siege of ten long years, thou wilt be gracious, smile propitiously, and bless the means now used to renovate her bloom? Dare I, O God! anticipate such joy after having no interval of ease so long; and being told so often there was no remedy, no prospect of future health? May I indeed, oh! thou Almighty Physician! hope that thou in thy providence hast sent these friends* to raise the poor sufferer from this

* Dr. J. S. and Son.

sickly couch? they kindly come, unsent for and unsought; repeat their visits with unwearied kindness and undaunted zeal, and hope to effect a cure, although the long malady has hitherto baffled all human skill. I am strongly prepossessed in favour of these benevolent men. I like their judgment, love their general views, and will submit to their directions. Incited by you, my kind physicians, my invaluable friends, (for though strangers, such you daily prove) I begin to hope—yes, sweet hope revives, and in this breast resumes her seat; my heart rejoices in the prospect of returning health.

What! shall I once more exercise these limbs,
Shall these long palsied feet e'er walk again?
Shall I indeed be raised from this sick bed,
Oh! shall I ramble o'er the verdant fields?
With joy perambulate the flow'ry groves,
Again behold my fav'rite rural scenes,
And join sweet solitude's delightful shades?
Haunt the fair valleys, and ascend the hills,
To contemplate great nature's lovely works?
And above all appear in Zion's courts
To worship there again, and pay my vows,
Join with the multitude to praise, and list
To the sweet melody of gospel truths?

So says my physician—he assures me that he believes it will be so. Extatic thought! I think he would not flatter me; yet his skill may fail: and herb, and mineral have no power to reach my strange disease—but my kind friend is sanguine, his hopes run high, he thinks I certainly shall be cured. May I not humbly hope my better friend on high is like minded?

then will my latter years be blest; then shall I flourish in health and strength, and be like Job, whose last days were happy and serene. My God! permit my weary soul to hope. Although I have now cause to hope, yet my hope may be in vain. Something flattering says it shall be so—but hark! I hear a more prudent voice, which speaks kind counsel in my listening ear: "Be not too sanguine, hear a word of advice; take good courage, but hope with submission to the divine will; wait on the Lord, and let your language be, Father not mine, thy better will be done." Kind admonition! attend my soul, and ever bear it on thy treacherous mind. It is religion that softly whispers this.

Obey her precepts, mark her kind design
To save from further woes in future time.

I take the friendly hint, my grateful soul receives thy good advice, and in the strength of God I will endeavour to practice what thy wisdom dictates: then should disappointments defeat my hopes again, and blast my warmest expectations, it will not inflict a deep and deadly wound. Now, hope once more pervades my breast; calm as the still eve, serene as heaven. I hope that I am prepared to meet my fate with the submission Christians should ever evince under the dispensations of the Almighty, be they prosperous or adverse. Through grace I trust to be resigned to all thy blessed will. Yet, well I know, shouldst thou thy grace withhold, I should rebel; but oh! forbid this evil and keep me by thy power. Whate'er thy providence denies, or thy sovereign will ordains, Lord give me strength to bear, and as my day, so

let strength be given. Then shall I acquiesce in thy divine will, and without repining yield to thy good pleasure. Amidst the agonies of the flesh how great my mercies! how highly favoured with kind friends! These are thy great gifts, oh God! though bitter the waters, and severe the rod, yet how kind is my Creator! Mercies are blended with his just rebukes; his comforts like a gentle shower descend and flow as unceasing as a copious stream. Oh! what a debt of gratitude I owe to thee my God, to thee my heavenly Friend! a debt, alas! I never can repay. Thou hast my highest thoughts: and my best thanks morning and evening shall ascend on high, while breath, and strength, and being last. See how my wondering heart doth beat to spread thy bounties freely as they are bestowed; to magnify thy name, and tell the world thy goodness. But my powers all fail in the attempt to describe thy mercy—while here I cannot attain to that perfect love which my aspiring thoughts desire; that must be left until I see thy face in yonder glorious mansion, in which, after death, I hope with thee to dwell, and in immortal notes, and higher strains, my grateful heart shall sound thy praises through eternity. Yet will I not forget to spread thy love while in this life; I will praise thy glorious name with all my powers.

Now from my tongue let grateful songs arise,
And spread abroad a fellow mortal's praise;
To heaven direct the homage of thy thoughts
And speak the goodness of a tender friend.
Oh! what emotions I this moment feel
Piercing through all the windings of my heart!
High swells my bosom with a grateful sense

Of thy benevolence, oh honoured Sykes!
Shall I suppress the feelings of my heart,
And hold in silence thy praiseworthy deeds?
Just Heaven forbid that I should be so base.
Gratitude demands that I should speak, and tell
Thy noble act to me a suffering wretch.
Then to my feelings I will give full scope,
My tongue shall oft diffuse thy praise abroad,
And my poor pen in grateful lines record
Thy great philanthropy and my vast debt.
When thou, oh Sykes! wert told of my disease,
My painful, long, and grievous state of wo;
Thou, like a friend, didst hasten to my couch,
And with the affection of a tender sire
Bemoan'd my sad misfortunes, and condol'd
With feelings that did credit to thy heart.
Yes, and repeated too from day to day
Thy friendly visits to find out my case,
Then gave me thy opinion and prescribed,
And ever since provided all the means.

Oh generous man! I remember well the day in which thy goodness spoke, and bade me to try once more medical aid. You saw me backward, knew the cause, and with great delicacy endeavoured to relieve my anxious heart. I heard, I felt, I gazed, but for a while answered not—confusion overspread my wondering soul—you discerned my embarrassment and with kindness said, "I know your case, my child, and want no compensation; to see you well, restored to health and friends, is all I wish." Here the sage paused. The softness of his manner added dignity to his noble character. He strove to hide his feelings, but he strove in vain. His countenance changed—

I saw the starting tear—his heart was deeply affected, and for a while his emotions were great. I then took courage, and candidly told him of my inability to make any compensation for his trouble. He kindly stopped me, and when recovered, took my trembling hand, and with a look of benignity kindly added, "Be not distressed; look forward to better days; you will be well. Banish from your mind all painful thoughts, and think of seeing healthier days, and of leaving this humble cottage for brighter scenes; indeed, I will not forsake you; rely on my word; you may with safety, I am sincere. If three months will not perform a cure, we will have a six months' trial; even more if necessary: I will not leave you until I see you well." Generous man! noble minded stranger! kind and humane friend! what shall I answer thee? language fails, and my heart is overcome by kindness so unexpected—heaven crown thy kind endeavours with success—then wilt thou shine in the lists of skill even more eminently than now; should the Lord smile and graciously bless thy labours, it shall be my sweet employ to spread thy fame abroad, and tell thy worth where strange distempers rage. Forgive the freedom, if I say my tongue shall not forget the excellence of thy son. But kind physicians, while my lips shall record the praise so justly due to your merit, to God my Father and my heavenly friend the glory must redound: he is the power, you the kind instruments in his Almighty hand.

At his command alone diseases fly and health returns. But if the Lord should not see fit to bestow the blessing, the long lost precious jewels, health and strength, while memory lasts I still will think of you, my friends; in sweet remembrance hold your noble

deeds, and invoke heaven's best blessings on your honoured heads. Well might your young friend Eliza Ann,* while wading through the cold flood of Jordan gratefully press your hand. She felt the loss she had in early youth sustained, supplied by you upon a bed of pain, and thanked you with her latest breath. How could the dear girl help loving the friend, who with paternal care, laboured both day and night to raise her shattered bark, and restore it to an anxious widowed mother's arms; but he was unsuccessful; with a father's tenderness he closed her dying eyes; and while the big tear stole down his manly cheek, he watched the last struggle, and caught the parting sigh that closed her mortal state.

All, all thy patients sure must hold thee dear,
For all alike in thy attentions share.
But I, child of adversity! child of wo!
Have sevenfold reason to revere thy name.
Yes, worthy friend, indeed I love thee much:
Love thee with the affection of a child:
And did I not, I should indeed be vile.
Thy munificence, and thy kind designs,
Have made impressions deep upon my heart.
Impressions so indelible, that change
Nor lapse of time can ne'er efface. But sir,
Forgive the effusions of a grateful breast.
May happiness on all your days attend,
Perennial blessings from on high descend
And daily crown your head—may the best gifts
Of providence be your portion here.
The Saviour grant your happy lot may be,
To tread the path that leads to endless bliss.

* Miss Manning.

And oh shouldst thou, sir, from this mortal scene
First be summoned to the eternal world,
Could I but know when death invades thy heart,
I'd hasten quickly to thy dying bed,
Nor leave thee till I saw thy lamp expire.
Will not some gentle friend, some kindred spirit
Convey the tidings? Yes, ah! yes; methinks
Thy worthy son (if living) will the kind deed
With true fraternal love perform.
But cease my heart, my eyes begin to flow.
The thought of losing one so very dear,
Is too painful for my mind to dwell on.
Should my immortal spirit first be called
May I not hope, dear sir, and humbly ask
To see my kind physician, take my leave,
And bid farewell in death's last solemn hour?
Say, wilt thou condescend to crown this wish,
My heart's desire? Ah! yes, I think I hear
Thee say "it shall be so"—then come, dear sir,
When thou art told how Jordan's billows swell,
And this poor hull has nearly gained the port—
Come and behold the wreck of nature die:
Come, see a cumb'rer of the earth expire.
And while my father for the last time here
Salutes the cold cheek of his dying child,
Oh! say, wilt thou permit her quiv'ring lips
To speak the gratitude she feels to thee?
E'en while her tongue sings praises unto God,
Her heart will still think on thy generous acts,
And to thee, oh! Sykes, my honoured friend,
With love, her last, her grateful tribute pay.

LETTER TO THE REV. MR. M——.

Greenwich Village, June 23, 1817.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I had flattered myself, that in one of the visits I made to my friends in the city, I should have enjoyed the pleasure of your company and conversation for a few hours at least. In this pleasing expectation I was, however, disappointed. I saw you but for a few moments, which did not afford me time to relate to you many circumstances relative to myself and others, or my present happy state of convalescence. The relation of these circumstances will, I am sure, be in a high degree pleasing to you, who have taken so deep an interest in my temporal as well as spiritual welfare. The distance from you to which I shall in a few days be removed, joined to your ministerial engagements and unavoidable avocations, make it doubtful when I shall have the happiness of a personal interview. I am persuaded, indeed I know it will be a matter of rejoicing to you, to hear of the goodness of God to one whom he has so long and so grievously tried in the furnace of affliction. It would, my dear sir, fill a volume, not small, to detail the singular, fearful and agonizing symptoms of the malady under which I have laboured for the tedious period of more than ten years. You have sometimes witnessed the violence with which it has seized me; you have seen me convulsed, my countenance as well as my whole frame distorted, and beheld the derangement by which it was attended. What you have seen is by no means equal to what I have undergone at other times. My

powers of description will fail in the attempt to relate either the disease or my long-protracted sufferings. The singularity and violence of my disease have excited the wonder and astonishment of all who have beheld me. Many persons of good sense have given it as their opinion, that I was affected in the same way as some poor wretched men were in the days of our Lord and the Apostles; in other words, that I was possessed with devils. They said that medical aid was no longer necessary, and that "this kind cannot go forth but by fasting and prayer." This opinion gave me not the least alarm. I entertained a different opinion. It is my belief that the Divine Being permitted evil spirits to enter those unhappy persons in former days, for the purpose of making a more conspicuous display of the power of his glorious Son, the man Christ Jesus; to make his grace more resplendent; and to prove him the incarnate God, the Saviour who was foretold by the Prophets. I cannot believe that cases of this description are to be met with at this time, or that they have existed at any period since the days of the Apostles. Other well-meaning people have thought my complaints were caused by witchcraft, and have importuned me to make experiments, or apply to those artful impostors who deceive the weak and credulous. To these propositions I peremptorily objected, believing them to be the extremes of folly and superstition. Some have ascribed my complicated miseries to religious melancholy. This opinion was indeed erroneous, and you, sir, I hope, have had sufficient proof to induce you to believe it was so.

I have reason to be thankful for that religion which has been my only support, my delight, and my con-

solation in my affliction. Religion alone hath borne my spirits up, hath cheered and kept me tranquil amidst the solitary days and woful nights that I have spent in retirement. I believe I am indebted to the blessed influence of religion for the preservation of my life. Could I have abandoned or forgotten my hopes, and my dependence upon the Redeemer, I am convinced that an untimely grave would long since have been the habitation of this frail body. I believe, sir, you are no stranger to the various opinions of several physicians who formerly attended me; men eminent in their profession, who failed in their laudable endeavours to relieve me, and who finally resigned me as incurable. For their attention and efforts they have my gratitude. In this awful and distressing state, I trust I submitted to God's providence with some degree of patience and resignation, anticipating the blessed hour which would separate the soul from the body, and translate it to those happy regions, where

> Sorrow, sin, disease nor pain
> Can ever reach this frame again.

In April, 1816, you will recollect, dear sir, that my disorder was pronounced epileptic by two physicians who then attended me. From what cause I do not now remember, about that time I became much debilitated, and for some weeks the fits, and all the symptoms of my disease, were heightened to an alarming degree. In June I regained some strength, but the paroxysms were still frequent and violent. In July, through what some call accident, but what I seriously believe to have been an auspicious provi-

dence, I was first made acquainted with Dr. Sykes of this city, late of the state of Delaware. My introduction to this gentleman was brought about by a kind female acquaintance, who had often witnessed my sufferings, and deeply sympathized with me in my afflictions. She mentioned my case to Dr. Sykes, and asked him to accompany her on a visit to me. To this he assented, and accordingly they came to see me on the 8th July, 1816.

I should think myself guilty of the blackest ingratitude, and unworthy of your acquaintance, were I to be silent respecting the benevolent instrument in the Almighty's hand, that procured the share of health I now enjoy. For nearly a year his attentions and medicines were afforded me in a manner peculiarly delicate and disinterested. Shortly after my friend and the doctor entered my room I was seized with a fit, preceded by derangement, and followed by violent convulsions. They remained with me until the fit left me. The doctor visited me several days in succession, in order to learn the nature and character of my strange disease. He then informed me my complaint was not epilepsy; gave me encouragement; bade me banish every fear, and look forward to better and happier days. He concluded by saying he had little doubt I should be restored to health. It will naturally be supposed that such consolatory and encouraging language animated me, and excited hopes, notwithstanding the various unavailing attempts which had formerly been made.

From December 1813 to July 1816, I was deprived of the use of my limbs, and during the whole of that time, with the exception of a few weeks, I was con-

fined to my bed. When my feet were removed from the bed, and placed on the floor, derangement and convulsions immediately ensued. The disorder had greatly increased since the summer of 1814, the paroxysms had become more frequent and more violent. Rarely was I exempt from attacks more than two or three days, and very frequently they occurred ten or twelve successive days, frequently more than once in each day. Often I was deranged for whole days, and convulsed to a degree beyond the power of language to describe. Thus marvelously hath the Lord blessed the labours of my kind physician. I am now able to walk, and to take more exercise than I have for several years past, and am in a flattering state of convalescence. I have now before me a bright prospect of regaining that inestimable blessing, which I had been deprived of for more than ten years, and which I had not the most remote hope of again enjoying. After so long, and so distressing a loss of health, I do not expect to be exempt from debility and occasional attacks of fits. I have great cause for thankfulness, and hope to be able justly to appreciate the mercies and goodness of the Lord, in the measure of health already bestowed, and for the prospect before me. My present strength of body is far beyond my own or my friends' expectations. To Dr. J. Sykes, the son of my physician, I am also deeply indebted; he has behaved to me, with the affection of a brother. The trouble and fatigue which these benevolent men have endured for my benefit, are almost inconceivable. For several weeks during the last summer, I resided several miles from the city, yet were their attentions and visits as frequently repeated, as when

I lived at Greenwich. Since I recovered the use of my limbs, and have been able to visit my friends, (many of whom I had not seen for several years past) I excite astonishment wherever I go. To see me ride and walk, and the greater part of the time in the enjoyment of my rational faculties, is to them a matter of great surprise and pleasure. I have not the least hesitation in saying, that the medicine and advice of Dr. Sykes have been very beneficial, and the suggestion lately advanced, that medicine had done me no service, is perfectly unfounded. It is a matter of wonder to myself and my friends, that the disease has not long before this period worn me out. I beg, my dear sir, you will have the goodness to bear me in memory at the throne of grace, and pray that I may be made sensible of the mercies of God, and be fitted for usefulness in the cause of Zion. This long and singular letter, I fear will tire you; I am sorry that I am obliged to be so prolix. A long period has elapsed since I was able to write in a connected manner. I regret that the attempt to describe my disease is so defective; it falls short of the reality. I must again be permitted to declare, that I have not words to express the obligation I am under to my benevolent and disinterested physician. I can only say, that gratitude for his and his son's attention, is indelibly impressed on my heart. In a few days I shall remove to Newark, where I intend to spend some weeks. To see you, my dear sir, has always afforded me pleasure; but to see you there, would be doubly gratifying. I can now almost bear to hear the preaching of the Gospel; a happiness of which I have been long deprived. To hear you again preach the word of life

would be the joy of my heart. Farewell, present me in an affectionate manner to dear Mrs. M. and accept yourself the best regards of your affectionate sister in Gospel ties. ELIZA.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

New-York, April 18, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BELIEVE me, 'tis with sympathetic emotions I hear of the bereavement you have lately sustained in the death of your respected brother. Permit me, I beg, to condole with you on the distressing and solemn occasion. The loss of those who are near and dear to us, is truly painful; but, if we have reason to hope that our loss is their gain—that the departed has exchanged terrestrial things for celestial—we ought to be reconciled to the dispensation *of providence*, and rather rejoice that a brother is freed from the ills and sorrows of a world, which is unhappily "marked with sad variety," than possess a wish to recall his spirit. Nothing can be more consolatory to the feelings of surviving relatives, than the hope, that their deceased friends are happy in the eternal world. If left in darkness with respect to this point, the thought that they are gone to appear before a righteous Judge, who cannot possibly do them injustice, ought to still us, and quiet murmuring. But I doubt not, my dear sir, you are enabled to bear this afflictive providence with fortitude, becoming that firmness of character which you generally manifest.

May the death of your dear relative be to you a serious warning—may that solemn command of the divine Redeemer, "Be ye also ready," ever verberate

on your ear, and sink deep in your heart. May his death be the means of inducing you to take your latter end into consideration. With the greatest deference I urge this on you, my worthy friend. The Saviour himself declares, "ye know not in what hour the son of man cometh." The grim tyrant often makes his appearance when we least expect him, and when snatched suddenly away by his relentless power, alas! how awful the change, how dreadful the event if we are found unprepared! Knowing something, my friend, of your views with respect to Universal Salvation, I feel disposed to embrace this opportunity of expressing my opinion of principles so dangerous, and hope your generosity will pardon the presumption. I will not pretend to say that you are, in sentiment, a universalist: but as I have heard you speak in favour of the doctrine, I feel desirous of guarding you against a creed so pernicious.

Truth, sir, obliges me to say, that the believers in this delusive doctrine labour under the greatest error. It is calculated to make the creature sit down content in carnal security, and lull the soul to sleep, a sleep from which, if it never awake in this world, it will, alas! to its everlasting sorrow, in the world to come. They who imbibe this sentiment must either grossly pervert Scripture, or totally disbelieve the oracles of God; yea, God himself. For the great author of life and death, he who has the government of all things in his hands, declares in his holy word, that there is a Heaven and a hell; that the wicked shall go down into the latter, and that there is a gulf fixed between them that cannot be passed. I would ask what does this mean, but that when the soul arrives at either of these, its state is unalterably fixed? And God is not a man

that he should lie. "Heaven and Earth shall pass away," says the Saviour, "but not one jot or tittle of my word shall fail." Dives did not ask to be released from his misery: no, he too well knew his doom was irreversible—therefore only asks to have his intolerable burnings cooled; but finds that in hell their cannot be even mitigation, and then entreats a messenger to be sent from the dead, to warn his brethren to escape from the dreadful torments which he endured. But to return: God has declared that a day of judgment shall come in the which he will make an awful display of his wrath, casting the wicked into hell, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." I would ask, my dear sir, what these words of the Lord import; "then shall he say unto them on the left hand, depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels?" Again, "and these shall go away into everlasting punishment?" Matthew, xxv. 41, 46. I remember to have had a conversation with a Universalist who said he firmly believed the whole race of Adam would be saved. I replied, "what! do you think, sir, those will be saved who die with horrid oaths and bitter imprecations on their lips, awfully blaspheming the God who made them?" He answered, "yes! God is an all merciful Creator; but such characters will first go to a place of purgatory to receive punishment, and to be purified, that they may be made fit for heaven." Alas! alas! surely this is one of the cursed doctrines which has its origin from Satan, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. This idea of the wicked being punished for a while, then pardoned and received into glory, is inconsistent and spurious, totally op-

posite to divine truth, altogether incompatible with the justice and attributes of Jehovah. It entirely does away the necessity for Christ's sufferings and death. If by any other means we can be purified from our dross, where is the need of a Saviour? of what advantage to us is the shedding of Christ's blood, if a short suffering can absolve us from our guilt? The blood of Jesus has no efficacy, and can be of no avail, if a few years of punishment can cleanse us from sin. The Scriptures inform us, that the blood of the Redeemer cleanseth from all sin. What need then is there of a purgatory? Can we suppose that, if we do not love God in this world where we are surrounded with every blessing, indulged with every luxury, and have every inducement to make us adore the God of Heaven; where we are blessed with such gracious promises of eternal life, and yet remain disobedient and altogether reject him, that, by consigning us to some exquisite tortures for a certain period we shall be brought to love him? The supposition is unreasonable—I should imagine the contrary effect would be produced. Do the devils, who have been bound in indissoluble fetters for so many thousand years, love God more now than when they were cast into the bottomless pit? are they any nearer to perfection? are they more purified? do we ever read in Scripture of their having any remorse of conscience, or godly sorrow for sin? On the contrary, we behold the chief of the infernal hosts adding to his former guilt by endeavouring to tempt the son of God, and by his delusive powers to persuade Christ to worship him—skilled tenfold more in intrigue and baseness than at first.

If the angels who sinned are not yet made holy and fit to be received again into heaven, in what time can

we suppose, that those of us who die in our sins, shall be purged from our iniquities by sulphureous flames.* Alas! the words "everlasting, eternal, endless perdition" answer the inquiry. Millions and millions of ages would not bring us nearer to the end, than when we first heard the awful sentence, "depart ye cursed." The command of Christ is to love God with all our heart, and unless this is done, the most amiable character cannot enter heaven. Is extreme punishment calculated to excite love? It may terrify and create a longing desire to fly from pain, but the being who inflicts the punishment will be eternally hated. I think Universalists pretend to believe neither in a hell or the fall of angels. Who then is that Satan that tempted Christ, and besought God to afflict Job? what evil spirits were those whom Jesus cast out from the bodies of men? If Universalists can give a reasonable and scriptural account of what race they are, unless they are devils, who were once partakers of a holy nature, then I will believe that ungodly souls may be saved. If God does not intend that the wicked shall be eternally punished, then he does not mean that the righteous shall be for ever happy; the same sacred lips have pronounced both decrees. It is equally as probable, that the saints will sin and fall again from Heaven, as that the ungodly will become pure in eternity, and rise to dwell with a holy God. Oh! my friend, how awfully do they mistake who believe a doctrine so false! Christ has suffered in the room of man, and made a full atonement for sin. If there is any other

* The Devil and his angels have been to our knowledge nearly six thousand years in hell—a period sufficiently long to suffer, if by suffering we could be made righteous and they may have been there thrice that time for what we know.

way by which we can be cleansed from our pollutions after we leave this earth, Christ did not complete the redemption for which purpose he laid down his life. If the advocates for this doctrine reject a part of scripture so important, they may as well relinquish the whole, for they equally injure their own souls, and those of others, by such a belief, as if they denied the truth of the whole word of God. The infatuated believers of this pernicious doctrine do most shamefully dishonour the Holy One of Israel, and awfully depreciate the blood, power, work, and merit, of the glorious Redeemer; and not only so, they make many proselytes to their groundless faith, and send them into the eternal world, filled with the hope of receiving a crown of glory. But alas! they awake to eternal misery. Better to die without hope, than to endure a disappointment so dreadful. The pernicious tendency of this doctrine is, to cause the sinner to rest unconcerned about a renovation of heart, and the moralist to be content with his own good works. The latter viewing God as being all merciful, imagines his own righteousness will save him, or, that Christ's and his, unitedly, will procure salvation. So long as he does not perpetrate any heinous crimes, he thinks the mercy of God will wink at those of less note. Thus he glides smoothly down the tide of life, fully persuaded that after death he shall be received into the regions of bliss. But, dreadful mistake! God is too holy to wink at the smallest sin; he will be satisfied with nothing but the whole heart. A change of affections, entire obedience, and that righteousness which is imputed through Christ, not our own self-righteousness, which, at the best, is but as filthy rags, is what God beholds with approbation. The profli-

gate will say, let us eat, drink, and be merry; let us satiate ourselves with the pleasures of this life, a few years of suffering in purgatory will be a sufficient atonement for all. Such impious suggestions as these will be produced by a belief of that doctrine. So great is the love of pleasure, that thousands will not shrink from the prospect of a certain length of suffering in a future state, for the sake of gratifying their sinful passions here. But alas! could they experience for one short year the punishment due to sin, they would not make so light of the matter, nor so presumptuously live. This doctrine, my friend, is similar to that which declares that baptism is regeneration. They are equally dangerous, and both rob the Saviour of his glory, and destroy the merit of his work. Where can such doctrines be found in the word of God? 'Tis strange that men will so pervert Scripture, and gladly make a Saviour of any thing, rather than the blood of Christ, which was shed for the remission of sins. I have never, my dear sir, read any thing for or against universal salvation; I once conversed with a person who believed that doctrine, but my knowledge of its principles is very limited. Let me entreat you to search in the word of God for this doctrine. I have only given you a few thoughts on the subject, in the hope of exciting your curiosity, and leading you to the Scriptures for satisfaction on this important head. Let not man deceive you; God has declared, that those who die in sin, shall for ever endure its punishment. I beseech you to give this subject much consideration; you know not, my friend, on what a dangerous precipice you stand, while halting between two opinions; remember, you have already passed the meridian of life, and, at most, can

have but few years to live. Let me entreat you to embrace the Saviour while it is in your power; the time is short, we cannot call a moment our own. Oh! then, begin to think of the value of the soul, and of the great importance of a change of heart. The Saviour says, "ye must be born again, or ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." There is reason to fear, my dear friend, that you have never experienced this new birth; forgive my plain dealing, it proceeds from a sense of duty, and love to your immortal soul. I could say much more to you on this very important subject, but my health will not allow me. I fear I have already tired you. I therefore only once more repeat, and as with my dying breath, embrace the Saviour; while time and life are given, "prepare to meet thy God." Will you oblige me, my respected friend, by giving this small admonition much reflection. Do not despise it; it comes from the heart of one who feels deeply interested in your eternal welfare, and ardently wishes to meet you in happy realms above. If this little epistle is too presuming I ask your forgiveness. Although I have made a profession of religion, and hope I have experienced a change of heart, yet most sensibly do I feel my own imperfections. If a child of God, I am the most unworthy; totally undeserving of the least favour. That every blessing may attend you through life, you enjoy a glorious hope in death, and be admitted into the city of God above, is the sincere wish of her who, humbly and most affectionately, subscribes herself

Your Friend,

ELIZA.

ON RECOVERING THE USE OF MY LIMBS AND BETTER HEALTH.

Great and mysterious are thy ways, O God!
How oft behind thy frowns await some good;
But did not think so much was meant for me,
Till a philanthropist* was sent by thee.
So troubles gather in a frightful crowd,
When blessings are concealed behind the cloud:
Thus, gracious Father, hast thou dealt with me,
When toss'd about on life's tempestuous sea;
Clouds gather'd thick, and thou didst hide thy face,
But now I see the wonders of thy grace.
I little thought when on those boisterous seas,
That I should ever see such days as these—
The storm then threaten'd, and it seem'd severe,
But yet my kind, my gracious God was near.
Oh! wisdom deep, profound! how wise thy plan!
How far thy thoughts exceed the thoughts of man!
High as the heavens are all thy thoughts and ways—
All nature sings aloud thy wond'rous praise—
Distempers fly at thy all-wise command—
Nor earth nor hell can stay thy mighty hand.
Oh! for the eloquence of grateful Paul,
To speak the language of my raptur'd soul;
Must I my joy and gratitude conceal,
For want of powers commensurate with zeal?
Great God, do thou direct and guide me still;
My mouth with praise and holy language fill;
That I thy goodness may with joy record,
And speak the tender mercies of the Lord.

* Dr. J. S. of New-York.

Now help the weak and sick to trust in thee,
And humbly wait, till thou shalt wisely see
In thine own time and way, to send relief;
"Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief."
Ye weary souls now lingering with disease,
Who sigh and weep, and toil to gain release,
Be not cast down, since God did smile on me
When hope was gone, and set the pris'ner free.

"Just at the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power." WATTS.

In deep distress, through long revolving years,
I sigh'd and languish'd on a bed of tears,
But He who saw my tears, and heard me pray,
Sent down relief in his appointed way:
Through means, though human, yet a skilful hand,
The blessing, health, returns at his command;
And though its progress seems to be but slow
Yet He who sends can make it spring and grow.
When I review the state in which I've been—
Look at the hopeful case I now am in—
Think on the power that interpos'd so kind—
Late mercies and past woes recall to mind—
Compare the present with my former state—
What mix'd emotions doth the change create?
These mercies, Lord, my rising soul surveys,
And fill my heart with wonder, love and praise.
Indulgent God, since thou hast rais'd my hope,
O! kindly deign to raise the suff'rer up:
O! grant relief from all my former pain,
And condescend to give me health again;
Thy mercy and thy favour still bestow,
That I in faith and love may daily grow:
Daily bestow on me thy heavenly grace,
And guide me in the path that leads to peace.

My first and warmest thanks I give to thee,
Who hast perform'd such wond'rous things for me:
Next, I must own much gratitude is due
To that kind friend whose skill the means I view;
Then one thing more I ask of thee, O Lord,
Give my physician a divine reward:
With peace and plenty crown his days below,
And after death a glorious crown bestow.
Now let my soul in grateful anthems raise
Her songs of love to my Redeemer's praise.
Assist the off'rings of my stammering tongue:
Great is the work, O Lord, which thou hast done—
While I have breath thy goodness I'll record,
And sing the loving kindness of the Lord.

New-York, 25th April, 1819.

TO MR. A. M. MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

1820.

Son of vicissitude! but child of God!
Sink not beneath thy Father's chast'ning rod;
The Lord hath helped you in six troubles great,
And will in seven, if at his throne you wait.

Great are thy trials, but far greater still
Were his who groan'd and bled on Calv'ry's hill:
Strong are thy enemies, and sharp their blows,
But far more cruel were the Saviour's foes.

Jesus drank deeply of the cup of wo:
The floods of sorrows did his breast o'erflow;

'Quainted with grief, a "man of sorrows" he
While in the flesh—and fared much worse than we.

But he has dropp'd his cumb'rous weeds of clay,
And risen triumphant to the realms of day;
Entered the heavens, and now he reigns on high,
Yet with compassion hears the mourner's cry.

He hears thy groans, and knows thy faithful heart,
And for thy good permits it long to smart;
Though deep the sting, and great thy cause of grief,
Yet in his own good time he'll send relief.

Though Satan rage, and mighty thunders roll,
Threat'ning destruction to thy troubled soul;
Be not dismay'd—the God of vengeance reigns,
And holds the serpent fast in mighty chains.

Be thou but valiant, faithful, strong and bold,
And thou thy great deliverer shalt behold:
No weapon aim'd against thy soul shall stand,
For thou art guarded by the Almighty's hand.

Oh son of wo! let this thy comfort be—
That Christ is touch'd with thy infirmity;
He bears a part in all thy griefs and pain,
And kindly will thy weary soul sustain.

In all thy woes his sympathetic heart
Is deeply mov'd, and shares a feeling part:
But he permits thy trials here, to prove
Thy faith and patience, and to try thy love.

Thou faithful Herald of the most high God!
All things shall work together for thy good:

Whom the Lord loveth, them he will chastise,
To increase their love, and make their praises rise.

We must be in the furnace tried while here,
To purge the dross, and make the gold appear:
But, while we pass the fire, our gracious God
Will not permit the flames to touch our head.

In his pavilion he will hide thy soul,
While troubles rise and foaming billows roll;
He'll set thy feet upon a rock, and show
The boist'rous waters raging far below.

They seek thy hurt and would destroy thy peace;
Then blast thy character, and thy woes increase:
But be not daunted—nor man's threat'nings fear,
For Israel's God and great deliverer's near.

He who brought Israel through the crimson sea,
Will also kindly interpose for thee;
The evil workers in the flood he'll drown,
And on their ruin raise his own renown.

But you triumphant, after death, shall rise,
And meet the mighty monarch in the skies;
For ever with him, and the heavenly train,
Your ransom'd spirit shall in glory reign.

GRATEFUL EXERCISES OF MIND.

January, 1819.

Thy name, oh Withington, shall grace my muse:
Thy constant bounty merits my applause;
Thou art my friend, a friend in time of need;
A second father thou hast been to me,
And kindly hast supplied the place of him
Whose scanty means could not relieve my wants.
Oh generous, noble, and kind-hearted man!
How deep my obligations are to thee,
And her, (thy wife,) whose liberal heart permits
Thy hand the gracious bounties to bestow.
My father, mother! let me speak your praise,
Your goodness overwhelms my thankful heart.
I owe you much.—To you I am in debt,
(Through God) for all the comforts I enjoy.
Not half your goodness can my pen record;
Kind are your gifts and delicately bestow'd.
When I behold my cheerful fire burn,
Feel the great good of that and warm attire,
My heart breaks out in grateful strains like these:
"All these," I cry, "are my dear friends' kind gifts;
Their friendly hearts compassionate my woes.
Rais'd by a kind and gracious power above,
To sympathize, and well supply my wants,
They, like the good Samaritan, appear
And bind the wounds that have so often bled."
What should I now do were it not for thee,
Oh Withington! my kind and valued friend?
Ofttimes I sit and on thy goodness muse,
Recount my mercies from the hand of God,
Praise, and heavenward breathe a grateful prayer;

Lift up my tearful eyes, and bless the hand
That hath bestow'd so great a boon on me;
Invoke best blessings on thy honoured head,
And ask to have thy life prolong'd below,
And meet thee after death to part no more.
Ah! should the mandate soon to earth descend
For kindred spirits to bear thy soul to heaven,
Where should I go to find a friend like thee,
Who would so kindly share his means with me?
Who would support me, and my need supply,
If thou, my father, and your wife should die?
What shall I do, alas! when you are gone?
Must I to scenes of ———— return?
Must I ———————————— again,
To sigh, and languish on a bed of pain?
Be driven as I was in years that's past,
By the rude gale and same unceasing blast?
Return to have my hopes again cut off
From the sweet labours and the joys of life?
In pensive shades to feel my health decline,
And waste the golden hours of precious time?
Oh! melancholy, sad, distressing thought!
With the idea my mind's with terror fraught.
Then stay below, my much lov'd friends, oh stay!
For my sake wing not yet your flight away.
Live long below, to cheer Eliza's heart,
For her best friends are gone when you depart.
Should you first make your exit from this ball,
I'd lose my dearest friends, I'd lose my all.
Friends I have many, who are friends indeed;
Their faithfulness they've prov'd in time of need;
My grateful thanks and love to them are due,
But I stand most in debt, dear friends, to you.
When you, my friends, are on a sick bed laid,

And think the time of dissolution nigh,
If sense permit, will you remember me,
And send and bid me hasten to your couch,
To render you some little kindness there,
For the much service you have done for me?
'Tis my heart's desire, and my fervent wish,
To see you in the solemn hour of death,
To take a last farewell, to press your hands,
Mingle my tears with those who weep your death,
Watch o'er you till I see you breathe no more.
My fancy paints the sad scene while I write;
Your dear remains are taken from my sight,
And I retire to vent my pungent grief,
And look to God for kind and sure relief.
Yet, while I weep my joyful hopes arise
To meet my generous friends above the skies.
Methinks I see their clay-cold frames let down,
Oh woful sight! they sink beneath the ground,
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust" return'd;
Then lift my eyes and view them safe above,
Lock'd in the arms of everlasting love.
They're gone—farewell my honour'd friends! adieu!
Now could I die, and rise to God and you.
But cease my tears, I dream—the vision's o'er—
I only thought that they from earth were gone.
Blest truth! they have not made their exit yet;
They live, and daily prove their friendly care
By acts of kindness, and by tender love.
They live, the Lord be prais'd, and grant they may
Outlive the object they with care protect:
Live to see me go, and lay me in the dust.
Oh that my spirit may the first be call'd
To leave the field of action and depart!
And if I should my ardent wish obtain,

Say, will you come, (if I should let you know,)
To see my worthless spirit take its flight,
And hear me with my dying lips confess
My obligations, and my thanks express,
My true affection, and my deep regret
That I no better tokens leave behind?
When the last debt of gratitude is paid,
I'll bid adieu, in hopes to meet again
In the next world, on Canaan's happy shore,
Where tears and parting sighs are known no more.
Live, live my dearest friends, to close my eyes,
Then drop your clay, and meet me in the skies.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

New-York, Jan. 1819.

My friend,

I have somewhat against you, and did I not feel in the best of humours, I should fill this sheet with the pleasant language of a scold; but as I do not feel disposed to be quarrelsome, I shall merely ask with composure, why you have forgotten to make good your promise? Did you not tell me, when you brought me home from your father's, that you would let me know either before you left here, or on your arrival at D——, by letter, in what a frame you left us? Had it not been for your good mother's letter, I should not have known whether you departed with a smile or a tear.

So no thanks, my good friend, to you for the information. But enough on that head. I am pleased at what I have heard, and as I said before, I am in

too good a humour to jangle; when I see you, I will then chide you for keeping me in suspense. Pray tell me how you amuse yourself in your leisure hours this winter, that is, if you have any; perhaps your practice is so extensive as not to admit of any, or, at least, not many spare moments: I am so much your friend as to wish this may be the case. Do you find that you can make yourself happy and contented without following the giddy round of pleasure? Is the loss of the drawing room, the theatre, and assemblies, a matter of any regret to you? or, are you convinced that a domesticated life is preferable to a life of pleasure?

If ever you mean to marry, which I presume you do, I hope the woman that you intend to mark out to be a participater in your future lot, may be fond of domestic scenes. Indeed, my dear J——, it is particularly necessary that she should, since you have settled in a place where the gayety of the brilliant circle is not emulated; because if she is not, neither of you can expect to enjoy that real felicity you otherwise would. A woman fond of gay life, and habituated to it, would find it no easy matter to be content with what she would call the dull and insipid scenes of a country village in winter. I am very certain, my dear friend, that there is no true happiness to be found in treading the steps of the thoughtless and dissipated crowd, either in a state of celibacy or in the nuptial state.

If a domestic man marries a gay woman, and if she is sincerely attached to him, and is a person of an amiable temper, good understanding, and possesses sensibility, she might perhaps acquiesce, and conform to the reasonable wishes of her husband; and she cer-

tainly ought, especially in things of such little moment, however fond she may be of false pleasures—but if her attachment is not ardent, nor her temper and understanding good, such submission may not be expected—and such a man's state would not be enviable.

It is often a matter of surprise to me, that those in the married state can be so fond of dissipation. That the husband can leave his wife, and the wife her husband and smiling babes, which is too, too often the case, and go in search of pleasures which are as evanescent as the dew, and as unsatisfactory as poverty would be to a hungry appetite. They whose houses are continually crowded with company, or, they themselves constantly attending parties of pleasure, must be strangers to the delights of a retired life. Their time and thoughts are so engaged in vain pursuits, that they have no leisure for private scenes; therefore cannot know any thing of the sweet joys derived from domestic gratifications. I am most astonished at wives who can leave their families so perpetually as many do, and pursue vain, trifling amusements: because their households certainly must be neglected, and in time (which alas! is too often the case) the husband is plunged into difficulties; and the consequences often are very fatal.

Much depends, I think, on a woman, whether a man rises or falls; a woman to be qualified for the matrimonial state ought to be possessed of great prudence, good management, and tender feelings. If a man is domesticated, and diligent in business, and has a judicious wife, if no uncontrollable circumstances occur, no inauspicious providence takes place, there is not much danger of his prosperity. I know that the

best, and most wise and prudent, will sometimes encounter the vicissitudes of this changing world, and not be blameable for their calamities. Many suffer through the folly of others. One family may be ruined through the misconduct of another, or by some giddy, thoughtless relative; else by a general hard pressure of the times, which in the course of men's lives more or less take place. But in the general, if domestic, prudent men make choice of women whose minds are rightly cultivated, and whose habits are well formed from childhood, by example and proper education, there is little doubt of their happiness and advancement in life. Women ought to be particularly careful to retain the affections of a man, after marriage; so ought men the same with their wife. Too many think when the object is obtained there is nothing more to do, but how awfully do they mistake: there is greater need of exertion afterwards than before, to keep alive those feelings which are so essential to happiness in married life. I have known couples, which have been most sincerely and mutually attached, owing to that neglect which too many practice, in time grow careless and indifferent to each other; and which in my estimation is a dreadful thing. This baneful evil may only be on the part of the one at first, but a continuation of it in time will produce the effect in the other; and both become so much estranged, and stoical in their feelings, as to completely destroy all that unity, tenderness, and ardour which ought to subsist between man and wife; and without which a married life must be a dull, insipid state—a single state would be far more desirable. Did you ever read "The Guide to Happiness?" I am told that it is an admirable work on the subject. Four-

teen years ago I came across it, I opened it for a moment, and was much struck with two lines beneath the frontispiece—and whenever I can, I take the opportunity of sounding them in the ear, or bringing them before the eye of my young friends, who I think are in a fair way to be led to the altar of Hymen—so you must not think strange if I embrace this opportunity of presenting them to you, as I know you to be in a prospective state. It is but in few words, but they are of great import:

"Think not the object gain'd that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won."

Oh that these lines could be graven with an iron pen in the foreheads or on the hearts of all young people when they first enter that station: it might excite that faithful monitor (the conscience) and remind her of duty. Our conscience sometimes needs a stimulus, for it will sometimes fall into a torpid state, and wants something to rouse it from its lethargy.

I often think, my dear J——, when I lie and hear the carriages rolling the votaries of pleasure along the streets in the dead of night, how madly they live, how vainly they pursue a phantom and grasp at a shadow. How often during my affliction, when the children of vanity have been coming from the neighbouring houses at midnight, while hearing them with mirth and elevated voices ascending their vehicles to return to their respective homes, to throw themselves on the pillow of ease, and, as they imagine, to felicitate themselves with ruminating on the past evening's diversion, and to anticipate the pleasure of the next night's amusement; I have exclaimed, alas! how do you de-

ceive yourselves, oh ye sons and daughters of dissipation, when you recline on your beds and exercise your imagination on what you have seen, and on fancied joys to come ; how the vision flies ere you close your eyelids, and leaves an empty aching void behind. I feel truly sensible, my dear friend, that if we could but search the hearts of those who run the giddy round, that we should find three parts out of four who water their couch with the tears of misery, after all their anticipations, and, ere they sink to slumber, wish it was otherwise with them. Ye gay and thoughtless race, I envy not your mad career ; happier, far happier and better off am I in this state of painful languishing with the enjoyment of God, and the prospect of heaven, than you with all your fleeting pleasures and present prosperity.

O children of folly, be not so deluded by the false and flattering things of sense, but be wise as rational beings ; such as God created you : and seek those pleasures which will give peace and happiness on a dying bed.

Do not think, my friend, that I am an enemy to social life ; far from it ; and from what you have seen and know of me you must be sensible that I am not ; life would indeed be very dull and tasteless without society. I even think it highly necessary for our animal spirits, that we should devote some hours, as circumstances will admit, to the enjoyment of the reasonable recreations of life ; but they ought to be such as will be of service to the mind and body too. There are many amusements which, while they tend to enhance our health, might prove beneficial also to our souls—for instance, when you are spending an hour with your dog and gun, with your horse, or at angling,

it might all be done to the glory of the Creator, if done with a proper temper of mind.

He who formed us, my dear friend, is not an unreasonable being; he does not require all labour and no enjoyment. The things that he hath so bountifully provided for our pleasures here, prove that he is not an illiberal Creator—he has formed us for society, and does not deny us the previlege of meeting with one or two, or a friendly half dozen, to chat and pass a pleasant hour: he has made creation for our use and pleasure, and we may ramble through the groves and fields, and gaze and delight ourselves with the rich display of infinite wisdom, all which may be done without sin, and with profit to our spirits and health. Then there is the flute, the pen, and the book, all provided for our use; and a hundred more sports there are to engage the attention, and exercise the body and mind in an innocent and pleasurable way, after the business of the day is over, or when opportunity offers. And from all these recreations some good might be derived, if accompanied with a contemplative turn of mind and rightly used. Every thing of this kind might lead us to see the beauty, wisdom, and goodness of God to his creatures. An inspired penman commands whatever is done, for us to do it to the glory of God, whether it be in the smaller or greater things of life: therefore it is our indispensable duty to use the things of this world as not abusing them. How far preferable are such recreations which I have mentioned, to the vain, fatiguing, laborious amusements of the drawing room, theatre, &c. &c. &c.

Do you not prefer D—— to the wild confusions and vanities of a gay city? But I fear I shall tire you with moralizing. Pray cover all my defects with

a veil of charity, and accept of this scrawl as an apology for not answering your last kind favour. C—— sits prating by my side, and desires me to send her best wishes for your happiness henceforth.

I am, with every sentiment of friendship and gratitude,

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR FROM AN ABSENT FRIEND.*

1815.

To thee my God! my life, my love,
My best and dearest friend!
My highest gratitude is due,
And therefore shall ascend.

God is the source from whence my joys,
And all my mercies flow;
He raises friends, he gives them hearts
Kind favours to bestow.

Perennial blessings from above,
Unceasingly descend;
How kind is Heaven! how good is God!
A worm thus to befriend!

Father! thy love o'erwhelms my soul,
Amidst my long distress;
Language is quite inadequate
My feelings to express.

* Mrs. H * * t.

Help me, O Lord! with thankful voice
A grateful song to-raise;
I want an angel's heart and tongue,
More ardently to praise.

On thy dear child thy choicest gifts
Perpetually bestow;
Let blessings like a copious stream
Around her daily flow.

For your great goodness, O my friend!
What can or shall I say?
Kindly you think of me a worm,
Although so far away!

Soft-breathing zephyrs bear my love
To my dear absent friend;
Tell her an overflowing heart
And my best thanks I send.

Say that I long to see her face
And talk of heavenly things;
With speed I'd fly and reach her place,
Had I but feather'd wings.

MEDITATION.

May 6, 1821.

When Israel brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom, it is said that when the Lord helped the Levites that bore the ark of the covenant, they slew seven bullocks and made an offering to God,

and David, with all Israel rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And shall not I, who have still greater cause for gratitude and gladness, break out in praise and acknowledgments of the goodness and mercy of God, who hath delivered my soul out of darkness, bondage and fear, and who hath taken me into his banqueting house, and extended over me his banner of love? Yes, awake thou my soul, and confess the beneficence of heaven—sing to his praise, and rejoice in his strength; for great is his power and wisdom; his faithfulness endureth from generation to generation. What constant thanks are due to my heavenly Father, for the continuation of the many blessings which surround me—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and magnify his holy name." When I consider the long protracted and painful malady under which I have laboured for many years, I have abundant cause for thankfulness, for my reason remains unimpaired, and not any of the organs of sense the least injured. This appears marvellous in the eyes of physicians, and all who have beheld my affliction. I stand amazed and exclaim—nothing but a providential power could have kept this frail engine in perfect order through the violence of such a strange disease! It is the hand divine that keeps this organ in tune—oh unspeakable mercy!

Fourteen long years have I now languished in pain and weakness—but some of my happiest moments have been while on a sick bed. Amidst all my vicissitudes my cup of joy has overflowed—my God was with me, his exhilarating presence made a sick bed cheerful and smooth. In all my sickness he made my bed, and fed my soul on green pastures, and caused it to lie down by the side of still waters; while his

kind hand bestowed peace and consolation. Added to all this, the Lord has brought me lately out of many troubles—he hath delivered my soul from the horrible pit—turned night into day, and darkness into light: and caused his countenance to shine gloriously on me again, after a long privation of these blessings, which my ingratitude occasioned. How great the mercy in having them restored! how vast is the clemency of God! Did David dance with all his strength before the ark?—Rejoice then, oh my soul, with all thy might before thy God; for as the Lord delivered David from the hands of his enemies, and restored to Israel the ark, so hath he done for thee; in that he hath delivered thee from darkness and the power of Satan, and caused his candle once more to shine brightly around thy tabernacle. Let praises flow from my heart, and gratitude ascend to my gracious Father, and great advocate above, with every breath while strength and being last. When I reflect on the goodness of my God, my heart accuses me of ingratitude—oh what poor returns have I made to him for such rich displays of his love, and his perpetual care of me through the storms of tribulation! Ah Lord! "if thou wert strict to mark iniquity who could stand?" What a monument of mercy am I! Oh Lord, I stand condemned before thee! Were I rewarded according to my desert, I should be cast off with those who are without hope. But vile as I am, I can be justified through Christ, who was slain for the transgressions of his people. The promise is not of works, but of grace; and that through faith in the blood of the Lamb. So bless the Lord, oh my soul!

LONGING FOR IMMORTAL JOYS.

May 7, 1821.

My soul languishes for a sight of those transcendent charms which angels on high behold. My Father and my Redeemer, oh when shall I see thee as thou art? When will thy brightest glories be unveiled to these longing eyes? When shall I traverse the golden hills above, and drink from that pure river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God?" When shall I appear before thee whom my soul loveth, taste the unseen joys that surround thy throne, and join the saints in the rapturous song of redeeming love? when shall this mortal put on immortality, and rise to dwell at thy right hand for evermore? When shall I be rid of sin, and clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness? When shall I see him face to face, and be like unto him? A few days more of sorrow and trouble, or, at most, a few more years of conflict, vigilance and prayer in this vale of tears, and thou shalt be brought to the desired haven. Oh rapturous thought, transporting moment! When the brittle thread of life shall break, and free the prisoner from this dark gulf, to soar and bask in the brightness of unclouded Deity; no more to feel the sting of sin, and drink the cup of wo! Oh glorious period that shall translate the weary traveller to celestial scenes, and where she hopes to meet him who was dear to her on earth, to sing in immortal strains the song of Moses and the Lamb! Oh my beloved Father! should I arrive at heaven and find thee there, my pleasures would be increased; at least, it would give my glad spirit new delight, enhance my grati-

tude to the Saviour, and raise my song of praise still higher. I am sick of sin, and all that has a sinful appearance; when shall I be favoured with a sight of those glories that emanate from God, and have a full experience of eternal love?

I pant for heaven, for God I pine;
Fast speed your way ye wheels of time,
And haste the dear delightful day,
When Christ shall call my soul away,
————And welcome me to rest.

But while it is thy good will and pleasure to keep me here, wilt thou bestow more light on my benighted soul? I long for more exalted conceptions of thy character, greater displays of thy perfections, and larger portions of thy grace. I want my faith increased, my affections warmed, my spirit animated, my thoughts weaned from this world, and fixed entirely on Christ's glorious person. Indulgent Father! bestow these favours—I ask no more than thou hast promised. Deny me not, my gracious Father, but for thy Son's sake bestow the covenant gifts which I invoke, and which thy word bids me ask for with boldness.

Why these intense desires,
And breathings after God?
Why do my towering thoughts aspire
To uncreated good?

What makes these sinful lips
To bless and praise the Lord?
What makes my joyful heart to glow
When it communes with God?

'Tis by a power divine
My ardent thoughts are drawn;
Grace makes this longing soul of mine,
With sacred love to burn.

The drawing pow'rs of him
Whose nature is divine,
And who, in all his works and ways,
Transcendently doth shine.

His vital beams excite
The ardour of my soul,
And make these emanations rise
Beneath his blest control.

His vast intrinsic worth
Arrests my warmest love;
His virtues and his clemency,
My highest passions move.

Grace kindled first the flame,
And made the blaze to rise;
And grace my passions shall increase,
Till far above the skies.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

May 25, 1821.

The Lord has again laid his hand upon me; he sees fit to continue the rod; he knows there is a needs be for it, and when he thinks proper he will remove it. There is yet much dross to be purged, before the

fire will be quenched. The great Refiner intends to purify the gold before he brings it forth, and, for that end, keeps me in the furnace: when he hath sufficiently tried me, I shall come forth from the fire, and appear as gold seven times purified. O Jesus! my Saviour, my heavenly friend! sanctify my affliction, if it be not thy will to remove it. Grant that it may draw my affections more closely to thee, and wean my frail heart from this vain, and delusive world. I trust I do love thee, but I fain would love thee more! Yes, my gracious Redeemer and my God! if I know any thing of my heart, I know that I love thee. Why should not thy creature love thee? The works of thine own hand adore thee! thou hast commanded it. Thou art entitled to my first and highest thoughts; thou hast the greatest claim on my affections; for thou hast created me, and dost continually supply me with every good. I, as a mortal, rational creature, stand more deeply indebted to thee than any other living thing. Man alone has power to comprehend the perfections of thy spotless character, to discern the beauty and excellence of thy holiness; therefore, having this blessed knowledge, although faint to what it will be in the invisible world, how can he forbear to love thee, after having seen the glories of thy character? O my soul! love thy Maker with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself. Let thy glory be in the strength of the Lord, for thy own strength is perfect weakness. My father and my friend! may not a worm presume to call thee by those endearing names? have I not tasted of thy saving grace? am I not thine by the sweetest ties of covenant love, and thou mine by glorious promise? What transporting pleasure do the names of Father, Saviour, Friend, convey to my

heart? To call thee mine affords greater delight to the soul, than to possess the wealth of India's land.

My Father and my God! from these blessed names springs all my comfort. What would life be without the knowledge of a God! without his smiles life would be a blank, creation a void; but with the favour and presence of God, the meanest part of creation appears beautiful. All my happiness depends upon God; when he withdraws his face I am miserable; but when he smiles joy returns again. Thus is my felicity centred in him; my nearest joys and dearest friends cannot supply the place of my Saviour's smiles. If clouds of darkness obscure my sky, no other sun can warm my drooping soul, disperse the gloom, and make all heaven appear around.

He is my sun, my shield, and tow'r,
  My happiness and bliss;
And if he hides, my soul appears
  Clos'd in a dark abyss.

Envelop'd in thick darkness, then
  I sigh the hours away,
Nor will my heart its throbbing cease,
  Till Christ his beams display.

And if his lucid rays on me
  Their vital radiance shed,
Then he, my bright returning sun,
  Revives my drooping head.

Till he in perfect splendour shine,
  And clouds and darkness flee,
Not friends nor all the world beside,
  Can yield delight to me.

But when he smiles, then clouds and friends,
The earth and sparkling skies,
Seem all to wear a brighter hue,
And make my pleasures rise.

Though pain and affliction crush my powers, let me not dwell on them, but think on my mercies; for the loving kindness of God far exceeds my sorrows.

Be glad O my soul! and rejoice in the Lord
For the joys and the comforts his mercies afford:
Oh! let no repining escape from thy breast,
Look forward with hope to thy sweet promis'd rest;
Soon pain, and afflictions, and conflicts will cease,
And thy soul be convey'd to the haven of peace,
Where thy joys shall for ever and ever increase;
Then take up the cross, and with patience endure,
The conflict is short, the victory is sure.
Oh! what are my pains when compar'd to my crown,
And the love of that glorious Prince of renown?
And what are my griefs to the bliss I shall see,
And the joys which my Jesus has laid up for me?
His smiles and his grace are so dear to my heart,
That suffering is nothing. 'Tis nothing to smart,
For the sake of my glorious Saviour on high,
Whose love for my soul induced him to die.
What pangs and what stripes did my Jesus endure,
To redeem me from hell, and my weal to secure.
My bruises all are as a drop to the sea,
To what my Redeemer encounter'd for me.
When I view his deep sorrows on Calvary's hill,
I chide me and bid all my murmurings be still:
When I look on his wounds, and think that my sins
Were the spear and the nails that tortured his limbs,

Then I think of his groans as he hung on the tree,
And see that he bore all those sufferings for me.
My sins were the murderers that caused my best friend,
On the sad cross his bright glory to bend;
His last dying groans verb'rate on my ear,
And the ponderous weight of his sufferings appear.
I blush when I murmur, to think I repine
At trials and crosses so trifling as mine.
Christ suffer'd for me, for my sins he was slain,
He laid down his life my lost peace to regain;
I put the immaculate Jesus to pain,
Confusion then seize me whene'er I complain.

Staten Island, July 9, 1821.

My gracious God still keeps me in the furnace, but through grace I am enabled to bless and praise him, even amidst the flames. The family with whom I board were greatly astonished at my sufferings yesterday. Never shall I forget their kindness. The Lord gives me tender friends wherever I go. Oh how great a debtor am I to sovereign mercy! Oh the invincible grace and irresistible will of God! Who can stand his almighty arrows when he commands them to penetrate the heart? In years that are past, I found that it was not possible to resist the power of God, when it was his will to take possession of my rebellious heart; nor, in latter years, whenever I wander. When he lets his arrows fly, and pierces my inmost soul, I become as one melted by the overpowering rays of the sun. I sink, become passive, and am made willing to surrender. Like a poor penitent criminal, I am even glad to sue for mercy, and rejoice

to obtain forgiveness, and long again to be restored to peace, and feel constrained by Almighty goodness to return to the happy paths from which my feet have wandered. None of the sheep of Christ will ever be lost for the want of mercy, power and skill to extricate them from the thickest maze, or,

To draw them from the deepest gulf of sin
Which their great follies may have plung'd them in.
Despair not ye, who through temptation fall,
Repent, and God will extricate your soul;
Cry day and night to him, with grief for sin,
And he'll descend with healing in his wing.
When you his pardon and your peace obtain,
Oh then beware you do not stray again.

10*th*.—The Jews, mariners and Sabbath scholars lay much on my heart. In the strength of my Redeemer, I am enabled to bear them daily to a throne of grace, and with much solicitude make petition to our gracious God for their eternal welfare. Go on, O my soul! to pray for their salvation, and the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. O Christians! ye advocates for the cause of Christ, be constantly engaged at God's footstool for the return of Israel; in every prayer remember the Lord's chosen people, the poor sailors, the Hindoos, and the Sunday schools. May the Lord revive his work in our own souls, and quicken us by his spirit, that through his blessing we may stir up others to unite in the efforts that are making for the promulgation of the Gospel. Oh for more zeal for the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom.

19*th*.—Feel very happy to-day—have much pleasure in contemplating the hand of God in the beauti-

ful scenery around me—but the enemy tries to break in upon my peace. Often, after great enjoyment in meditation and prayer, he suggests that my feelings are all a delusion; that they are the effects of disease, and flights of imagination. This causes my soul momentary pain, but I look to God, he graciously removes my fears, and makes my hopes more strong. Blessed hope! that so kindly defends me from infernal arrows! Away, thou foul deceiver! thou shalt not cheat me of my peace. "I know in whom I have believed," and in whom I trust. Christ has redeemed me, and thou shalt not take my ransomed spirit captive—flee from me, for God is near to save me from thy malice.

23d.—Alas! what cruel artifice of hell is this to dart such sinful suggestions into my mind! Does Satan and my own evil heart combine against my soul? Alas! yes. Fain would they blast my fairest hopes of heaven, and impede my progress to my Father's mansion. Satan, or some fiend of hell, watches every opportunity to wound my soul, when my faith soars highest. But that precious gift of God, faith, breaks out in strong opposition to the fabrications of hell, and the attacks of unbelief. Blessed be my dear Redeemer for enabling me to resist the old serpent who was a liar from the beginning. Avaunt, ye infernal enemies of God and man! Your stygian plots to rob God of his glory, and me of my eternal joy, are vain and fruitless. Neither earth nor hellish power can separate me from the love of God; I have his word for this truth, and his word cannot fail. All else may fail, but that never, never can. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and all my hope of salvation is in him; dependence on any other foundation

would be dangerous; Jesus is all my hope, and all my life. I am assured, that through grace I shall, in the end, come off more than conqueror, and ascend to drink of those streams that make glad the celestial city. Yes, I shall mount upwards, and see my glorious Saviour face to face; I shall be with him in glory when my work is done below, and there thy rage can never reach me, thou enemy of my peace! Therefore, attempt no more to overcome a love that is stronger than death.

August 9th.—The weather has moderated—let gratitude for the blessing ascend to God—he is with me, and blessed be his name. I trust my desires to be useful, increase every day—my constant cry is, "Lord make me useful in the cause of Zion, point out the work for me to do, and give me grace and strength to accomplish it. I am frail and weak, yet well I know that thou art able to bring strength out of weakness, and make small things accomplish wonders. I have great liberty in prayer, and, if I do not deceive myself, my chief desire is to know more of the depravity of my heart, and to have more enlarged views of his own glorious character. Blessed be the Lord! my prayers are answered. I believe I now can say that my affections are undivided; the Lord reigns sole possessor of my heart. Once, alas! the creature usurped the place of God; but now, through grace, the Lord Jehovah claims his right again, and rules and reigns as sovereign. Oh! may I never more admit an idol there! O thou great Shepherd, and Bishop of souls! never, oh! never suffer thy worthless worm to worship any thing but thyself; never suffer any human power to draw my soul from thee.

14*th.*—How good is my God to me, my cup run-

neth over. "I will praise thee, O Lord my God! with all my heart, and I will glorify thy name for evermore," for inexpressibly great are thy mercies to me. Thy presence is with me, and thy grace enables me to resort to thy throne; and there plead with thee, and wait thy sacred will.

Oh! it is good to wait before Jehovah's feet,
And there our mercies and our wants repeat;
Confess his bounties and his praises spread,
And weep the sins for which his body bled:
There wait his sov'reign pleasure, and be still
Beneath his frowns and his most holy will.
May grace constrain my tardy feet to come
And worship daily at his royal throne.

LETTER TO A FRIEND ON THE EVE OF MARRIAGE.

New-York.

PERMIT me, my dear Emily, as you are so soon to enter into the honourable state of matrimony, to address you on the important occasion. You can be no stranger, my beloved girl, to my solicitude for your welfare; therefore I consider an apology needless for the liberty I am taking. That you will receive it as it is meant I have not the least doubt, as well as that you will oblige me by endeavouring to follow my poor advice, as far as you think it worthy of your acceptance.

Believe me, when I assure you it affords me great pleasure to know that, if providence permits, you are

soon to give your hand to the man your heart cordially approves. ********* is the anticipated day, I understand, that you are to embrace Frederick as your husband and protector for life. That you, my dear, may find in him every thing your heart now fondly hopes, and your sanguine expectations be fully realized, is my warmest wish. I hope he will prove a kind and tender partner; capable of participating in all your feelings, joys, and sorrows, amidst the varying scenes of this changing life. And may you be unto him all that he now hopes and thinks to find you. I am well acquainted with your affection, and am satisfied as to the sincerity and nature of it; and if I do not most grossly mistake Frederick, I think there is a reciprocal attachment existing between you. You both mutually love and accord in sentiment, (but with a few exceptions) and both, I flatter myself, possess sufficient good sense and prudence to be accommodating in the few points in which you disagree, by gently and mildly trying to convince, or giving up to each other. It is the duty of each to strive with affection to please and conciliate, and avoid giving or taking offence and unnecessary provocation. From what I know and have seen of your intended, I must confess that I think him to be a superior young man. That he has his failings there is no question; for who is without? And he may perhaps have more than you have already discovered; but they may be of such a nature as not to interrupt your happiness in married life, if you, my dear, are judicious and careful to study his interest, secure his affection, and strive in every respect to enhance his felicity. When you tell your husband his faults, do it when alone, and with great tenderness and candour: never reprove him be-

fore any one, nor be guilty of reproaching him, and throwing out severe hints and cutting remarks, as we have known some wives to do, to the destroying of their own peace, and the husband's happiness. But I should hope there was no danger of your being so imprudent and unfeeling; it is not in your disposition. However, it is well for all of us to watch our tempers, and guard against falling into such pernicious errors, for we all are frail beings and liable to err. But my dear young friend, do not think I mean to be severe on our sex alone; no, for I think it as much the husband's duty to observe and attend strictly to these essentials to wedded happiness as it is the wife's. And again, I would repeat that this duty is as much incumbent on my good friend Frederick, as yourself; and hope that he will most conscientiously pursue such a course of conduct, when married; and both by so doing will sweetly experience the delightful benefits arising from it. The faults which my more faulty mind has discerned in your intended husband, are those that are blended with so much amiableness that they can scarcely be called failings: yet, my dear, unless you are exceedingly prudent, they are of a nature to produce serious consequences: small matters sometimes, if carried too far, terminate very unpleasantly.

Frederick, I think, possesses a generous and noble mind; but should I be deceived in him, I think I will never again pretend to judge of any one's good properties, till I have a longer experience of their character.

As the station of a wife, my dear, is a very important one, and as it will be more peculiarly so with you, when you assume that character, than many, as

you will be placed at the head of your husband's family, and may expect to meet with many things that may not be perhaps altogether consonant with your own views and feelings, and most likely you will find some tempers out of so many not so pleasant as may be desirable, therefore it will be necessary that you should possess the wisdom of a serpent, and the mildness of a dove. You must prepare your mind to meet with little difficulties after marriage; for though a state of matrimony has many pleasures, it also has its pains; there is no sweet in this life without its bitter. You will find it an arduous task to please all, situated as you will be—that, I would say, was hardly possible. Great patience and forbearance will be requisite—but even with these requisitions, I well know with some dispositions it would not be practicable to keep all things straight, and live in perfect unison.

I must do you the justice to say, that there are very few, and particularly at your age, who possess such mature judgment, and are blest with such quick penetration and good discernment: few even of riper years have such correct views generally, and I well know, my dear Emily, you have a disposition to put in practice what you know in theory; therefore, I feel confident that you will do every thing that is just and right to promote your husband's interest and happiness, and do what duty requires towards his family. I feel persuaded that if any discordance arises the fault will not lie at your door. You must indeed greatly alter to be the faulty person.

I confess that I feel considerable anxiety respecting the situation in which you will in a little time be placed, for I am aware of its being a very critical

one, especially for a young person, and of which you yourself are not insensible. Nothing, I am persuaded, would induce you to permit yourself to undertake so difficult and important a station, but the ardent attachment you have for Frederick.

I pray and hope that God, my dear, will strengthen and enable you to acquit yourself in a laudable manner, and make you an honour to your husband, and an ornament to society. Let me entreat you, my young friend, to take the word of God for your guide and rule; and if you adopt this plan you cannot fail of doing right. Do your duty, let others conduct as they will; and then you will not have to upbraid yourself, nor incur your husband's displeasure. Oh! may you, my dear, dear Emily, be enabled to emulate the bright example of the glorious Redeemer in all your deportment; and that he may condescend to be a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path, and you wise enough to make him your friend and counsellor under every circumstance, is my fervent prayer.

I long to hear of you and Frederick making the praiseworthy resolution of young Joshua, in the incipient of your morning, "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Most fervently, my dear Emily and Frederick, do I hope that you both, in the strength of God, will come to this wise and blessed determination, when you first enter the connubial state, and rest assured you will be blessed through life—heaven will prosper the works of your hands, and of the fruits of your labours you shall eat in peace. God will sweeten your prosperity, which otherwise, without the fear of the Lord, would leave an aching void behind. Religion sweetens all our pleasures and mollifies our cares, and is a blessed prop in the

day of adversity; and believe me, Emily, it adds an additional zest to all our recreations and enjoyments here. The pleasures of religion are not like the enchanting things of sense which flatter and allure for a while, and prove as evanescent as the dew, but they are solid and substantial; durable as eternity itself, they commence below and are perfected above.

Give me leave, my dear girl, to impress upon your mind how much you have been enlightened in divine things, and how sensibly you have experienced and marked the clemencies of God under many circumstances—do not then, I beseech you, forget his mercies, and the hand that has been upon you for good; in *particular* instances remember his kindness, and in return give him your heart: recollect, if you forget God you will have reason to fear that he will forget you.

It is my solemn charge to you and Frederick, that you will continue to love each other most affectionately, and strive to please one another in all things consistent with the commands of God, as man and wife. But oh, beware that you do not make idols of each other, and so set up the creature in the room of the Creator. There is much danger, I know from experience, of making those we love in the flesh idols, and casting out the Almighty, or, as Dr. Watts observes, "leaving but half for God." One thing I would observe before I conclude, which is, to recommend that you and Frederick would pay strict attention to the Lord's day. Too many shamefully violate the Sabbath by visiting, riding and entertaining company, and by so doing bring the just judgments of heaven on their households. Ah! and often, I believe, through the continuation of this horrid practice draw down a curse upon them through life. The Israelite who for a light

misdemeanor, comparatively speaking, was stoned to death for his offence, ought to be held as an example, and a serious warning to us to keep holy that sacred day. It is to be much lamented, that many professors, are too neglectful of their duty on the Sabbath. Alas! I have often cause to reproach myself for not more strictly devoting it to God.

The Sabbath was given to be set apart for the worship of God, and for a rest for man and beast: but it is most awfully abused. Sabbath-breaking was considered a most heinous crime in days of old, and it is no less so now in the eye of the divine lawgiver. Many, I know, seem to think it a venial offence, but they will find themselves dreadfully mistaken in that great day, when the Supreme Judge shall call them to an account for the deeds done in the body; take heed then, my dearest Emily, that you do not dishonour the Lord's day. If you wou ; be happy here and hereafter, and prosper in this world, then walk in the fear of the Lord and obey his precepts. What I say to one, I say to both, for I have the interest of each at heart. I have too exalted an opinion of my friend Frederick, to suppose that he will take any offence at any little advice I have hinted to him, although it comes from the pen of one who frankly acknowledges her inferiority.

I will now conclude in the words of an author that I have some where seen, and hope that both of you will bear them ever in memory—when you are married—

> "Think not the object gain'd, that all is done,
> The prize of happiness must still be won."

Let this, my dearest Emily, be your constant study; and may you and your Frederick do honour to the station you are about to take in life, and be a pattern to others. Throw a veil of charity over all my imperfections and inaccuracies of writing, and pardon my being so prolix. Wishing you every blessing and felicity in the marriage state the Lord shall think fit to bestow, I am, my dear young friend, your truly devoted and attached

ELIZA.

ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

March, 1821.

How uncertain is life, and how fleeting is time,
There is none who can say that to-morrow is mine;
Our life's but a shadow, a span, or a flower
That blooms for a day, and decays in an hour.

Some die at threescore, some at life's early dawn,
To-day we are here, and to-morrow we're gone;
Our breath and our being are in the Lord's hand,
We live, move and die at his sovereign command.

A few weeks ago my dear father was here,
In full rosy health, and in strength did appear;
Alas! how soon after the springs of life failed!
How fragile the clay in which life is empaled.

The engine of nature by one severe stroke
Of cruel disease felt a thousand strings broke;
The noble-wrought building then threatened to fall,
In spite of all efforts to prop up its wall.

While skilful hands laboured, the temple dissolved,
Then plainly to me the great matter was solved;
There's a fixed time to die, from divine truth I know,
And the period arrived, when my parent should go.

And alas! he is gone, the pilgrim is fled!
His body conveyed to the vaults of the dead;
Where mortality slumbers and his beloved clay
Must become food for worms and mould'ring decay.

Ah! yes, his cold image now sleeps with the dead,
But whither, oh! where has his dear spirit fled?
Gone to reside in the invisible globe
Never more to return to this earthly orb.

Alas! it is so and my soul must submit,
But I feel that my heart was so close to his knit,
Did grace not prevent this fond breast would repine,
That death should have led him so quick to his shrine.

Insatiate monster so greedy of prey, [away;
Didst seize him with haste and soon snatched him
I would only have asked but a few hours more,
To beg of the Saviour his speech to restore.

Thou unfeeling tyrant! his heart to invade
Just, just as his senses a kind visit paid:
Cruel invader, ever eager of gain,
Thou couldst not be satisfied till he was slain,

But heaven be praised, that his all-potent pow'r
Can work the great work in a last dying hour;
And I've reason to hope, oh! rapturous thought!
While dying the Saviour his precious soul sought.

Yes, yes barb'rous traitor, the heavenly blood,
I trust, met the pilgrim in Jordan's dark flood,
There saved him from sinking, and safe washed him o'er,
And landed him kindly on Canaan's bright shore.

Oh! wond'rous mercy, miraculous power!
That appeared for my sire in such a dread hour;
Tho' perfect assurance I did not obtain,
I cannot but hope that my hopes are not vain.

Oh! may my fond hopes be realized on high,
When my spirit shall wing its glad flight to the sky,
And my soul shall approach to embrace my loved Lord,
May I greet my dear father on the breast of my God.

Farewell, dearest parent! a short while adieu!
Then shall this poor fabric be interr'd with you;
One dust shall receive us, one tomb be our bed,
Till earth shall deliver to Jesus its dead.

While our temples together in one grave shall rest,
May our spirits repose on Immanuel's pure breast;
May we meet, my lov'd father, with all our dear kin,
After death, round the throne of our glorious great King.

PAUSE.

Oh! M——r, take warning, take warning in time,
Ere health shall decay and life shall decline;
May the late dispensation of Heaven be blest,
And lead you to Jesus, the sinner's safe rest.

Oh brother! dear brother, weep not for the dead!
We also must go to the same dreary bed;
If you weep, let it be for transgression, and fly
To Christ and secure a blest seat in the sky.

Arise, you and Ann, and to Calvary go,
Where the blood of the Lamb for sinners did flow;
Let not unbelief keep your souls from the Cross,
Take courage and go, and be purg'd from your dross.

F**** N****, your husbands and offspring, there fly,
And view the stain'd ground where the great God did die;
Behold it and tremble! such as you and vile me
Caus'd that blood there to blush on the earth and the tree.

Behold it and weep for the state you are in,
And supplicate heaven to baptize you from sin;
Though your sins be as scarlet, if you but believe,
Christ will wash them all white and eternal life give.

C*******, Oh! C*******, moderate grief;
Look to the Saviour for support and relief;
Remember, my love, it is God, and be still,
Beneath this dark providence bend to his will.

O praise him midst darkness, and leave the event
To him, who in time will disclose what he meant,
By defeating our hopes and not answering pray'r,
In the way that we wish'd it while father was here.

God is good, and is just, and his wisdom can't err,
Be resign'd, and his steps to your own ways prefer;

And take heed to your course, you are bless'd with great light,
Oh! abuse not the mercy—*keep Jesus in sight.*

REFLECTIONS ON THE SAME.

March, 1821.

And has my father really gone
The way all flesh must go?
Ah, yes! these eyes beheld him close
This mortal scene of wo.

They watch'd his dying looks with care,
And saw him smile in death,
Oft heavenward raise imploring eyes,
While he resign'd his breath.

I heard his last expiring breath
Breathe gently out—Oh God!
Then calmly fell asleep in death,
I hope too in the Lord.

His spirit wing'd its flight away,
For death the fabric shook;
But ere we thought the monster near,
The brittle thread he broke.

These fingers clos'd his deathly eyes,
I kiss'd his icy cheek;
He's gone! I cried, then press'd his lips,
And turn'd aside to weep.

Oft to his shrine my feet did stray,
To contemplate his death,
And gaze upon his much lov'd clay,
Ere it return'd to earth.

But ah! the trying moment came,
When I was forc'd to part
With a dear parent's lovely form,
And saw the corpse depart.

My silent ejulations rose
When he was borne away;
But O my Saviour wip'd the tears
My sad heart did bewray.

Death's iron hand has now dissolv'd
My closest tie below;
'Tis fled—and can no more return,
But I to him must go.

Then fare thee well, my dearest sire!
Since thou wert forc'd to flee;
My lamp will also soon expire,
And then I'll come to thee.

Farewell! dear parent, oh, farewell!
Earth holds thee from mine eyes;
Soft be thy slumbers in the tomb
Till Christ shall bid thee rise.

When the last trump the angel sounds,
Oh may our kindred dust
Then reunite, to rise and reign
With God the great and just.

Pause.

My honour'd father, could these feet
  Convey me to thy bed,
Oft would I rove the verdant spot
  And converse with the dead.

I'd haunt thy grave, and raise the shrine
  That holds thy mouldering clay,
Let fall a tear, and kiss thy dust;
  This mournful tribute pay.

But this, alas! my health forbids,
  Yet will I often flee
To sweet retirement's holy shades,
  And think of God and thee.

I'll think of days that's past and gone,
  That I have spent with thee;
Still hold thee dear, and humbly hope
  Thou art from sorrows free.

O'er thy lov'd mem'ry shed a tear,
  And kiss the stolen lock,
Which from thy dear and sacred head,
  When life had fled, I took.

And when the chord of life shall snap
  And free me from this clod;
Oh may I mount and meet thy soul
  In the kind arms of God.

Uncertainty, my honour'd sire,
Of thy immortal state,
Causes these tears, sometimes a groan
This bosom to escape.

Forgive these tears, my God forgive,
Nor let me sinful weep;
From murmuring at thy providence
This bleeding bosom keep.

David for Absalom did mourn,
Israel for Joseph griev'd;
While led to think that he was slain,
When by his sons deceiv'd.

Jesus let fall a briny drop
When Laz'rus sunk to sleep,
Mingled his tears with mournful friends
Who round his tomb did weep.

Did Jesus mingle tears with men?
The Son of God to weep!
Surprising scene! well may my heart
Some sorrows feel so deep.

Dear Jesus will not chide my tears,
But kindly sympathize;
He's touch'd with my infirmities,
And sovereign aid applies.

What kind support his goodness gives,
To bear my spirit up;
When troubles rise and billows roll,
He is alone my prop.

Lord, I will bless and praise thy name,
Thy clemency is great;
'Midst pains and woes and conflicts sharp,
Grace doth new hopes create.

I bow and kiss thy gentle rod,
And bless thy chast'ning hand,
Which draws me closer to my God,
And makes me firmer stand.

Make me submissive to thy will,
Though painful it may be;
Beneath affliction make me still,
And more devout to thee.

O may I ne'er forget to tell
The wonders of thy grace;
For I each rising day behold
New beauties in thy face.

Long as I live thy praise I'll speak,
And spread thy love abroad;
And while my strength endures, my pen
Thy goodness shall record.

A REFLECTION ON THE MERCY OF GOD IN RESTORING TO ME THE LOST JOYS OF SALVATION.

March 28th, 1821.

God in the late distressing case,
Bestowed his all supporting grace;
In him a faithful friend I found,
Whose hand did bind my bleeding wound.

Heaven the painful stroke did give,
To make my dying spirit live,
To draw me nearer to his throne,
And honour more his righteous son.

The Lord was gen'rous, good and kind,
Who did so well prepare my mind
To meet the sad tremendous blow,
That broke the nearest tie below.

Some months before, alas! if heaven
The impending awful stroke had given,
The sad state then my mind was in,
It must have sunk beneath the sting.

But oh! the vast design of God!
First to rebuke with gentle rod,
Then kindly sanctify each blow,
Which caus'd my melting tears to flow.

My feeble hopes he did expand,
And caused my faith more firm to stand;
Thus sweetly by his sovereign power
Prepared me for the evil hour.

That hour arrived—the trying night,
When death conveyed away from sight
The dearest kindred of my heart!
But heaven did mollify the smart.

My God! this humble breast inspire
With holy zeal, and sacred fire;
Assist my grateful voice to raise
New songs of love and hymns of praise.

Amazing grace! O love divine!
That turned these roving feet of mine,
When rambling in the slippery road,
And brought me back to heaven and God.

My gracious Father and my Friend!
Before thy throne I humbly bend;
And bless the grace, and kiss the hand,
That did revive the dying brand.

MEDITATION.

A diurnal excursion, 1821.

AWAKE, my drowsy powers! Aurora gives notice of her cheering approach. Hail rosy light! but first unto him who kindly preserved me through the shades of night let a grateful prayer ascend.

Father of mercies, through the night,
Thou hast sustain'd my frame,
Brought me to see the morning light,
And I adore thy name.

Now may thy love inspire my tongue
With holy hymns of praise,
And Jesus be the darling theme,
To swell the sacred lays.

My grateful breathings through the day
Incessantly shall rise,
While I recount the rich display
Of bounties from the skies.

And while I take my morning walk
On nature's charms to gaze,
Oh may my heart of Jesus talk,
And ponder all his ways.

Now let me throw open the window, and admit the breeze; how sweet and refreshing—behold the oriental glories! what a brightness suffuses the firmament.

Glorious God! Author of light!
God of the dawn! with what delight
Thy beauties break upon my eyes!
These are thy works! how grand they rise.

While the admiring sight I view,
My thoughts a loftier scene pursue;
They soar to brighter worlds above,
Where God himself sits rob'd in love.

And there my thoughts for ever dwell,
This thought all other thoughts expel;
Let heav'n alone my breast inspire,
That be my first and last desire.

Lord while I stroll abroad to day,
Lead out my soul to praise and pray;
And while I view thy works with joy,
Oh! let no foe my peace annoy.

The surrounding scenery invites me to go forth and inhale the salubrious air; the morning is uncommonly lovely, and the beauties before me are sufficient to arouse all the powers of my mind, attract my eye, and animate my heart—every thing demands my attention.

But, where is my Alice? is she slumbering, or has she already walked out to enjoy the charms of this fair morn. Yonder I see her—I believe she discerns me, and quickens her pace. Good morning, my friend—I rejoice to meet you. I was wishing for you to accompany me to the banks of the Hudson—the grandeur and sublimity of its scenery are far more captivating to the reflecting mind than the vain splendour of the city, and the glare of the drawing room—and, I trust, preferred by you as well as myself. Come then, and let us improve our minds, as well as recreate our bodies, by spiritualizing the beauties of creation. Oh, my friend, how many thousands are at this moment indulging in sleep! how shamefully do we abuse our privileges, how much precious time we waste, and how much we lose by not rising early. Lo! what glories the morning produces. See, my friend, how the lawn is sprinkled with the dew drops of the night. Observe those bright diamonds of the morning, how they shine on the verdure from the reflection of the approaching sun beams. Like as the sun spreads his refulgence o'er the firmament and reflects its beams on this lower orb, so our heavenly Father shines in full brightness on the face of his anointed Son, in whom he is well pleased; and who, though he is equal with the Father, is still in his mediatorial office, and ever lives above to make intercession for the lost family of Adam, and he will reign on his Father's throne "until he has put all enemies under his feet." Oh! Alice, what an unspeakable blessing to have so glorious an advocate above as Jesus, the son of the omnipotent God! and as the Father shines upon the son, so methinks the great sun of righteousness diffuses his heavenly beams o'er the hearts of his redeem-

ed, warms, animates, and keeps them alive, amidst ten thousand ills. His beams are grace, mighty, and powerful! glorious amidst all the shades of darkness! how infinitely does the grace of God excel.

His vital rays do pierce the darkest soul;
He bids the light to shine, the light obeys—
Out of thick darkness light and life appear.
Nor can we tell from whence or how it comes.
'Tis like the wind—the sound of which we hear
But still we know not whence it doth proceed,
Nor whither does it go.————————
So souls that are born again, they alone
Perceive this glorious light spring up within,
The Spirit's labour and the wond'rous work
Of sovereign grace; they, and only they
Can know, and taste, and feel redeeming love.
Christ in their souls, grace living in their hearts!
Oh what a mystery is godliness to man!
God's ways unsearchable, past finding out!

But come my friend, let us resort to yonder beautiful eminence, whose height commands a delightful and extensive prospect; thither let us go and view the rising scene, and contemplate the beauties of Phœbus, who is now emerging from the orient waves, while he permits us to behold his glories; for in a little time his light will be too dazzling for human eye to bear. Charming spot! what a noble sight presents itself from this lofty hill! Hearken to the low murmurings of the gentle waves; how they soothe the listening ear! The person of the Lord Jesus appears to us, my friend, as at a great distance, but we know he is an omnipresent Being: to the natural eye his

glorious form is invisible, but to the eye of faith he is seen ever near. More or less he is ever present to the believer's heart, soothes his mind, calms his soul, diffuses peace through his breast, conveys melody to his ear, and dissipates his fear. Seest thou, my sister, yon shepherd leaning on his staff? With what diligence he watches his sheep, lest the greedy wolves break in upon them, and devour the tender lambs—yea, and the sheep also, if they can overpower them. When any of them attempt to stray, observe with what alacrity he pursues and brings them back! But oh, my soul! with how much greater vigilance does God watch the household of Israel! When dangers are nigh, how swiftly does he fly to parry the destructive blows—or, if any of them wander, how quickly does he search them out, and reclaim them from their wanderings! Great Shepherd of the sheep! if I am under thy kind care, oh preserve my roving feet within the bounds to which thou hast limited me. Say unto me, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Hearken to the brutes, and to the feathered race! how early they are in saluting their Maker, and hailing the welcome dawn. How melodious are the notes of the cheerful birds! see how they swell their throats to the praise of Him who made them!

> Oh bless his name, his power adore,
> And sound his praise from shore to shore.

How their activity reproves my sluggishness! Oh, my soul! learn a lesson from this little active tribe: you see with what willingness they sing their great Creator's praise; how early they are in their devotions: then be not so indolent; early arise to pray

and praise; thy Maker has a right to thy first thoughts and to thy best services. Oh, my senseless soul, remember thou hast ten thousand times more cause for gratitude than those innocent choristers. Thou art deeply in debt to that Being who so wonderfully fashioned the clay that holds thy immortal part. When thou wert an enemy to him he laid down his precious life for thy sake, and all who will come to him. Wondrous deed! And did the Lord of glory die for me? Yes, for thee, my soul, even for thee he bled! Our sins, my friend, and the sins of all believers were the nails that fastened his hands and feet to the shameful cross, and our unbelief was the spear that pierced his side, and caused that blood to flow which cleanses from all guilt. My blood almost freezes in my veins when I consider how much the Son of God suffered for me, and what poor returns I make to him for all his mercies. How low my highest thoughts, how cold my warmest love, how slow my steps to reach the heavenly goal! Awake, oh my soul! stretch every nerve, and raise perpetual songs of praise! For worthy is the Lamb that was slain! But turn, my friend, and behold the wonders of the heavens—see with what brightness the eastern clouds appear! Delightful view!

Lord, with what rapture and surprise
Ethereal glories strike my eyes;
Where'er I turn my head around,
I see thy wondrous works abound.

I see thy mighty hand abroad,
A blade of grass bespeaks a God;
The fields, the trees, a plant, a flower,
Displays thy judgment and thy power.

If these thy works so brilliant shine,
How dazzling, splendid and divine
Must be thyself, thy courts on high,
Thy throne and mansions in the sky!

Who is that coming forth with such dignity and glory? It is the sun! He has just mounted his chariot: how majestic he comes in his flaming car! What a bright emblem of one more noble and more exalted! Thy Maker himself, the great and glorious Jesus. Thy face is dazzling; but oh, how infinitely more dazzling is the great Sun of Righteousness! his glories are insufferably bright—too brilliant to be viewed in this state of mortality! Could we behold him in his meridian splendour, while embodied in this clay tabernacle, instantaneous death would follow; our feeble sight would be too weak to bear his refulgence; yet his redeemed children shall behold him on his radiant throne; shall see him face to face, and deck with never-fading wreaths that illustrious head which their sins once crowned with pungent thorns. When mortality shall have put on immortality their powers shall be strengthened and fitted for the transporting sight. They shall dwell in his presence, and for ever gaze on his inconceivable lustre. His inexpressible brightness, his unfathomable depth of never-fading glory, shall affect them in no other way, than to excite gratitude, wonder, love and praise.

We see, my dear Alice, how that great luminary has performed his revolutions round the earth nearly six thousand years, and still not dim in the least with age; still unwearied in his work; and continues to roll round with the same vigour and beauty as from the beginning; gilding this lower sphere, animating

all creation with his cheerful presence, displaying his Maker's power, in all his primeval charms. Oh rapturous thought! to conceive the saints in glory no more weary in the sweet employ of praising the Lamb, through the endless ages of eternity. But think, my dear friend, even that great imperial King of the skies, like all other created good, shall fade and be seen no more.

Yes sun! thou resplendent orb of day, even thou with all thy glory, shalt be turned into darkness, and fade away; the moon, the stars, and the blue vaulted heavens shall depart as a scroll, and be no more.* But the Sun of Righteousness, the exalted Jesus, and all the ransomed throng, shall endure for ever and ever. We admire the sun with all his refulgent splendour and beauty, but oh! how far, far superior are the charms and beauties of Jesus, that vast luminary of paradise, "whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain."

Oh! my friend, what a day of wonders was that, when the most high God caused the sun and moon to stand still, while he appeared so mercifully for Joshua, and fought for Israel: when the five kings of the Amorites, leagued with the kings of Jerusalem (Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon) went up with their hosts, and encamped before Gibeon, to make war with the Israelites. A day so marvellous was never known before nor since. Amazing interposition! O mighty deed! that God should hearken to the voice of a man to do such miracles. Oh Israel! did not thy bosom glow with ardent emotions of gratitude, and unutterable joy, when the great

* Psalm cii. 26.

King of kings laid low the strength of thine enemies, and delivered them into thine hands, and caused his goodness to pass as the dew of heaven, and there to flourish? Methinks thy heart must have swelled high with astonishment and praise. And didst thou, oh sun! stand still on favoured Gibeon? and thou, oh moon suspend thy course in the valley of Ajalon, at thy Creator's voice? Surprising scene! Wondrous power! Thou hadst need be subservient to the heavenly injunction, oh! ye splendid orbs. Shout, oh Gibeon! Rejoice, oh Israel! that the Lord is God, and that all power and might are in his hands. But these miraculous events of providence, my friend, are not more marvellous, than that God should cause the earth for so many centuries to stand uninjured by the rough hand of time, and kept steadfastly balanced on its axis, by the breath of his nostrils: no, not more wonderful than that the heavenly bodies should perform so constantly and regularly their revolutions round this globe. The course of nature might as well stop, as that God should disdain to hear the prayers of his people—for their sakes he subdues kingdoms, and bears with all long suffering. Go on thou victorious King of Zion, conquering and to conquer,

Until Satan and his base empire fall,
And thou, illustrious God, be all in all.

Oh! be encouraged all ye his people—sing aloud ye seed of Abraham—shout, oh! sons of Jacob, for Joshua's God is with you, even in these cloudy days. Trust in his gracious name, bless and praise him, for he has accomplished wonderful things. Be encou-

raged, oh! ye tried and tempted souls, for the great captain of your salvation is with you, and is mighty and valiant; he will fight all your battles, for he goeth before you with a strong and stretched out arm, and will subdue the wrath of kings, powers, and principalities for your sake; and by you he will overthrow the empire of Satan, and establish his kingdom for ever. But ah! how transient is time. Behold the sun has already reached his zenith; his scorching beams warn us to return, or retire to some shady arbour, where we shall not be exposed to his powerful rays. Let us descend and still gaze with admiration at the exquisitely fair scenes of nature, by the side of yon smiling valley—there is an extensive nursery situated on elevated ground, and commands a delectable prospect. Let us hasten and perambulate through its balmy shades, and shelter our heads under its peaceful bower. You must, my dear friend, spare another hour from your domestic concerns, and follow my roving feet. I cannot part with you yet—my heart is still full, and I desire to pour its contents into your affectionate bosom; much of the power and wisdom of the Creator is seen in this garden, and methinks it invites us to admire its beauties. But ah! see there is some one strolling its walks, and perhaps my designs are frustrated. It is a female! her steps are tardy, and her manner pensive! Can it be the owner? will she I wonder forbid our approach to gratify our inclinations? Let us venture to salute her. Hail solitary friend! why apparently so sad, with such gayety before thee. The smiling groves and cheerful lark, bid thee to be happy, and to join Flora's rosy train, in singing the praise of nature's God. Oh! it is our dear ———. Why so pensive

and thoughtful, my sister? how altered is your appearance! that wan cheek and sunken eye tell me all is not right within. Oh! say, why this change, why doth such sorrow cloud thy brow? What new calamity has befallen you since our last meeting, or do your thoughts revert to some past painful scene? That look, my sister, conveys the secret of your wo. But come, be not inconsolable; time will, I trust, restore all things to their proper order, and you, I hope, see happier days. There is only one thing that will ensure true happiness and peace of mind—and that is, the love of God. Believe me that the possession of this blessing will yield you abundant consolation in the hour of sorrow. Troubles do not spring out of the ground, they are sent by the God who made us; and he only can bind and heal the bleeding wounds.

The children of Israel long provoked the patience of the Lord; he led them through deep waters, and when he afflicted them they repented and returned unto their God. In like manner have you acted. But let us beware that we do not by our obduracy grieve the Holy Spirit, and cause him to withdraw his cheering presence. But enough of this now; another time we will enter more fully on the subject; the lovely scenery around, for the present claims our attention. The proprietor of this garden has displayed uncommon taste in its arrangement; he must have taken great pains to collect so great a variety of beautiful flowers, the beauties of which are heightened by these fountains and marine productions that are interspersed among them. Surely the owner has endeavoured to make it an earthly paradise. Its curved

walks and arched gates ; its silver streams and sparkling fountains, may be supposed to intimate an intention to make it resemble the garden of the Lord. But beautifully as this is laid out, how imperfectly does human ingenuity copy the works of God. Mark, my friends, his hand in the sumptuously robed trees! Who but God could have called creation out of chaos? Every leaf is a witness against infidel principles. Man may toil, sow, and reap, but without God, there can be neither growth, bud, nor blossom. Behold on this spot of ground the variety of trees, all in full bloom, with colours as various, and as rich as the lovely rainbow. What a grand display of Almighty goodness, and infinite wisdom! Look how the young and tender fruit crowns the shrub ; it is green, but when its parent sun shall have warmed, and the dews nourished it, it will be fit for the use of man. How kind is our Creator in studying our comfort and our enjoyment.

How much is our taste gratified with the luxuries of earth, and how amply does the God of nature provide for his rebellious creatures! Is it not surprising that we are not more sensible of the unmerited goodness of our Maker?

How richly are the walks adorned with the gayly dressed flowers! Here are ten thousand variegated hues—their gayety seems to inspire me with new vigour. Do not you feel animated? See the blushing moss-rose, feel its soft velvet texture, and view its modest aspect! What a beautiful emblem of the fair Rose of Sharon, that lovely Paragon of heaven, in whom every celestial grace is found! Look at these curious young plants just sprouting up—what care

they need! Were they not warmed by the rays of the sun, and frequently watered, they would presently wither and die. How delightful the fragrance which they emit—the air is perfumed with its odour. In the formation of all things, the divine Being has not only provided for our necessities, but has also granted us many indulgences, which please the eye, the taste, and smell. But what poor returns of love and gratitude do we make to our gracious Benefactor? Let us enter this shady arbour, and while sheltered from the scorching beams of the sun, we will gratefully acknowledge the munificence of the great almoner in an humble song.

Oh! thou great source of every good,
From whom our blessings spring;
We would acknowledge thee as God,
And to thy praises sing.

How bright and glorious are thy works,
How suited for our good;
Our thirst is quenched by the brooks,
The fields they yield us food.

The clouds descend in gentle rain,
And make the grass to grow;
To feed the beasts, to fill the grain,
And make the riv'lets flow.

The glorious sun, the moon, and stars,
All in their seasons rise;
Illuminate these lower spheres,
And deck the azure skies.

The sun beams nourish plant and flower,
And make the blossoms blow;
Exhale the vapours by their power,
And make the spice bed grow!

The sea produces many kinds
To please the various taste;
Its scenes expand, and charm the minds
That view its boundless waste.

Man, fowl, and cattle, earth and air,
Proclaim a sovereign hand;
First to create, then keep alive,
And cause them all to stand.

Perfect are all his labours here,
Unrivall'd and sublime;
As perfect is redemption's work,
Deep, skilful, and divine.

Happy for man the Lord is God,
And reigns and rules below;
He studies all his children's good,
And makes their comforts flow.

Human device could nothing add
To beautify this orb,
Nor even angel's highest skill
Improve the upper globe.

God has completed all his works,
Left nought for man to do;
Man would have failed in the vast work
The great Creator knew.

Transporting thought! his grandest work,
Salvation, is complete;
Oh! for this love let every tongue
His constant praise repeat.

And now, dear sisters of my soul,
Ere we shall hence depart,
Let us, with one accord, consent
To give him all our heart.

We admire the numerous beauties of this nursery, but there is another on earth whose elegance far surpasses this; and the Lord God is the sun, and the great husbandman. He tills the soil, and sows the seed; he rears the plants, waters and keeps them alive; he weeds the beds, warms and meliorates the ground, and matures the harvest. Some are plants, and some are trees, in this superior garden; in their season they all bud, blossom, and bear fruit, and as they ripen the heavenly gardener gathers them in. In a little time they will all be fit for the garner, and then he will make one ingathering of the whole.

My dear C—— will ask where this garden is to be seen? You, my friend, understand me, but as C—— does not, I will give her a brief explanation. In most parts of this globe it is a scattered garden; its borders extend through the whole earth, and yet it is so enclosed, and so well guarded, that none can molest it without the permission of the great husbandman.

The Christian church, my dear C——, is the garden I allude to; and which excels this, and all the gardens in the world. The human heart is the soil; the seed is the word of God; the plants and trees are the different degrees of grace; the water is the Spirit

that refreshes and invigorates them; the sun is the grace that warms and matures them. The weeds are sins which are rooted out by the hand of God. The buds, blossoms, and fruit are also grace, but of a higher degree; when the fruit is ripe, the husbandman sends his angels to gather it. That is, when the Christian is ripe for glory, the Lord of the harvest sends a shining host to escort the heaven-born soul to its eternal home—a celestial mansion, far more magnificent than can be conceived—a garden of all joy and delight, whose elysian beauties would puzzle an angel to paint. The glorious paradise above can only be partially described by its own fair inhabitants. But see how the clouds arise! they have enveloped the face of the sun. What a gloom is spread over the earth. Alas! so do the black clouds of sin frequently overcast the happiness of the Christian, and intercept the bright rays of the Sun of Righteousness. When Jesus withdraws the light of his countenance, what gloom and sadness distress the soul! Now the clouds disperse, and bright Sol appears again: how every thing seems to rejoice at his presence! Just so the Saviour often breaks unexpectedly through the clouds of darkness, and shines with greater lustre on the soul: his animating presence makes the believer's heart with love to burn, and draws forth new songs of praise. The withholding the sun from our view, makes us appreciate the blessing of his light, and feel more grateful when again indulged with it. As with temporal things, so also with spiritual. But see there are four persons approaching; is it not brother, F——, A——, and Anna? it is. Have you come hither in search of us? it is time to return I know; it grows towards even-

ing; we have spent the day in viewing the grand productions of the great Architect of nature—the time has imperceptibly glided away—when you have walked round the garden we will accompany you home. There is another spot which I should like to visit this evening, as we are all here together; suppose we stop as we pass? it is not far from our dwelling. This is the place I so much wish to survey—the grave of our departed father, whose beloved remains I have a great desire to see once more. You weep, my brother, and would fly—but no, stay, it is good to familiarize ourselves with death, for we must all come to the grave. Our mother earth must receive her children again; for dust we are, and unto dust we must return.

You look sad, my sisters, at the sight of this once-living, but now mouldering, clay—a few months since, and his limbs were warm and active; now alas! they are cold, stiff, and useless; his cheeks once glowed with health and smiles, but alas! what ravages death has made on them, scarce a feature can be recognized, the smiles have fled, and worms consume the flesh. See, oh! my soul, to what thou must shortly come—thy poor mansion must be in like manner dissolved, the clods of the valley must cover it, and the worms of the ground feed on it. But what do I hear? The dead speaks! The voice of my father breaks forth from the grave. Eliza, the consumption of the body is of little import—but the soul, that never dying part, oh! let that be your great concern. Live as thou wouldst wish to die, my child—live the Christian, that thy latter end may be that of the righteous. Adorn thy profession, walk circumspectly, and keep thy lamp always trimmed, that when the Son of man cometh, thou mayest be ready to receive him, and

to depart in peace. My son, my son, weep not for your father; you cannot recall him; no he can never more return to you—but you must come to him, and be a prey to worms—then shed tears for yourself, and go, "prepare to meet thy God," for the destroying monarch may come when you least expect him. And you, my daughters, hear the voice of your father from the tomb: behold me, look on my ashes, and remember you also must come to the grave. Be not troubled for the dead—but, be deeply concerned for yourselves; for know that "the day is far advanced, and the night cometh wherein no man can work." Flee for your lives to the rock of salvation, Christ the Son of God; lest the night overtake you, and shut you up into outer darkness, and despair—there is no repentance in the grave, remember this, and seek it while living. Return oh! my children! return to your dwelling, and be determined to serve the Lord God of Heaven, who hath all power over your souls, and who can and will consume you by the breath of his mouth, if you obey not his Almighty commands. Return, and bear this message to your widowed mother—tell her, time is short, eternity is long, and death is at the door; bid her beware of procrastination; tell her to fly to Christ, and seek an interest in his atoning blood. Hear, oh! my children, the voice of one from the ground, and let the counsel of the dead rouse your immortal souls to holy obedience. Oh! put not off repentance to a dying hour; that is an unsuitable time to attend to eternal concerns.

I charge you to keep this advice in remembrance, Oh! my dear brother and sisters.

Is this the language of our parent's clay?
Then each the warning of the dead obey;
Speakest thou from heaven or from the world below?
Or must we not, while in this dark vale, know?
Ah! why inquire, since God the just and wise,
Sees fit to hide this secret from our eyes?
Enough that God a hope to us has given,
That thy loved spirit took its flight to heaven;
Be this our anxious thought our first concern,
To love the Lord, and our own state to learn;
Let's now begin—a day put off may prove
A day too late, to taste eternal love.

Such, methinks, my dear kindred, would be the language of our departed father could he return to this earth—but, although no real voice can give the solemn charge, his mouldering clay warns us to prepare for death. Let us return home, and all resolve in the strength of the Lord, to make our peace with God, who is able, not only to kill the body and bring it to dust again, but is also able to destroy the immortal part of man, which was created for a nobler purpose than vanity. But, let us go; the shades of night approach, and the dew falls. Farewell ye sacred ashes of my father, ye solemn shades of death, and ye more cheerful scenes, all farewell! Adieu Alice, beloved friend of my soul! and should we never meet again on earth, thus to enjoy the beauties of creation, we shall, I trust, meet in the paradise of God, and for ever be delighted with scenes too great and glorious for mortal hearts to conceive. We shall be enraptured with the brightness of the Saviour's glory. Farewell.

MEDITATION.

Hurl-Gate, Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1821.

Oh! what a calm this evening reigns within
Of sacred peace! A sweet and tranquil joy
Pervades throughout my heart, my soul and mind,
Amidst the strange convulsions of my frame.
But ah! to-morrow, perhaps to-morrow's dawn,
Or, ere the evening shades again prevail,
Some inward warring may disturb my calm,
And sad commotion seize my peaceful breast.
This is a boisterous and tempestuous life;
'Tis peace to-day, to-morrow storms arise,
And clouds of darkness hide the summer skies.
But why forebode this ill? My soul, forbear;
Enjoy the present, and the future leave;
Leave it to God! and at his radiant throne
Oft wait, and he'll renew his strength and grace.
Watch well thy actions, and refrain from sin,
Resist temptation, bridle well thy tongue,
And then thou need'st not dread a change of scene.
Oh sweet serenity of soul! Stay blessed peace,
And smile for ever in my glowing breast;
Be thou an inmate of my heart till death;
Let thy sweet presence grace my dying hours,
And enter with me in the silent grave:
Then in immortal shades, celestial friend,
Bless me, through everlasting ages there.
Ah, thoughtless world! how little do you know
The pleasures that arise from serving God!
Strangers to religion and averse to good,
You grasp at phantoms and pursue false joys.
Ye votaries of sin! ye wayfaring fools,

Who vainly seek for bliss in things of sense,
And toil and labour for the toys of time;
Who catch at bubbles and at honours aim;
The giddy round of dissipation run,
And find but vanity in the wild pursuit;
Yet, live as senseless as the senseless brute;
Forget you're mortal, forget you're fragile clay,
And that a thread supports your brittle lives.
Why will ye live so madly, when this life
Is but a shadow, or a fleeting dream,
That's told, forgot, and ne'er remember'd more?
Yet sport with eternity that endures like God!
  Stop, silly mortals, stop your wild career,
Ere vengeance overtake your guilty heads,
And frown you down to everlasting wo!
Stop, oh stop, or hell will be your lot;
For there's a dark abyss prepar'd for those
That will not listen to the Gospel sound;
A dread abode for those who fear not God,
Obey his precepts, and revere his Son.
For such as love vain pleasure more than Christ
There is a prison and a burning lake,
An awful conscience, a consuming fire
The boundless seas can never, never quench.
  There is a state, a doleful state for souls
That scorn the Saviour and despise his laws,
And trample under foot his heavenly blood!
And there the worm ne'er dies, the flames ne'er cease;
Just vengeance and eternal wrath abide
For ever and for ever on their heads.
  There is a gulf so fix'd between (by God)
The unalterable state of heaven and hell,
That sinners cannot pass from hell to heaven;
And if they could, their unconverted hearts

Would feel no relish for celestial joys.
Think not then, O ye disobedient race,
(Who spurn the overtures of sovereign grace)
To fly the sad dark dungeon of despair,
When once your wretched souls are shut up there;
Myriads of years will slowly roll away,
Without one glimmering hope of future day;
Ten million million countless ages more
Will bring the end no nearer than before;
When these have fled, thrice times as many spend,
And find eternity will have no end.
Eternal misery! sad dolorous state!
Sinners repent, or such will be your fate.

Oh! my heart sickens at the horrid thought!
How many souls are hastening on to death,
That baneful death, that never, never dies;
How unconcern'd they rush to pain and wo,
Dash down the precipice of black despair:
With open eyes they drink the poison in,
Alas! alas! and seal their endless ruin.

Enough, my soul, reverse the mournful scene;
Portray the bliss of those who love the Lord,
Take up his easy cross, despise the shame,
Endure reproaches for his sake from men,
And follow after him through all reports.

There is a calm, a sweet and peaceful calm,
Reserv'd for such as love their Maker here,
And in his grace and glorious name confide.
A rest for weary souls, that toil and pant,
And strive to overcome the pow'r of sin,
And live a life of holiness and faith.
A sweet repose, an everlasting home
For pilgrims who devote their time and strength
In the blessed service of their Master's cause;

And practise faith and patience to the end.
A rich reward, a never fading crown
For the dear votaries of the Saviour's grace;
Who leave their friends, their comforts, and their all,
And go to distant lands and broiling climes,
T' encounter danger, hardships, and fatigue,
For Messiah, the great Redeemer's sake.
A glorious kingdom kept in store for those
Who preach the Gospel, and proclaim good will
And peace to Adam's guilty fallen race.
A sweet inheritance laid up for all
Who fear the Lord, and his commands obey.
A blissful mansion for the weakest saint;
Bright thrones for martyrs, and pure robes of white
For all who put their trust in God through life,
Believe his precious promises in death,
And trust him for the unseen things to come.
Christians! how bright your prospect after death;
Let the fair view you have of endless rest,
Animate you upon the heavenly way:
Oh! let the condescending love of Christ
Stimulate you to all good works while here:
Press on with vigour and with holy zeal
Toward the prize which now by faith you see;
And when the victory's gained, the prize is won,
Sin shall no more break in upon your peace,
Nor sorrows rise to intercept your joys.
Oh thou, my soul! be valiant, bold and strong,
Fight the good fight of faith with all your might,
And when your labours cease, your work is done,
You shall mount up and claim the promised rest,
For ever praise, and be for ever bless'd.
And may it be my happy lot to meet
Those whom I love at my Redeemer's feet.

With them I'd join to magnify his praise,
In grateful notes through everlasting days.
May you, my relatives, with Jesus reign,
And shine bright stars amidst the heavenly train.

Pause.

Eternal God! great source of every good!
To thee my highest praise and thanks are due,
For the rich blessing of thy glorious grace.
Why was I mark'd by thine Almighty eye
Ere time began, or ere I drew my breath,
And made to serve thee with a willing mind?
Why was I made to hear kind mercy's voice?
While some, alas! are left to die in sin.
Oh Son of God! my wond'ring soul would ask
Why was thy grace on such a wretch bestow'd?
Why was I made to feel my fallen state,
And see my need of such a friend as thee,
And choose the blissful path that leads to heaven?
What is my pedigree, or what am I?
That such vast favour should be shown to me.
By nature and by practice I am vile!
Prone, Lord, to sin; so my forefathers were.
'Tis then, my God, through thy good will alone
(Since I am guilty—and my fathers too,)
That wretched I am so supremely bless'd;
It must be so! ah! yes, oh Lord it is!
Through thy good will and pleasure I am call'd
To see, and taste, and feel Almighty love!
Infinite God! through thy all potent pow'r
My heart is chang'd, and fix'd on thee for ever.
Oh wond'rous change! Celestial grace, to thee
I owe my happy state. To thee I'm debtor

For the bright prospect of immortal joys,
And the bless'd hope of everlasting life.
Incarnate God! from thee my hopes arise:
Thy sufferings on the tree procured my peace;
Thy death has freed my slavish soul from hell,
Purchas'd my crown, secured eternal life,
And oh! ransom'd me from the grave. Thy blood,
Thy precious blood, which flow'd in purple streams
When on the cross, on Calvary's bloody mount,
Hath seal'd my pardon, and appeas'd my God!
Through thy obedience, I'm restor'd to life;
An angry God is reconcil'd again.
Now, thro' thy merits I enjoy the light,
My Father's frowns are into smiles all turn'd,
And blessings, num'rous as the lamps of heav'n,
Descend as constant as the fulgid sun
Performs his daily functions round the globe:
Thus am I bless'd, and thro' my heav'nly friend.
Prostrate my soul! and at his feet adore!
Cast out all other idols from thy heart,
And let thy Saviour reign sole emp'ror there.
Come in, thou blest Redeemer! take the rein,
Thrust out all else besides, and never more
Suffer the creature to usurp thy place.
My heart is thine! Thine by the closest ties!
Creator, Husband, Father, Saviour, Friend!
Endearing titles, sweet engaging names,
Oh! what exquisite rapture they convey
To my extatic, idolizing soul!
They give an emphasis to all my joys.
My heart is thine! oh Lord, it cleaves to thee!
Closer than the ivy clings round the tree.
Time may divide the tendrils from the bark,
But oh heart cheering thought! death nor the grave,

Can never sever my firm heart from thee.
As the fond suckling from its mother's breast
Inhales the juices that sustains its life,
So I extract the sweets from those blest streams
That flow from purer veins, the veins of Christ!
And richly feast my hungry soul with love.
Have not I given myself long since to thee,
And bound my soul to thee by sacred ties,
Unknown to mortals that ne'er felt thy love.
But oh, sad thought! how often since I've rov'd
And hewn out broken cisterns, empty wells
That hold no water. Like silly Ephraim
Sought out idols, and kept aloof from thee!
But oh, thy kindness brought me back again;
And now permit my grateful soul to bow,
And doubly praise, and thrice adore thy name.
Again permit me, oh! thou whom I love,
To speak my passion and renew my vows!
Thou radiant sun, thou moon and stars,
Witness my fervent ardour and my zeal.
And ye bright seraphs of the upper world,
List to the sacred strains, and lend your aid,
My thoughts aspire to your immortal notes,
Nor shall I rest till I attain your joys.
Jesus, I love thee! and no power shall break
The golden cords that bind my soul to thee.
I love thee! but not as I love my friends;
Not as I love the trophies of thy pow'r,
Nor as I love thy charming works abroad,
But with an unutterable flame! with zeal
Divine! feelings that mortals can't express.
I love, cold epithet! oh! I adore
With celestial passion such as angels feel:
And more—for tho' the angels have not sinn'd

They're total strangers to redeeming love!
Taste not the lux'ries which salvation brings,
Nor can they sip from that bless'd fount I drink.
Yes! I adore thee, and with every pow'r:
Each faculty is ravished with thy charms,
And still sighs for a more transcendent view;
I pine, I languish, for a fuller sight.
That noble deed upon the humbling cross
Fires my soul, and lowers my rising pride;
Exalted virtues from thy nature rise
And kindle the glowing fire! I feel it
Burn—it burns through each vein and vital spring.
Thy beauties spread the flames through every nerve,
And blow my passion to a glaring blaze
Of unutterable height! to thee, oh thou
My glorious advocate on high! to thee
My adoring thoughts aspire: while all the
Joys of sense have not one charm to allure.
My soul mounts up to thee on wings of faith,
And longs to drop this cumb'rous clog below,
And dive disembodied, 'midst the shining throng.
Oh how I long to fly these earthly clods!
Be stript of fleshly weeds that chain me here,
And soar to arms of everlasting love.
Ye rolling spheres move on your course with speed,
Turn round your axis with a vivid pace,
And bring about the dear delightful day.

PAUSE.

Still I must vent my feelings through the pen,
And swell the muse with my Redeemer's praise;
Still my glad bosom burns with ardent love;
Still my heart glows with celestial fire,

And longs to pour effusions in Christ's ear:
Flow on my praise, my thoughts to Jesus fly.

Jesus thou art the brightest gem,
The loveliest fragrant flow'r,
The brightest stalk, the fairest stem,
That smiles in Eden's bower.

The sweetest lily of the fields,
The fairest blooming rose,
The choicest plant that heaven yields.
Most graceful bud that blows.

Could I climb o'er the garden wall
Of paradise above,
I'd ramble o'er the flow'ry vale,
And satiate my love.

I'd seek the fairest flow'r that grows,
The sweetest fragrance there;
And pluck the lily and the rose,
Nor thorn nor thistle fear.

From Christ the lily and the rose,
The jewel and the gem,
New beauties every hour disclose
To angels and to men.

Oh! thou art fair, divinely fair, my God;
Fairer than woman—or, all else besides.
All the bright orders of the heav'nly ranks
Are but dim rubies when compar'd to thee;
Yes, thou art fair my love! and brighter than
The vast myriads that adorn the skies.

Thou art all pure and spotless—yea, purer
Than a virgin's vestal robes. And lovelier
Than the blossom that bloom'd on Aaron's rod ;
Than vernal graces, or than flow'ry groves :
Far lovelier than the gilded beams of morn,
Or than the bright fair limpid setting sun,
Oh, the bewitching charms that spread thy face !
What glories in thy visage I behold ;
What love and mercy in thy grace I see,
To raise my highest adorations high'r.
Here I am lost ; I'm lost, expression fails !
Immortal eloquence alone can paint
The unrivall'd graces that invest thy
Soul, and allure and fascinate my heart.
All my best pow'rs, O God, I give to thee !
My heart, my soul, my talents, mind, and strength,
My days, and years, I all devote to thee ;
In thy blest strength, Lord, I present the boon ;
Through grace, I humbly give all, all to heaven !
Cast earth, with all its store, behind my back.
Yes Lord! I give my heart, and soul to thee,
They're firmly fixed, eternally fixed above,
Nor earth nor hell shall break the cov'nant tie.
Witness ye angels ! and ye saints of light !
This act of faith, by sweet constraining grace :
Should I dissemble, should my heart e'er change,
Let your reproaches then fall on my head.
But search me, Lord, and try my inmost reins,
And see whether my passion is sincere ?
What shall I do to daily prove my love ?
Teach me, O God, that I may know the way
To prove the fidelity of my soul !
Let thy good spirit guide me, and thy grace

Instruct me how to live and how to die,
Devotedly and immutably thine.
Keep me, oh God of Jacob, keep my soul;
For by thy power alone I am preserved:
Thy grace alone can make me keep my vows,
Withhold that, Lord, and I am as one dead;
My strength, my ardour, and my zeal will fly,
And God and heaven no more be felt within.
Great God! with all my soul, my mind and strength
I implore thy grace to keep my heart from sin.
Never, O never let me go astray,
Nor be puffed up by supercilious pride:
Rivet my affections more and more profound,
On the dear image of thy darling Son.
And oh, secure them from infernal arrows!
My highest hopes all on thy grace depend,
For my own strength, alas! at best, is weak.
I charge you, ye black powers of hell and earth,
Approach me not, nor break upon my peace;
Attempt no more to weaken my firm faith;
'Twas you and inward foes that set the trap,
The horrid gin that so ensnared my feet,
And made me love the creature in God's stead.
And thou beware, O my unstable heart!
(Who in the tents of Mesech yet dost dwell)
Touch not, taste not, nor of her ways partake;
Watch well, pray much, and shun her flattering wiles;
And thou shalt 'scape the dangers of deceit.
Ye false delectations, ye terrestrial joys,
Ye vain and visionary pleasures all avaunt!
I seek, nor want to drink your vain delights,
I've other joys that you know nothing of;
The joys of heaven—angels' holy joys!

Christ is the bliss—the pleasure I pursue;
(And not your fleeting joys, your fancied gems,
That vanish as dew, or as the morning cloud,
Here to-day, to morrow for ever gone,
But,) solid as eternity itself,
Firm as the rock on which my hopes are built,
Are the delights on which my heart is fixed.
Let me be weaned from earth—vain world begone!
And let me be alive to God alone.
Pity the multitude, eternal God!
Who stand upon the brink of death and hell,
Who sport with conscience and their Maker's name,
Refuse wise counsel, trample on thy laws,
And trifle with eternity. Pity,
Oh! pity their unconcern for heaven,
Futurity, and their immortal good.
Arise, oh God! and stop their dangerous course,
Ere they, like Pharaoh and his vagrant host
Plunge in the sea, and perish in the floods.

TO JAMES H——, SEN'R.

January, 1822.

Oh! honour'd friend! thou favour'd son of heaven,
Hath God to thee such brilliant talents given,
To have them buried and remain unknown,
While thousands in such awful ign'rance groan?

Ah no! thy lucid parts are gifts of God,
Implanted in the mind for some great good; [thing,
Why then keep back, oh H——! since some good
Is found in thee toward the heav'nly King?

Why from the world those blessed gifts then hide?
Surely 'tis not the fault of noxious pride,
Which makes this world so given to sin and strife,
The fall of angels, and the bane of life?

The fear of man ofttimes the soul ensnares,
And fills the mind with grief and sinful cares:
But think not, worthy friend, that I design
T' accuse thee wrongly of this woful crime.

O no! but diffidence my thoughts would say,
Has o'er thy mind (perhaps) too great a sway;
Humility's a noble trait indeed,
And doth some other graces far exceed:

But may we not, great sage and honour'd sir,
Grossly deceive ourselves and vastly err?
Let us beware lest we deceive our heart,
And make it act a false and selfish part.

Words loudly speak—your actions louder still
Bespeak the Christian with an humble will;
But why neglect what gratitude demands,
What love dictates?—to do the Lord's commands.

Come boldly forth, my friend—at once decide,
And show the world you're on the Saviour's side;
Obey his mandates, and his love declare— [there.
Lo! Jordan's streams—go—plunge and wash you

Behold the feast, and lo! the table spread,
Arise, and eat the sacramental bread:

The blessing waits you—duty loudly calls,
To prove your love to Christ the friend of souls.

Oh! keep not back, dear friend, nor still refuse
To spread Jehovah's praises with thy muse;
Or tell the world the Saviour's dying love,
And point their souls to endless joys above.

Hath not God qualified your mind to teach?
Then turn your long divided thoughts to preac h;
Nor sea nor country more your mind employ,
But preach the Gospel to the world with joy.

Dear valued friend, accept these humble lines,
With my best thanks for goodness in past times;
For kindness now, may Jesus you reward
With ev'ry blessing, grace and life afford.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I DO not, my dear friend, pretend to possess those amiable properties and many moral excellencies which have composed your life; (would that I could imitate many of your worthy examples;) but though I feel myself to be inferior in a moral sense, candour obliges me to say that you are still wanting of something to make you all you possibly can be, or what the heart could wish you in a mortal state, and that is the "ONE THING NEEDFUL." You have not yet found "the pearl of great price." Unless you possess that inestimable gem all other valuable and admirable

qualifications will not secure your eternal welfare ; be assured they will not effect one step towards it, though they may in a measure be conducive to your happiness here ; yet they will not, they cannot in the least contribute to your felicity hereafter. No good qualifications of the mind can recommend us to the divine favour, for all our best deeds are as filthy rags in the sight of God. Lorenzo, I very highly esteem your mortal self—but your soul, that never-dying part, I doubly appreciate ; and I cannot, indeed, any longer refrain from speaking to you on so important a matter. I must acknowledge, and with shame, that I have too long neglected this duty through that dangerous sin which predominates too much among professors ; I mean the FEAR OF MAN. But my conscience will no longer suffer me to keep silent. If I should neglect to admonish you to seek an interest in the Saviour, and warn you of the danger your soul is in while you remain alienated from God, I should justly deserve to be reproached by you in that august day when the GREAT JUDGE shall appear at his tribunal to decide and pass sentence. It would be no proof of my friendship to let you deceive yourself with false hopes and views, through the fear of my being thought presumptuous if I should use the freedom to tell you of the sad delusion you are under. I, therefore, with the greatest deference and candour solicit you to examine yourself, and see whether your hopes are built on a right foundation. The heart is deceitful, and it is an easy matter for us to impose upon ourselves. Christ Jesus is the only sure rock on which we can build ; if we trust to any other the foundation will fall, and our false hopes be destroyed. Listen, Lorenzo, while I attempt to speak a few words of advice ; and though

it comes from the pen of a frail woman, yet believe me, it comes from the heart; it is the counsel of one who has your good sincerely on her mind, and who would rejoice with unspeakable joy to see your happiness in any way enhanced, but who feels particularly interested for the prosperity of your soul. Permit me, then, to entreat of you to explore the word of inspiration for yourself, and not trust to the opinion of speculative writers; it is a most dangerous thing. That religion which is not reduced to practice cannot be said to be a religion. To have the theory without the practice will avail nothing; it would be better for such in the day of judgment that they had been as the ignorant heathen; their knowledge will be to their greater condemnation.

The speculators in religion run into a thousand errors, and often distract their brains; the generality of them believe nothing; they get so bewildered at length as to imagine the whole to be of men's devices; and alas! the Holy Scriptures a mass of fabrication. But what else can be expected if men will carelessly run over the WORD OF GOD which CANNOT LIE, and puzzle their brains with the mere ideal inventions of frail mortals, who, like themselves, are full of error? Oh, my dear friend, give this a serious reflection; do not die in a delusion for want of searching *faithfully* the blessed Bible, from which you will learn that the most moral and amiable of beings possess wicked hearts, and are condemnable in the eye of God, and need his grace to change them as much as the openly wicked. The word of God will reveal to you the nature of sin and regeneration, and the real necessity of a change of heart. I have heard you speak of the injustice of God in election; but do not let that doc-

trine impede your search. Let it be your first and only concern to ascertain your real character by nature and practice, and as it stands in the sight of the great Jehovah; and to seek an interest in the efficacious and atoning blood of his glorious Son; and if you obtain that interest, which you assuredly will if you seek it unfeignedly, the Holy Spirit will disclose to you the meaning of many passages in Scripture which may now appear dark and inexplicable. The doctrine of predestination will no doubt be elucidated to your satisfaction, should you become savingly acquainted with God. Religion, I know, is a great mystery to the unconverted. It is a mystery even to those who are born again; so it is no wonder that it is impossible for the "natural man to discern the things of the Spirit." But God has revealed sufficient in his word for the capacity of every rational creature to comprehend, if he reads, or listens with a true desire of being instructed in divine things. The way of life is pointed out to us, as plain as the alphabet, and we are as capable of understanding its meaning as we are of learning our letters, if we have but the same inclination to be instructed in the one as the other; the fault does not lay in our capacity, but in our *will;* but so totally depraved are our wills, that without the grace of God we should never be willing at all, but die in ignorance and unbelief.—But God has promised that if we seek his face we shall find it, if we ask it shall be given to us; we ought, therefore, to be obedient to his heavenly mandate, and take encouragement from his gracious promises, that "if we seek we *shall* find." Let it then be your immediate study, my dear friend, to seek the Lord. I urge you to it

because I value your soul, and wish ardently for your abode in the next world to be among the blessed.

Do not imagine religion is an insipid thing, as too many do who have not tasted it; I can assure you it is not so, I have drank both into the pleasures of this world and the joys of religion, and can judge which is the most acceptable. From sweet experience I do know that religion has charms the world knows nothing of, and solid pleasures to which the gay and thoughtless are strangers. Yes, they are indeed strangers to the pleasures of godliness. You, Lorenzo, have partook largely of what the world calls pleasure; but do they satisfy your immortal soul? No I am sensible they cannot—they leave a void within; you sigh for something you have not yet possessed, and it is for substantial bliss, for joys which nothing short of God can bestow. It is religion that you want—and never will you be really happy without it, though you possessed all the wealth and luxuries earth's fertile stores could lavish on you. Come then, dear friend, and taste those heavenly joys which only can satisfy an immortal soul.—That noble part of man was never made for vanity and dust, it was created for the glory of its Maker. Let us, then, both in our lives and conversation, glorify our Creator, and so answer the end for which we were made—do not procrastinate—if we wait for to-morrow, remember to-morrow may never come; we cannot call a moment our own, our lives are not in our own hands, we are at the Lord's disposal, and he may surprise us with a message to appear at his bar when we least suspect it.

Do not think I mean to be presuming, it is not my intention to dictate to one I consider superior in all points, but the *blessed knowledge of an exalted Re-*

deemer. It is only my intention to warn, to intreat, and beseech you, as a sincere friend, to attend to your eternal concerns. I feel an anxious solicitude for your immortal welfare, and therefore am constrained by the feelings of both friendship and duty, to address you on the solemn occasion, and which I hope you will not take amiss. Without flattery, I must confess I think that were your affections renovated, and your heart changed, that you would be a bright and shining light in the church of God, and a useful instrument in his hand, to the furthering of the Saviour's kingdom. These are my present impressions from what I know of your abilities and disposition. But pardon this long and tedious scrawl, it was not my design to have been so prolix when I commenced this sheet, but as you already know it is a great failing of mine, hope your goodness will excuse me. I am happy to inform you, that, through mercy, I am better. The fore part of the winter I frequently had those paroxysms I am troubled with, but I am more encouraged now to hope I shall recover entirely from them. But this is the Lord's goodness ; I have made it a matter of prayer to him for a long time past, and he is now appearing in my behalf. Unto him may all the praise redound, for through his power and mercy the blessing comes. But I am still running on, and not only tiring you, but injuring myself. Adieu, and may a blessing accompany these feeble lines. Wishing you every felicity this life can afford, and the richer blessings of grace and peace, I am yours with the greatest respect and affection,

ELIZA.

TO CAROLINE FRANCES M——, AGED FOUR MONTHS.

1822.

And dost thou smile so sweetly, babe,
So sweetly smile on me?
Dost thou so soon begin to know
Her who dearly loves thee?

Bewitching child, those smiling looks
Too much allure my heart;
I fear lest I an idol make,
And cause the flesh to smart.

I soon must leave thee for a time,
Must from my darling go;
The thought is painful—but 'tis best
To part awhile I know.

Love's dang'rous flame hath more than once
Made havoc of the flesh;
And now I tremble—dread the fire,
Lest it should burn afresh.

Yes, lovely babe, thine infant charms
Close round my heart entwine;
Already thou art too well lov'd
By this fond breast of mine.

But ah! who could those winning smiles
Behold, and not be mov'd,
Except the cold phlegmatic heart
That never once has lov'd?

More lovely than the op'ning day,
More beauteous than a flow'r,
Thou dost thy growing charms display,
And show thy Maker's pow'r.

Thine eyes like sparkling rubies shine,
And like the sun beams smile,
A sweet intelligence they speak,
And oft my thoughts beguile.

P'raps some who seldom see thy face,
And little of thee know,
May think it wild extravagance
To eulogize thee so.

But ah! they know thee not, nor see
The beauties I behold,
Which like the lily and the rose
So delicate unfold.

How oft I kiss those vermil lips,
And press thee to my breast,
And hope my little Frances may
In early life be bless'd;

Grow up in grace and fear the Lord,
And glorify him here,
And shine a bright gem in his crown,
When he shall reappear.

Soon as thy infant tongue can lisp,
May it the Saviour praise;
Heav'n smile upon thy tender years
And guard thy youthful days.

Oft when I gaze upon thy charms,
Think they must fade so soon,
And the fair stem on which they grow
Must drop into the tomb ;

To heav'n I lift imploring eyes
To have thy soul renew'd,
Thy heart in heav'nly wisdom skill'd,
Thy path with blessings strew'd.

Great God smile on this lovely babe,
And bless her infant days,
And crown her life with peace and joy,
And teach her tongue to praise.

And when the day of death arrives,
That solemn hour shall come,
Send down a convoy from the skies
And fetch her spirit home.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PROSPECT OF VERY SOON LOSING A FRIEND.

Alas ! and is my friend brought nigh to death?
Great God ! must he so soon resign his breath ?
Who doth to me a second father prove,
And whom as such I do revere and love?

Twelve months have scarcely fled, since I beheld
My own dear parent on a death-bed laid ;
Ah ! must I feel another loss so soon,
Will death the mansion of my friend invade?

Yes—oh yes! Death aims his shafts to slay,
And threatens fast, alas! to seize his prey;
Oh God! support me in this trying hour,
Nor let me kick against thy will and pow'r.

Could I but now express my grateful thanks,
Pay the last grateful tribute to my friend,
Watch his last breath, and see his soul depart,
How it would ease my sad and burden'd mind.

But heav'n will not indulge my longing heart
To repeat its thanks, and see the saint depart;
But I submit—it is my Saviour's will,
He so ordains it and I would be still.

Thrice have I taken leave—and thrice, and thrice
I've made attempt my gratitude to speak,
But my heart fail'd, and I declin'd through fear
It might be thought it was for interest's sake.

Like one devoid of sense I go and come,
And dare not thank my friend for what he's done,
Lest it should look like asking still for more,
A meanness I disdain and much abhor.

But in this thought a solace sweet I find,
God *knows* my *heart*, and my *best* friends my mind,
And I ere long shall meet my friend again,
Where I my actions freely can explain.

Oh blissful thought! that I shall see the saint
In that bless'd world where there is no restraint,
No jealous eye to scan my motives there,
And scrutinize my conduct like some here.

Till then I'll wait, my kind and gen'rous friend,
For I no more shall see thy spirit here;
But thy cold mansion I again shall view,
Kiss thy wan cheek, and bid a last adieu.

PAUSE.

But come, my soul, since thou can't see him die,
Trace his glad flight to yon bright realms on high,
Let fancy now the dying scene portray,
And follow him beyond the milky way.

While earthly friends, his earthly wants attend,
And pay their homage to a faithful friend,
Angels are hovering round his dying bed,
Waiting to guide him home and crown his head.

A few more sighs—a struggle—lo, he dies!
And holy convoys bear him through the skies;
He mounts—he soars where suns resplendent roll;
He's safe—the saint has reach'd the heavn'ly goal.

Heaven's portals ope—and myriads round him throng,
And 'gratulate him with a joyful song;
The golden lyre, the harp, or, softer lute,
With sweetest melody his ears salute.

His ravished eyes on Christ with rapture gaze,
His grateful tongue breaks out in endless lays,
Cauldwell is first to hail him at the throne,
Jesus to smile and welcome him at home.

Cauldwell and Withington have met again
To part no more, nor feel the woes of pain,
The grief of sin, the pain of toil and care,
Nor more the sorrows of this world to share.

Methinks I see their kindred spirits meet,
Salute, and worship at Emmanuel's feet,
Striving their glad and highest notes to raise
In sweet accord, each swelling Jesus' praise.

My friend, how great thy joy! how bright thy bliss!
For thee I must rejoice—my tears dismiss;
But I can ne'er forget thee, for in thee
I found a father kind, and loved by me.

Thus has my fancy followed thee to heaven,
Even before death's fatal blow is given;
But ah! thy speech fast failing; cap and shroud
Blight every hope, and speak thy exit loud.

Yon limpid sun now sinking in the west,
May rise on thee once more, but not I fear
Go down again ere you cross Jordan's flood,
And climb to heaven and drop your mantle here.

March 26, 1822.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN WITHINGTON.

March 27, 1822.

The travelling monarch of the azure sky
Did rise this morn to see the pilgrim die;
And, as I thought, the spirit took its flight
Before the sun again withdrew his light.

He's gone! alas! my benefactor's gone,
I must not murmur but my heart may mourn;
Mine eyes may weep, my sighs to God ascend,
And follow thee, oh Withington, my friend!

I little thought that he would first be called
To leave this vale and range the upper world;
But ah! he's fled and gone to scenes divine,
Where the redeemed in robes resplendent shine.

But nature frail would ask now if it dared,
Why such a useless life as mine is spared?
While he 'midst usefulness is called to sleep,
And leave the church to mourn and friends to weep?

But he who will'd it doth in mystery reign,
And will hereafter all dark things explain;
Though he see's fit his reasons now to hide,
Wisdom and mercy all his ways do guide.

Wish not my soul the works of God to scan,
His thoughts by far exceed the thoughts of man;
His thoughts are just, profound his ways and skill—
In wisdom deep, "He works his sovereign will."

My heart may wonder, but, if wondering, still
Must own and love a God whose holy will
Can never err; whose ways are just and right,
Are all perfection and divinely bright.

If he see's fit to snatch our friends away,
Perhaps it is to make us more obey,
And love him more, and more in him to trust,
To make *them happy* and supremely blest.

Let no repinings then escape my breast,
Since my kind friend has gone to endless rest;
Heaven is just, and orders all things right,
And what he does is good in his pure sight.

Oh then farewell! till God shall call me home,
To join the dazzling armies round the throne;
To chant his praise and sing redeeming love,
And meet thy soul among the blest above.

TO ANNA MATILDA S——, AGED ELEVEN YEARS.

1817.

Flow on my muse, and speak a gentle word
To the fair daughter of a valued friend;
Warn her in youth to shun the thoughtless crowd,
Whose ways conduct to mis'ry in the end.

Anna, sweet girl, in early days of life
O learn to estimate the soul's true worth;
That glorious, precious, and immortal part
Was never formed for vanity and earth.

Let not the gay enchanting things of time
Allure and guide your immortal soul astray,
But the sweet work and happy choice be thine,
To follow Christ who led the heavenly way.

He is the path to bliss, and bliss itself,
And bids you seek without delay the road
He marked, while here a tenant in this vale,
And nobly shed for guilty man his blood

Grasp not a shadow, pursue not vain delights,
But let the fleeting phantom pleasure fly;
O raise your thoughts to nobler things above,
Seek pleasures that will never, never die.

TO EDWARD ——, ON GOING TO SEA.

FAREWELL! my dear couz', when you brave the deep main,
And ride on old Neptune's tall rough foaming steed,
I'll think of your dangers and supplicate heaven
To preserve you from death and a wat'ry bed.

When on the ocean's wide bosom you're toiling,
Or o'er fructuous India you ramble alone,
And juvenile sports to memory recalling,
O think of your kindred, and think of your home.

Think of the dangers you escaped in ear' life,
And dangers surrounding your youth when abroad;
Forget not the hand that protects you from harm,
Forget not you're mortal, and that there's a God.

Think now of the dangers you're soon to encounter
Both by sea and by land, where black pestilence spread,
And swept away thousands, unaware of the monster,
And the sad awful slaughter that brewed o'er their head.

Ah! then think and reflect that you might not escape
The tornado again, or the just fatal rod,
Which made India to groan when her borders you fled;
Oh consider these things and prepare to meet God.

Beware of temptation, and shun the broad road
Which leads on to ruin; destruction and wo
Will finally banish your soul from the Lord,
And sink you to endless perdition below.

Oh may the same arm that preserved you before,
Extend and protect you on sea and on land,
And guide you safe back to Columbia's blest shore,
Where peace and the Gospel their blessings expand.

LETTER TO MISS ELIZA B——.

March, 1822.

For more than six years past, since encouragement was first given me to hope for health, I have been like the poor shipwrecked mariner, who after being many days tossed to and fro by contrary winds, and boiling billows, beholds a port in which he hopes he may safely steer; but just as he thinks he has nearly gained the desired haven, some rude and unexpected blast drives him back to encounter again the toil, fatigue, and terror of the foaming and merciless waves. Again and again he is brought within its view, his hopes revive, again are blasted, till at length he almost despairs of ever reaching the shore; but in some unexpected and unlooked for moment, an auspicious gale drives him smoothly down the bay and puts him safe on land. Thus, my dear Eliza, has my poor bark been driven and worried by the storms of affliction; sometimes lifted up by hope, and then tossed and crushed again by the violence of the tempest; hope and fear have alternately been the inmates of my

breast; often when prospects appeared most bright, a cloud arose, a storm collected, and burst upon my head: again the clouds would somewhat disperse, the winds abate, and the sun promise to smile, but ere he shone perspicuous, another storm gathered, blackened the prospect, and almost vanquished hope. But now, oh surprising! like the weary mariner, after being so long tossed hither and thither, the dark scene brightens, hope resuscitates and animates my spirits.

Sweet anticipation of healthier days! my, perhaps *too sanguine*, heart beholds the fair Salus approach with smiles, decked with roseate bloom. Delightful view! hail salutiferous maid! hail lovely friend! welcome with all thy native strength—welcome thrice, and thrice welcome to these dilated arms! a cordial to my longing bosom, enter once more this weary breast and there erect thy darling throne.

Sometimes, my friend, I check my elated hopes, and fear the blast; but, it strongly returns again, and bids me not despond. Have faith, it cries, and cease not to look to the hand from whence all blessings flow; be not cast down, away with unbelief, bring your petitions daily to a throne of grace, and leave them there, and trust to providence for the result.

At these encouraging sounds, my dear E——, my heart then revives, and my imagination paints a lively view. I see the blessing advance, and though its steps are tardy, in its hand it holds forth roses as blooming as a summer's morn, and with mildness bids me wait the return of vital spring; assuring me that vernal breezes will shortly waft along and speed her way to meliorate the soil, and plant new roses in this faded cheek. Now will I cast my sinful fears abroad, henceforth give to the winds my foolish doubts,

and patiently wait the Lord's good time, anticipating the glad arrival.

Nothing, my dear E——, is impossible with God. Man's skill may fail, but the power of God is the same from generation to generation, yea, even through eternity. Prayer may prevail, when human means may cease to have effect. I may, in time past, have looked too much to the arm of flesh. I trust I did—and the Lord justly cast me many times into the furnace, to teach me that my help must come from him. I find it so, for though the skill of an eminent physician wrought great things for me, yet, it did not cure. For better than two years I have had no medical aid—for the last twelve months I have been led by the Spirit of God, I trust, to supplicate in a special manner for the restoration of my health, if it was the divine will to grant it. A few friends have joined their prayers with mine, and I must candidly acknowledge, that I think my gracious Redeemer is now interposing for me. I have every encouragement to hope I shall be blessed with a much greater share of health and strength, *perhaps perfect health.* In the commencement of the winter my fits were frequent, but lately they decrease, and my vigor *increases;* so you see, my dear Eliza, I have much reason to hope that I shall, through the mercy of God, have my health renewed. And should it be his will to bestow the blessing, unto him shall all the praise and glory be given. Unto him now my ardent thanks ascend, for what he already has done; and it is my earnest desire that he would raise me to great usefulness, as well as health. O how I long to make him some suitable returns for the past favours, and many, *many* blessings he has conferred on unworthy me! I hope

that his grace will enable me so to do. But enough on this subject, or I shall tire you with too *much* of self.

And now give me leave to ask how you have spent your time since your new residence at H——? When you write, do not omit to give me some particulars of it. I have often thought of you, and the rest of your good family, who are all my valued friends. William J——, I hope, is successful in his ministerial functions; the Lord I hope will prosper his worthy labours, and give him an abundant harvest, I doubt not but he will be faithful to his flock, for I believe him to be truly godly and orthodox in his views of the gospel. Because he is of a different denomination from myself, I am not prejudiced, and suppose he cannot be a christian; no, I believe him to be a *sincere* one, and as such, I love and revere him. No matter of what name and sect persons are so; long as they only bear the image of Jesus on their hearts, I love them, and believe they will get to heaven as well as those of my own views. If we differ in small things, I trust we do not in the grand essential points. It is, notwithstanding, very desirable that we should choose that way which comes nearest to the word of God; if we do not, we do ourselves injustice, and dishonour the Lord. W. J——, I am sensible, has done this, from conversations I have had with him; there are few more conscientious than him, or as much so; and few in every way as amiable, and excellent. He has made a wise choice in a wife; he could not have chosen one more suitable in every respect to make a man happy. She is every way qualified for the marriage state, for the circle they move in, and a minister's wife; she is both an honour to him and an ornament to society; and what is most

excellent, a bright lamp in the church. I think we may say of them, that they are one of the happy matches that Dr. Watts speaks of—and are likely to continue so; and not like some who after two or three years of foolish fondness, fall into a cold indifference of each other. They are both sterling characters—characters that will wear, and not easily change—there is a reciprocity of feeling, and that is governed by substantial well grounded principles, which are not likely ever to be eradicated.

How truly necessary it is, my dear girl, that the Ministers of God should choose a partner for life of the daughters of Zion, and not of Belial—and be very careful too, of making a prudent choice even among them; for it is not every pious female that is qualified for so important a station. The faithful ambassadors of Christ are placed in the most critical and trying state of any men, and therefore it is requisite that they should have wives who not only fear the Lord, but who in all respects are calculated to fill such an office. There are many valuable qualifications which it is really *necessary* a woman should possess in such a station; faith, humility, patience, and perseverance are very, very important graces—also strength of mind, firmness of character, evenness of temper, a concern for God's glory, her husband's honour, her children's deportment and education, self-denial, and sensibility; without the latter a woman is ill fitted to soothe and mollify the sorrows of her husband under trouble; and when a man is in trouble, he needs at that time more than any to feel the good and value of a wife—and nothing endears a woman so much to her husband as her evincing a tender regard for his feelings, and participating with him when in affliction and

adversity. Many a brutish man has been for a time softened down beneath extremities, by the kind sympathies of a wife. There was a time once when I thought, that if ever I entered the married state, I hoped that providence would elect for my lot one of his faithful servants in the ministry; but how little I knew then of the vast importance of such a situation. I should now think myself *ill* calculated *indeed* to take such a step—there is a *great duty* devolving on the part of ministers' wives; a duty that I am certain I am not qualified to fulfil.

When do you think, my dear E—, of returning to the bosom of your friends? you will leave some of the dearest of them behind. I was going to say I heartily wish you could bring them with you. I do for a time—but to wish their removal here would be selfish, and not right, since providence has marked their lines at H———; and no doubt their sphere of usefulness is most needed there, or they would not have been so directed. It would be sinful to wish a thing that might be repugnant to the divine will, therefore let us submit; for the Lord's ways and views far transcend ours.

I shall be looking for you in April, that is the time your mamma fixed to return. With what pleasure I anticipate the meeting—many things have transpired since we parted which will afford matter for conversation for many a leisure hour. I could say many more things to you with the pen, but I will forbear this time, for I am sure your patience must be exhausted with this tedious scrawl.

Please to tender my best love to your good mother, M—— and W——, accept the same yourself—and may every blessing attend my dear young friend

through life; and after death my prayer is, that you may shine a bright star in the Saviour's diadem.—I am yours in the sincere ties of affection,

ELIZA.

PRAISE FOR RETURNING HEALTH.

Sabbath Evening, April, 1822.

THE prayers of the faithful have not been in vain,
Emmanuel once more in my favour appears;
New eulogies now shall arise to his name
Though slowly yet kindly my health he repairs.

'Tis good, O my Saviour, with meekness to wait,
And leave our petitions before thy dear feet;
To patiently bear thy long silence and frowns,
And each disappointment submissively meet.

The hand of sovereign mercy refused ne'er to save,
The ear of heavenly pity has never been deaf;
It noticed my groans and my num'rous complaints,
A celestial hand is now bringing relief.

Oh Jesus, for goodness so marv'lous and great;
My bosom swells high and with gratitude burns,
My heart is o'erwhelmed with wonder and love,
For oh, the great blessing unmerited comes.

Rise, rise my glad soul, on thy loftiest notes,
And reach his blessed throne this sacred even;
Awake, my choice songs, and run echoing round
The wide arched roof of the empyrean heaven.

O may the same arm that sustained my woes,
And bore up my soul in a dark evil hour,
Now bear up my praises and help me to give
To his glorious service my every power.

Almighty Physician! my healer and God!
Go on to be gracious and make my frame whole;
To thee Ebenezers I'll daily erect,
And sonnets of praise shall arise from my soul.

A PARAPHRASE ON ROBIN ADAIR—MOURNING THE LOST JOYS OF SALVATION.

May, 1816.

What's life or wealth to me?
God is not near;
What wish I now to see?
What wish to hear?
Where's all the joy and peace
Made this earth a paradise?
Oh they're all fled with thee,
Jesus my fair.

What made the Sabbath sweet?
Jesus drew near!
What made communion sweet?
Jesus was there!
What when the day was o'er,
Made my heart rejoice the more?
Oh it was thinking of
Jesus so fair.

What made the word sublime?
Christ gave the ear:
Who made affliction shine?
Jesus, bright star!
Who made the tempest still,
When the waters high did swell?
Oh sure it was the hand
Of Jesus dear.

Who made me brave the storm
When foes did sneer?
Who did my terrors calm,
When harm was near?
Who sooth'd and soften'd cares,
Dried my tears, and quelled my fears,
And made affliction sweet?
'Twas Jesus dear.

Who made me once so glad?
My Saviour dear!
What makes my heart now sad?
Christ is not near!
Why did he take his flight,
And my day turn into night?
But O the fault is mine,
He is not here.

Jesus why didst thou flee
From me so far?
Oh I've offended thee,
My Shepherd fair!
But canst thou me forgive,
Bid me rise again and live?
For oh still I love thee,
Tho' wand'red far.

I hate the sins that drove
My God afar;
And mourn my luke warm love,
Jehovah, Jah!
Leap o'er my sins and come,
Skip o'er the hills—pray thee run.
And come to my relief,
Come Jesus dear.

Tho' I have stray'd from thee,
Still I adore;
See there's deep grief in me,
Dear Saviour, dear!
Yes I am sorely pain'd,
For I've griev'd my dearest friend;
Oh I have wounded thee,
Fairest of the fair.

But now in my distress
Jesus appear!
Descend—forgive and bless;
Redeemer dear!
Once more renew thy grace,
Wear, oh wear a smiling face,
And my sad spirit cheer,
Dear Jesus, dear.

I walk in darkness now,
Christ is not here;
And oft in secret shed
A mournful tear.
Alas! how chang'd the scene,
Since I have so wand'ring been,
So cold and senseless grown
To Jesus dear.

Great Shepherd of the sheep,
If I'm thy care,
Preserve my lubric feet,
From rambling more:
Far, far from thee I've gone,
Bring me to the fold again,
And let me never rove,
Ah never more.

TO DR. P. W.——, LATE PROFESSOR OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Thou man of God, in thee I think I find
Something like Paul, in faith and strength of mind;
With zeal and learning thou canst well defend
Those glorious truths, on which our hopes depend.

Though thou hast seen thy brightest days on earth,
Yet we can see thy greatness, mind, and worth;
The zenith of thy strength thou now hast past,
And thou for glory now art ripening fast.

My honoured friend, now far advanced in years,
Who canst not long endure this vale of tears;
A few more fleeting days and thou shalt rise
To taste the purer bliss of paradise.

Then shalt thou in thy Father's kingdom shine
Bright as the sun, and taste of joys divine;
A glorious crown shall be thy rich reward
For fighting valiant in the cause of God.

Thy friends will then a serious loss sustain,
But, blessed thought, their loss will be thy gain ;
The church will have to weep a pillar gone,
The poor and sick thy absence oft must mourn.

But go not yet thou faithful man of God,
Stay longer—stay and yet translate the word ;
O stay and still for Zion's cause contend,
Mark well her bulwarks, and her truths defend.

But O the temple shakes through time's rough hand,
And signifies it hath not long to stand ;
Yet he who built it can prop up the wall,
For some years longer ere it takes its fall.

O thou great Architect of nature's frame,
Support it longer that it may remain,
To beautify thy earthly courts below,
Adorn the gates and fill the elder's row.

I'll pray that heaven may lengthen out thy life,
To bless thy friends, thy children and thy wife ;
It cant be long though—threescore years and ten
Thou hast of sorrows in this valley seen.

'Tis perhaps unkind in me to wish thy stay
So long protracted in this house of clay ;
For if to fourscore years thou shouldst arrive,
'Twould be, alas! but pain and toil to live.

Then I'll be silent till the hour appears
For this bright son of faith to cease from tears ;
And when he's called to pass through death's cold flood,
O may he find a heavenly peace with God.

Guide him, O Lord, O guide him safely through,
Until the heavenly Canaan's full in view,
And then with joy receive the promised rest,
To be with Jesus and for ever blest.

While saints shall greet him with a holy kiss,
And Jesus welcome him to endless bliss,
Friends here will mourn—my heart will feel a gloom.
And join to weep his praises round his tomb.

My honoured friend, my thanks are due to thee,
For all those favours thou hast shown to me ;
Accept these lines, if thou canst them approve,
As a small tribute of my grateful love.

TO JANE C——.

Have you lost a much loved father?
Are you severed from a friend?
You have still a living mother
Who will all your wants attend.

When you need maternal soothings,
And a sister's tender care,
You've a mother and a sister
Who will in your feelings share.

Do you mourn a tender parent,
And would call him back again?
Cease to wish so, and remember
Your sad loss is his great gain.

He is free'd from sin and sorrow
And is gone to endlesss rest;
And ere long my friend will follow
Her honoured sire and be blest.

O cease to weep then, cease to sigh
Yet those tears become you well;
Should a child part with a parent
And no grief her bosom swell?

None methinks, Jane but the stoic,
Whose cold heart is made of steel,
Could refrain from tears of sorrow,
But th' sensitive soul must feel.

Yes, those tears do well become you.
Let your sighs to Christ ascend;
But beware of sinful sorrow,
That you may not God offend.

Let this thought now be your comfort—
Your father was prepared to go;
And above now shines more brilliant
Than the brightest gem below.

I would wipe your tears of sorrow
I would ease your aching heart;
But it is not in my power—
Christ alone can heal the smart.

I would hasten to the chamber
Where you vent your pungent grief.
And would do my best endeavour
To afford some small relief.

But, dear friend, *some things* forbid it
Reasons now I can't explain;
But accept these humble verses,
Which will prove I think of Jane.

May the Saviour soothe your sorrow,
And direct your thoughts above;
There, ah! there you'll find a solace
In his sympathizing love.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MARY S—, AGED NINE MONTHS ON LEAVING HER.

1821.

Sweet Mary, your parents for you
Oft lift up their voices in prayer,
For you are their joy and their hope,
Their anxious and constant great care

When you shall have come to an age
To understand evil and good,
Be wise and make choice of the path
That leads to the mansion of God.

Let not the fair things of this world
Allure and entice you to sin;
For oh! the vain pleasures of life
Great trouble and sorrows will bring.

But, seek the religion of Christ,
That only true pleasure can give
And in the invisible world
Prepare you with Jesus to live.

Your parents are Zion-ward bound,
Their names are inscribed on the list
With those who now follow the Lamb,
And seek in his bosom a rest.

A few fleeting years at the most,
Will snatch them from Mary away,
And land them on Canaan's blest coast,
With Jesus for ever to stay.

Oh! would you not wish to ascend,
To meet them at Jesus's feet;
And join them to worship the Lamb,
For ever his praises repeat.

Then lovely, engaging, sweet child!
On earth let your praises begin,
Or else you will never arise
With parents nor angels to sing.

Oh! may you in childhood be taught,
By grace, in God's footsteps to tread,
And emulate Jesus's work,
Who to heav'n the holy way led.

Then shall you in youth and old age
Be happy, be kept, and be blest;
Then fall *asleep* calmly in death,
And enter the promised rest.

Accept of this primer and learn,
As soon as you're taught how to read,
To sing the Redeemer's great praise,
Who did for poor sinners once bleed.

May God bless your parents and you,
Teach Richard from danger to flee ;
And give them a tenfold reward
For all their great kindness to me.

And now, darling baby, I go !
May Jesus be gracious to you,
Propitiously smile on your soul,
Is the prayer of Eliza—Adieu !

COMPLAINT AND PRAYER UNDER DARKNESS OF MIND AND PAIN.

Greenwich Village, April 11th, 1815.

Must I still solitary sit
And heave the pensive sigh ?
Must the poor worm in fruitless groans
Breathe out her life and die ?

Behold, Oh Lord ! my grievous state,
My sad condition see ;
Pity my mournful case, and send
Some friendly aid to me.

Still will my God withhold his grace,
And leave my soul forlorn ?
Will he keep back a smiling face,
How long, Oh Lord ! how long ?

Leap o'er the horrid hills of sin,
Which forc'd thee to depart ;
Skip o'er my follies, Lord, and come
And heal my bleeding heart.

Haste from thy shining courts above,
Or send some kind relief,
Lest the o'er burdened heart should break
With penitential grief.

PAUSE.

Physicians kindly try to aid
And solve my strange disease;
Their skill and med'cine prove all vain,
And leave the suff'rer worse.

This med'cine vanquishes my frame,
My spirits overcome;
The mind and body sympathize,
And gives my soul to gloom.

I cannot raise a thought on high,
Disorder drags me down,
And holds me grov'ling in the clods,
And leaves the wretch to mourn.

MIRANDA'S FAVOURITE ROSE.

How vain to hope, and vain to wish
To want yon beauteous rose,
Although it seems to smile on me
It for another blows:

Yet Oh! I long to pluck it off,
And place it in my breast;
Ann claims the sprig, but ah! methinks,
It suits this bosom best.

Could I procure the lovely bush,
And truly call it mine,
I'd wipe my tears, and be content,
And never more repine.

I'm doom'd to see its elegance,
Its growing charms each time
Attract my admiration more,
But cannot call it mine.

When from my window I behold
Its fair and graceful form,
I long to have it taken up
And to my garden borne.

But Anna's mark'd it for her own,
By both is this confess'd,
And soon, alas! she'll seize the gem,
And take it to her breast.

And am I bound to view its charms,
And not possess the tree?
Ah! my sad heart, and weeping eyes,
That joy is not for thee.

O! well, this pleasure shall be mine,
While I retain a pow'r,
And a pulsation my heart feels,
To *think on yon sweet flow'r.*

Sweet rose, till Ann shall call thee her's
I'll gaze upon thy charms;
And should she ever thee forsake,
I'll take thee to my arms.

THE ROSE FLED.

When last I roved gay Flora's shades,
  There grew a lovely flower,
And I remember well it stood
  By yonder fragrant bower.

But where, ah! whither has it fled,
  Who has removed the tree?
Has Anna strolled this flow'ry way,
  And stole the gem from me?

Or has some foul destructive foe
  Passed by the rosy bower?
Given the root a deadly blow,
  And left it then to wither?

Ah! hapless me, the tree is gone,
  Nor left a single leaf,
To grace the bed where once it bloomed,
  Of all the flowers the chief.

Ye sumptuous lawns, O tell me where
  Is that fair graceful rose;
Which blossomed long amidst your train,
  Queen of the smiling groves.

Oh! say and did my fair rose fade,
  And wither, droop, and die?
Or was it to some clime conveyed,
  To meet no more my eye?

Must I no more behold its charms,
Nor gaze on it again ?
Nor see it smile no more on me,
Nor shine in Flora's train ?

Ah no ! no more my blushing rose
Its beauties here will shed ;
'Tis dead, or gone to some strange soil
To show its gorgeous head.

Perhaps these sad eyes may behold
My favourite rose no more,
Until I see it bloom anew
On a more fertile shore.

Alas ! and since my rose has fled,
No more I'll ramble here ;
Though once this garden, my delight,
To me is no more dear.

Yet, when I pass this well known spot,
Where my rosette once bloom'd,
I'll glance my mourning eye as though
The gem was here entomb'd.

Farewell ! ye once enchanting scene,
Which did my heart beguile ;
But now your vestal charms no more
Can draw from me a smile.

Since she the brightest of your train
Is wither'd or has gone,
I'll bid your embroider'd walks adieu,
And for my ruby mourn.

TO ANNA MATILDA.

May, 1816.

Dear Anna Matilda, this message I send,
If you have not forgott'n your old faithful friend;
Then haste to the mansion that holds her frail clay,
A languishing pris'ner by night and by day.
O! what shall I say to allure and invite?
Shall I tell you the country looks pleasant and bright?
Obtrusive stern winter and Boreas have fled,
And spring, verdant spring all her beauties now shed;
All nature looks happy, all smiling and gay,
Cheer'd by the presence of the great King of day,
The birds sweetly sing and the sprightly lambs play,
The fields are well cover'd, all dress'd in rich green;
The hill that was lately so bare to be seen,
Is crown'd with variety, blooming and young,
And promises fair a rich harvest to come.
The trees all their blossoms spread open and fair,
And send forth an odour that sweetens the air.
The bright op'ning flowers in colours all gay,
Their splendour and beauty begin to display.
How sweet and delightful a fragrance they yield,
From the neighbouring gardens, the greenhouse and field,
While the robin and linnet in soft gentle lays,
Pour forth their sweet notes to Emmanuel's praise.
I would, dear Matilda, enlarge on this theme,
And portray a far more magnificent scene,

To excite you to leave the confusion of York,
And enjoy the balm air of a country walk.
I feel so inclin'd, but O must refuse!
Disorder with violence crushes the muse.
At this invitation come an hour to spend,
To converse with your valetudinarian friend.

THE END.

INDEX.

	Page
Answer to Mrs. M. Jackson's Question	5
A Retrospect of past and present Mercies	10
To Edward H———, aged three years	24
Lines composed in a sleepless hour of night, whilst reflecting on the madness and inconsistency of Atheism	27
Meditation	29
A Dialogue between Mr. Melmoth and his Daughter	35
Meditation on the fourteenth Chapter of John	48
Meditation—A Walk to Mount Olivet on a Summer's Eve	59
To Agnes H—— S——, aged two years	80
Longing for the Millennium	82
A Fragment	84
Complaint, &c. under pain and trouble	90
Complaint under great pain, and darkness of mind	92
On the death of Mrs. Wilkinson	93
All is vanity but the Creator	95
Complaining of hardness of heart	96
Bewailing idolatry; or the effects of too deep love to the creature	97
Mourning the absence of God	109
Complaint under the hidings of God's face	114
Hope and Fear	118
The Happy Change	121
Praise and acknowledgments of God's goodness	124
To Rosamond, on her departure for England	125
Transcript of a Letter to Mrs. H. G——	127
Transcript of a Letter to Mrs. M. W——	133
Letter to Miss M. R——y	140
To George W. B. aged four months	144
A Fragment	146
Exercises of Heart, &c.	154
Reflections, &c.	158
Letter to the Rev. Mr. M——	167
Letter to a Friend	173
On recovering the use of my limbs and better health	181

page
To Mr. A. M. Minister of the Gospel 183
Grateful exercises of mind 186
Letter to a Friend 189
Lines written on receiving a favour from an absent friend . . 196
Meditation 197
Longing for immortal joys 200
Extracts from my Journal 202
Letter to a friend on the eve of marriage 210
On the death of my father 217
Reflections on the same 221
A reflection on the mercy of God in restoring to me the lost joys of Salvation 225
Meditation 227
Meditation 246
To James H——, sen'r 257
Letter to a friend 259
To Caroline Frances M——, aged four months 265
Reflections on the prospect of very soon losing a friend . . 267
On hearing of the death of Mr. John Withington 270
To Anna Matilda S——, aged eleven years 272
To Edward ——, on going to sea 273
Letter to Miss Eliza B—— 274
Praise for returning health 280
A Paraphrase on Robin Adair—mourning the lost joys of Salvation 281
To Dr. P. W——, late Professor in Columbia College . . . 284
To Jane C—— 286
Lines addressed to Mary S——, aged nine Months, on leaving her 288
Complaint and prayer under darkness of mind and pain . . 290
Miranda's favourite Rose 291
The Rose Fled 293
To Anna Matilda 295

Recommendations.

The Manual thus offered to the public by a Lady, though it will not bear the severe scrutiny of critical acumen, is the effusion of a spirit of ardent piety, and exercised in divine things. It is of course calculated to warm the heart, and to excite similar feelings in the reader. It may therefore be profitably employed to consecrate the moments of leisure to the purposes of devotion, and to withdraw the mind from levity or listlessness, to the service of the living God.

New-York, May 9, 1822.

The above recommendation is signed by

PETER WILSON, L.L.D.
Rev. JOHN STANFORD, A.M.
Rev. ARCHIBALD MACLAY,
Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS,
Rev. JOHN KNOX,
WILLIAM HAMERSLEY, M. D.

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